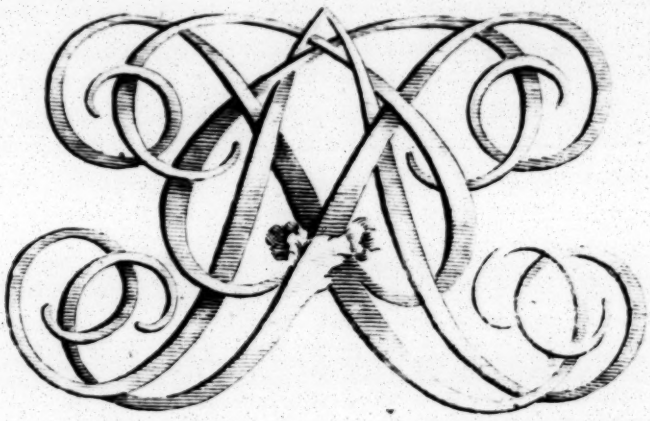
MISCELLANIES.

THE

LAST VOLUME.



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THE BOOKSELLERS ADVERTISEMENT.

OF the following Volume, we need only ſay, that it contains the Remainder of thoſe Miſcellaneous Pieces, which were in ſome ſort promiſed in the Preface to the former Volumes, or which have been written ſince. The Verſes *are paged ſeparately, that they may be added to*

that Volume which wholly conſiſts of Verſe, and the Treatiſe of the Bathos *placed in their ſtead in This. The Reader may be aſſured no other Edition is either Genuine or Compleat, and that they are all the Things of this Kind which will ever be Printed by the ſame Hands.*

There are in this Volume, as in the former, one or two ſmall pieces by other Hands.

THE

THE

NARRATIVE

OF

Dr. *Robert Norris*,

CONCERNING

The *Strange* and *Deplorable* FRENZY of Mr. *J——N D——IS*, an Officer of the Cuſtom-houſe.

IT is an acknowledg'd Truth, that nothing is ſo dear to an honeſt Man as his good Name, nor ought he to neglect the juſt Vindication of his Character, when it is injuriouſly attack'd by any Man. The Perſon I have at preſent

Cauſe to complain of, is indeed in very melancholy Circumſtances, it having pleas'd God to deprive him of his Senſes, which may extenuate the Crime in Him. But I ſhould be wanting in my Duty, not only to my ſelf, but alſo to my Fellow-Creatures, to whom my Talents may prove of benefit, ſhou'd I ſuffer my Profeſſion or Honeſty to be undeſervedly aſpers'd. I have therefore reſolv'd to give the Publick an account of all that has paſt between that unhappy Gentleman and my ſelf.

On the 20*th* inſtant, while I was in my Cloſet pondering the Caſe of one of my Patients, I heard a Knocking at my Door; upon opening of which enter'd an old Woman with Tears in her Eyes, and told me, that without my Aſſiſtance her Maſter would be utterly ruin'd. I was forc'd to interrupt her Sorrow by enquiring her Maſter's Name and Place of Abode. She told me he was one Mr. *D—is* an Officer of the Cuſtom-houſe, who was taken ill of a violent Frenzy laſt *April*, and had continu'd in thoſe melancholy Circumſtances with few or no Intervals. Upon this

this I aſk'd her ſome Queſtions relating to his Humour and Extravagancies, that I might the better know under what Regimen to put him, when the Cauſe of his Diſtemper was found out. Alaſs, Sir, ſays ſhe, this Day fortnight in the Morning a poor ſimple Child came to him from the Printer's; the Boy had no ſooner enter'd the Room, but he cry'd out *the Devil was come.* He often ſtares ghaſtfully, raves aloud, and mutters between his Teeth the Word *Cator*, or *Cato*, or ſome ſuch thing. Now, Doctor, this *Cator* is certainly a *Witch*, and my poor Maſter is under an evil Tongue; for I have heard him ſay *Cator* has bewitch'd the whole Nation. It pitied my very Heart, to think that a Man of my Maſter's Underſtanding and great Scholarſhip, (who, as the Child told me, had a Book of his own in Print,) ſhould talk ſo outragiouſly. Upon this I went and laid out a Groat for a Horſeſhoe, which is at this time nail'd on the Threſhold of his Door; but I don't find my Maſter is at all the better for it; he perpetually ſtarts and runs to the Window when any one knocks,

crying out, *S'death! a Meſſenger from the French King! I ſhall die in the* Baſtile.

Having ſaid this, the Old Woman preſented me with a Viol of his Urine; upon Examination of which I perceiv'd the whole Temperament of his Body to be exceeding *hot*. I therefore inſtantly took my Cane and my Beaver, and repair'd to the Place where he dwelt.

When I came to his Lodgings near *Charing-Croſs*, up *three Pair* of Stairs, (which I ſhould not have publiſh'd in this manner, but that this Lunatick *conceals* the Place of his Reſidence on purpoſe to prevent the good Offices of thoſe charitable *Friends* and *Phyſicians*, who might attempt his Cure) when I came into the Room, I found this unfortunate Gentleman ſeated on his Bed, with Mr. *Bernard Lintott*, Bookſeller, on the one ſide of him, and a grave elderly Gentleman on the other, who, as I have ſince learnt, calls himſelf a *Grammarian*; the Latitude of whoſe Countenance was not a little eclips'd by the Fullneſs of his Peruke. As I am a black lean Man of a pale Viſage, and

and hang my Clothes on ſomewhat ſlovenly, I no ſooner went in but he frown'd upon me, and cry'd out with violence, ‘ *S'Death*, a *French-man!* I am betray'd ‘ to the Tyrant! who cou'd have thought ‘ the Queen wou'd have deliver'd me up ‘ to *France* in this Treaty, and leaſt of ‘ all that you, my Friends, wou'd have ‘ been in a Conſpiracy againſt me?'—— Sir, ſaid I, here is neither Plot nor Conſpiracy, but for your advantage. The Recovery of your Senſes requires my Attendance, and your Friends ſent for me on no other account. I then took a particular Survey of his Perſon, and the Furniture and Diſpoſition of his Apartment. His Aſpect was furious, his Eyes were rather fiery than lively, which he roll'd about in an uncommon manner. He often open'd his Mouth, as if he wou'd have utter'd ſome Matter of Importance, but the Sound ſeem'd loſt inwardly. His Beard was grown, which they told me he would not ſuffer to be ſhav'd, believing the modern Dramatick Poets had corrupted all the Barbers in the Town to take the firſt Opportunity of cutting his Throat. His

Eye-brows were grey, long, and grown together, which he knit with Indignation when any thing was ſpoken, inſomuch that he ſeem'd not to have ſmoothed his Forehead for many Years. His Flannel Night Cap, which was exceedingly begrim'd with Sweat and Dirt, hung upon his Left Ear; the Flap of his Breeches dangled between his Legs, and the Rolls of his Stockings fell down to his Ankles.

I obſerv'd his Room was hung with *old Tapeſtry*, which had ſeveral Holes in it, caus'd, as the Old Woman inform'd me, by his having cut out of it the Heads of diver *Tyrants*, the Fierceneſs of whoſe Viſages had much provoked him. On all ſides of his Room were pinned a great many Sheets of a Tragedy called *Cato*, with Notes on the Margin with his own Hand. The Words *Abſurd*, *Monſtrous*, *Execrable*, were every where written in ſuch large Characters, that I could read them without my Spectacles. By the Fire-ſide lay Three-farthings-worth of Small-coal in a *Spectator*, and behind the Door huge Heaps of Papers of the ſame Title, which

which his Nurſe inform'd me ſhe had convey'd thither out of his ſight, believing they were Books of the Black Art; for her Maſter never read in them, but he was either quite *mop'd*, or in *raving Fits:* There was nothing neat in the whole Room, except ſome Books on his Shelves very well bound and gilded, whoſe Names I had never before heard of, nor I believe are any where elſe to be found; ſuch as *Gibraltar, a Comedy*; *Remarks on Prince Arthur*; *the Grounds of Criticiſm in Poetry*; *an Eſſay on publick Spirit.* The only one I had any Knowledge of was a *Paradiſe Loſt*, interleav'd. The whole Floor was cover'd with Manuſcripts, as thick as a Paſtry Cook's Shop on a Chriſtmas Eve. On his Table were ſome Ends of Verſe and of Candles; a Gallipot of Ink with a yellow Pen in it, and a Pot of half-dead Ale cover'd with a *Longinus.*

As I was caſting my Eyes round on all this odd Furniture with ſome Earneſtneſs and Aſtoniſhment, and in a profound Silence, I was on a ſudden ſurpriz'd to hear the Man ſpeak in the following manner:

" Beware, Doctor, that it fare not
" with you as with your Predeceſſor
" the

" the famous *Hippocrates*, whom the " miſtaken Citizens of *Abdera* ſent for " in this very manner to cure the Phi- " loſopher *Democritus*; he return'd full " of Admiration at the Wiſdom of that " Perſon whom he had ſuppos'd a Lu- " natick. Behold, Doctor, it was thus " *Ariſtotle* himſelf and all the great An- " tients ſpent their Days and Nights, " wrapt up in Criticiſm, and beſet all " around with their own Writings. As " for me, whom you ſee in the ſame " manner, be aſſur'd I have none other " Diſeaſe than a Swelling in my Legs, " whereof I ſay no more, ſince your " Art may further certify you.

I began now to be in hopes that his Caſe had been miſrepreſented, and that he was not ſo far gone, but ſome timely Medicines might recover him. I therefore proceeded to the proper Queries, which with the Anſwers made to me, I ſhall ſet down in Form of Dialogue, in the very Words they were ſpoken, becauſe I would not omit the leaſt Circumſtance in this Narrative; and I call my Conſcience to witneſs, as if upon Oath, that I ſhall tell the Truth without addition or diminution. *Doct.*

Doct. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this Swelling?

Denn. By a Criticiſm.

Doct. A Criticiſm! that's a Diſtemper I never read of.

Denn. S'Death, Sir, a Diſtemper! It is no Diſtemper, but a Noble Art. I have ſat fourteen Hours a Day at it; and are you a Doctor, and don't know there's a Communication between the Legs and the Brain?

Doct. What made you ſit ſo many Hours, Sir?

Denn. Cato, Sir.

Doct. Sir, I ſpeak of your Diſtemper, what gave you this Tumor?

Denn. Cato, Cato, Cato. *

Old Wom. For God's ſake, Doctor, name not this evil Spirit, 'tis the whole Cauſe of his Madneſs: Alaſs, poor Maſter's juſt falling into his Fits.

Mr. *Lintott.* Fits! Z—— what Fits? A Man may well have Swellings in his Legs, that ſits writing fourteen Hours in a Day. He got this by the *Remarks.*

Doct. The *Remarks!* what are thoſe?

* *Remarks on* Cato, *publiſh'd by Mr.* D. *in the Year*, 1712.

Denn.

Denn. S'Death! have you never read my Remarks? I will be damn'd if this Dog *Lintott* ever publiſh'd my Advertiſements.

Mr. *Lint.* Z——! I publiſh'd Advertiſement upon Advertiſement; and if the Book be not read, it is none of my fault, but his that made it. By G—, as much has been done for the Book, as cou'd be done for any Book in Chriſtendom.

Doct. We do not talk of Books, Sir; I fear thoſe are the Fuel that feed his *Delirium*; mention them no more. You do very ill to promote this Diſcourſe.

I deſire a Word in private with this other Gentleman, who ſeems a grave and ſenſible Man: I ſuppoſe, Sir, you are his Apothecary.

Gent. Sir, I am his Friend.

Dr. I doubt it not. What Regimen have you obſerv'd ſince he has been under your Care? You remember, I ſuppoſe, the Paſſage of *Celſus*, which ſays, if the Patient, on the third Day, have an Interval, ſuſpend the Medicaments at Night; let Fumigations be uſed to corroborate the Brain; I hope you have upon no Account promoted Sternutation by Hellebore.

Gent.

Gent. Sir, no ſuch matter, you utterly miſtake.

Dr. Miſtake? Am I not a Phyſician? and ſhall an Apothecary diſpute my *Noſtrums* —— You may perhaps have fil'd up a Preſcription or two of *Ratcliff*'s, which chanced to ſucceed, and with that very Preſcription injudiciouſly preſcrib'd to different Conſtitutions, have deſtroy'd a Multitude. *Pharmacopola componat, Medicus ſolus preſcribat.* Fumigate him, I ſay, this very Evening, while he is relieved by an Interval.

Denn. S'Death, Sir, my Friend an Apothecary! a baſe Mechanic! He who, like my ſelf, profeſſes the nobleſt Sciences in the Univerſe, Criticiſm and Poetry. Can you think I would ſubmit my Writings to the Judgment of an Apothecary? By the Immortals, he himſelf inſerted three whole Paragraphs in my *Remarks*, had a Hand in my *Publick Spirit*, nay, aſſiſted me in my Deſcription of the *Furies, and infernal Regions* in my *Appius*.

Mr. *Lintott.* He is an Author; you miſtake the Gentleman, Doctor, he has been an Author theſe twenty Years, to his Bookſeller's Knowledge, and no Man's elſe.

Denn.

Denn. Is all the Town in a Combination? Shall Poetry fall to the Ground? Muſt our Reputation be loſt to all foreign Countries? O Deſtruction! Perdition! * *Opera! Opera!* As Poetry once rais'd Cities, ſo when Poetry fails, Cities are overturn'd, and the World is no more.

Dr. He raves, he raves; Mr. *Lintott*, I pray you pinion down his Arms, that he may do no Miſchief.

Denn. O I am ſick, ſick to Death!

Dr. That is a good Symptom, a very good Symptom. To be ſick to Death (ſay the modern Phyſicians) is an excellent Symptom. When a Patient is ſenſible of his Pain, 'tis half a Cure. Pray, Sir, of what are you ſick?

Denn. Of every thing, Of every thing. I am ſick of the *Sentiments*, of the *Diction*, of the *Protaſis*, of the *Epitaſis*, and the *Cataſtrophe* ——— Alas, what is become of the *Drama*, the *Drama?*

Old Wom. The *Dram*, Sir? Mr. *Lintott* drank up all the Gin juſt now; but I'll go fetch more preſently!

* *He wrote a Treatiſe proving the Decay of Publick Spirit to proceed from* Italian *Opera's.*

Denn.

Denn. O ſhameful Want, ſcandalous Omiſſion! By all the Immortals, here is no *Peripætia*, no Change of Fortune in the Tragedy; Z—— no Change at all.

Old Wom. Pray, good Sir, be not angry, I'll fetch *Change*.

Dr. Hold your Peace, Woman, his Fit increaſes, good Mr. *Lintott* hold him.

Mr. *Lintott.* Plague on't! I am damnably afraid they are in the right of it, and he is mad in earneſt. If he ſhould be really mad, who the Devil will buy the *Remarks?*

[*Here Mr.* Lintott *ſcratched his Head.*]

Dr. Sir, I ſhall order you the cold Bath to morrow—— Mr. *Lintott*, you are a ſenſible Man; pray ſend for Mr. *Verdier*'s Servant, and as you are a Friend to the Patient, be ſo kind as to ſtay this Evening whilſt he is cupp'd on the Head. The Symptoms of his Madneſs ſeem to be deſperate; for *Avicen* ſays, that if Learning be mix'd with a Brain that is not of a Contexture fit to receive it, the Brain ferments till it be totally exhauſted. We muſt eradicate theſe undigeſted Ideas out of the *Perecranium*, and reduce the Patient to a competent Knowledge of himſelf.

Denn.

Denn. Caitiffs ſtand off; unhand me, Miſcreants! Is the Man whoſe whole Endeavours are to bring the Town to Reaſon mad? Is the Man who ſettles Poetry on the Baſis of Antiquity mad? Dares any one aſſert there is a *Peripætia* in that vile Piece that's foiſted upon the Town for a Dramatick Poem? That Man is mad, the Town is mad, the World is mad. See *Longinus* in my right Hand, and *Ariſtotle* in my left; I am the only Man among the Moderns that ſupport them. Am I to be aſſaſſinated? and ſhall a Bookſeller, who hath liv'd upon my Labours, take away that Life to which he owes his Support?

Gent. By your Leave, Gentlemen, I apprehend you not. I muſt not ſee my Friend ill treated; he is no more affected with Lunacy than my ſelf: I am alſo of the ſame Opinion as to the *Peripætia*—— Sir, by the Gravity of your Countenance and Habit, I would conceive you to be a graduate Phyſician; but by your indecent and boiſterous Treatment of this Man of Learning, I perceive you are a violent ſort of *Perſon*, I am loath to ſay *Quack*, who, rather

ther than his Drugs ſhould lie upon his own Hands, would get rid of them, by cramming them into the Mouths of others: The Gentleman is of good Condition, ſound Intellectuals, and unerring Judgment: I beg you will not oblige me to reſent theſe Proceedings.

THESE were all the Words that paſs'd among us at this Time; nor was there need for more, it being neceſſary we ſhould make uſe of Force in the Cure of my Patient.

I privately whiſper'd the old Woman to go to *Verdier*'s in *Long Acre*, with Orders to come immediately with Cupping Glaſſes; in the mean time, by the Aſſiſtance of Mr. *Lintott*, we lock'd his Friend into a Cloſet, (who 'tis plain from his laſt Speech was likewiſe toucht in his Intellects) after which we bound our Lunatick Hand and Foot down to the Bedſted, where he continued in violent Ravings, notwithſtanding the moſt tender Expreſſions we could uſe to perſwade him to ſubmit to the Operation, till the Servant of *Verdier* arrived. He had no ſooner clap'd half a dozen Cupping

ping Glaſſes on his Head, and behind his Ears, but the Gentleman above-mention'd burſting open the Cloſet, ran furiouſly upon us, cut Mr. *D—is*'s Bandages, and let drive at us with a vaſt Folio, which ſorely bruis'd the Shin of Mr. *Lintott*; Mr. *John D—is* alſo ſtarting up with the Cupping Glaſſes on his Head, ſeized another Folio, and with the ſame dangerouſly wounded me in the Skull, juſt above my right Temple. The Truth of this Fact Mr. *Verdier*'s Servant is ready to atteſt upon Oath, who, taking an exact Survey of the Volumes, found that which wounded my Head to be *Gruterus*'s *Lampas Critica*, and that which broke Mr. *Lintott*'s Shin was *Scaliger*'s *Poetices*. After this, Mr. *John D—is* ſtrengthen'd at once by Rage and Madneſs, ſnatch'd up a Peruke-Block, that ſtood by the Bedſide, and weilded it round in ſo furious a Manner, that he broke three of the Cupping Glaſſes from the Crown of his Head, ſo that much Blood trickled down his Viſage —— He look'd ſo ghaſtly, and his Paſſion was grown to ſuch a prodigious Height, that my ſelf, Mr. *Lintott*,

Lintott, and *Verdier*'s Servant, were oblig'd to leave the Room in all the Expedition imaginable.

I took Mr. *Lintott* home with me, in order to have our Wounds dreſt, and laid hold of that Opportunity of entering into Diſcourſe with him about the Madneſs of this Perſon, of whom he gave me the following remarkable Relation:

That on the 17th of *May*, 1712. between the Hours of 10 and 11 in the Morning, Mr. *John D—is* enter'd into his Shop, and opening one of the Volumes of the *Spectator*, in the large Paper, did ſuddenly, without the leaſt Provocation, tear out that of N°—— where the Author treats of Poetical Juſtice, and caſt it into the Street. That the ſaid Mr. *John D—is* on the 27th of *March*, 1712. finding on the ſaid Mr. *Lintott*'s Counter a Book called an *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, juſt then publiſh'd, he read a Page or two with much Frowning, till coming to theſe two Lines;

Some

Some have at firſt for Wits, then Poets paſt,
Turn'd Criticks next, and prov'd plain Fools at laſt.

He flung down the Book in a terrible Fury, and cried out, *By G— he means Me.*

That being in his Company on a certain Time, when *Shakeſpear* was mention'd as of a contrary Opinion to Mr. *Dennis* he ſwore the ſaid *Shakeſpear* was a *Raſcal*, with other defamatory Expreſſions, which gave Mr. *Lintott* a very ill Opinion of the ſaid *Shakeſpear.*

That about two Months ſince, he came again into the Shop, and caſt ſeveral ſuſpicious Looks on a Gentleman that ſtood by him, after which he deſired ſome Information concerning that Perſon. He was no ſooner acquainted that the Gentleman was a new Author, and that his firſt Piece was to be publiſh'd in a few Days, but he drew his Sword upon him, and had not my Servant luckily catch'd him by the Sleeve, I might have loſt one Author upon the ſpot, and another the next Seſſions.

Upon

Upon recollecting all theſe Circumſtances, Mr. *Lintott* was entirely of Opinion, that he had been mad for ſome Time; and I doubt not but this whole Narrative muſt ſufficiently convince the World of the Exceſs of his Frenzy. It now remains, that I give the Reaſons which obliged me in my own Vindication to publiſh this whole unfortunate Tranſaction.

In the firſt place, Mr. *John D—is* had induſtriouſly cauſed to be reported that I enter'd into his Room *Vi & Armis*, either out of a Deſign to deprive him of his Life, or of a new Play called *Coriolanus*, which he has had ready for the Stage theſe four Years.

Secondly, He hath given out about *Fleetſtreet* and the *Temple*, that I was an Accomplice with his Bookſeller, who viſited him with Intent to take away divers valuable Manuſcripts, without paying him Copy-Money.

Thirdly, He hath told others, that I am no Graduate Phyſician, and that he had ſeen me upon a Mountebank Stage in *Moorfields*, when he had Lodgings in the College there.

Fourthly,

Fourthly, Knowing that I had much Practice in the City, he reported at the *Royal Exchange*, *Cuſtom-houſe*, and other Places adjacent, that I was a foreign Spy, employ'd by the *French* King to convey him into *France*; that I bound him Hand and Foot; and that, if his Friend had not burſt from his Confinement to his Relief, he had been at this Hour in the *Baſtile*.

All which ſeveral Aſſertions of his are ſo very extravagant, as well as inconſiſtent, that I appeal to all Mankind whether this Perſon be not out of his Senſes. I ſhall not decline giving and producing further Proofs of this Truth in open Court, if he drives the Matter ſo far. In the mean time I heartily forgive him, and pray that the Lord may reſtore him, to the full Enjoyment of his Underſtanding: So wiſheth, as becometh a Chriſtian,

From my Houſe on Snow-hill, July *the* 30th. 1713.

Robert Norris, M. D.

God Save the Queen.

A full

A full and true

ACCOUNT

OF A

Horrid and Barbarous

REVENGE by POISON,

On the Body of

Mr. *EDMUND CURLL*,

Bookſeller;

With a faithful COPY of his

Laſt WILL and TESTAMENT.

HISTORY furniſhes us with Examples of many Satyrical *Authors* who have fallen Sacrifices to Revenge, but not of any *Bookſellers* that I know of, except the unfortunate Subject of the following Paper; I mean Mr. *Edmund Curll*, at the *Bible*

and *Dial* in *Fleetſtreet*, who was yeſterday poiſon'd by Mr. *Pope*, after having liv'd many Years an Inſtance of the mild Temper of the *Britiſh* Nation.

Every Body knows that the ſaid Mr. *Edmund Curll*, on *Monday* the 26th Inſtant, publiſh'd a Satyrical Piece, entituled *Court Poems*, in the Preface whereof they were attributed to a Lady of Quality, Mr. *Pope*, or Mr. *Gay*; by which indiſcreet Method though he had eſcap'd one Revenge, there were ſtill two behind in reſerve.

Now on the *Wedneſday* enſuing, between the Hours of Ten and Eleven, Mr. *Lintott*, a neighb'ring Bookſeller, deſir'd a Conference with Mr. *Curll* about ſettling a *Title-Page*, inviting him at the ſame Time to take a Whet together. Mr. *Pope*, (who is not the only Inſtance how Perſons of bright Parts may be carry'd away by the Inſtigation of the Devil) found Means to convey himſelf into the ſame Room, under pretence of Buſineſs with Mr. *Lintott* who it ſeems is the Printer of his *Homer*. This Gentleman with a ſeeming Coolneſs, reprimanded Mr. *Curll* for wrongfully aſcribing to him the aforeſaid Poems: He excuſed himſelf by declaring that one of his Authors (Mr. *Old-*

mixon

mixon by Name) gave the Copies to the Preſs, and wrote the *Preface*. Upon this Mr. *Pope* (being to all appearance reconcil'd) very civilly drank a Glaſs of Sack to Mr. *Curll*, which he as civilly pledged; and tho' the Liquor in Colour and Taſte differ'd not from common Sack, yet was it plain by the Pangs this unhappy Stationer felt ſoon after, that ſome poiſonous Drug had been ſecretly infuſed therein.

About eleven a Clock he went home, where his Wife obſerving his Colour chang'd, ſaid, *Are you not Sick, my Dear?* He reply'd, *Bloody Sick*; and incontinently fell a vomiting and ſtraining in an uncommon and unnatural Manner, the Contents of his vomiting being as green as Graſs. His Wife had been juſt reading a Book of her Husband's printing, concerning *Jane Wenham*, the famous Witch of *Hertford*, and her Mind miſgave her that he was *bewitch'd*; but he ſoon let her know that he ſuſpected Poiſon, and recounted to her, between the Intervals of his Yawnings and Reachings, every Circumſtance of his Interview with Mr. *Pope*.

Mr. *Lintott* in the mean time coming in, was extreamly affrighted at the ſudden

Alteration he obſerv'd in him: *Brother* Curll, ſays he, *I fear you have got the Vomiting Diſtemper, which (I have heard) kills in half an Hour. This comes from your not following my Advice, to drink old Hock in a Morning, as I do, and abſtain from Sack.* Mr. *Curll* reply'd, in a moving Tone, *Your Author's Sack I fear has done my Buſineſs. Z——ds,* ſays Mr. *Lintott, my Author! —— Why did not you drink old Hock?* Notwithſtanding which rough Remonſtrance, he did in the moſt friendly Manner preſs him to take warm Water; but Mr. *Curll* did with great Obſtinacy refuſe it; which made Mr. *Lintott* infer, that he choſe to die as thinking to recover greater Damages.

All this Time the Symptoms encreas'd violently, with acute Pains in the lower Belly. *Brother* Lintott, ſays he, *I perceive my laſt Hour approaching; do me the friendly Office to call my Partner, Mr.* Pemberton, *that we may ſettle our Worldly Affairs.* Mr. *Lintott,* like a kind Neighbour, was haſtening out of the Room, while Mr. *Curll* rav'd aloud in this Manner: *If I ſurvive this, I will be reveng'd on* Tonſon; *it was he firſt detected me as the Printer of theſe Poems,*

Poems, and I will reprint theſe very Poems in his Name. His Wife admoniſh'd him not to think of Revenge, but to take care of his Stock and his Soul: And in the ſame Inſtant, Mr. *Lintott* (whoſe Goodneſs can never be enough applauded) return'd with Mr. *Pemberton.* After ſome Tears jointly ſhed by theſe humane Bookſellers, Mr. *Curll* being (as he ſaid) in his perfect Senſes though in great bodily Pain, immediately proceeded to make a verbal Will (Mrs. *Curll* having firſt put on his Night-cap) in the following Manner.

GEntlemen, in the firſt Place, I do ſincerely pray Forgiveneſs for thoſe indirect Methods I have purſued in inventing new Titles to old Books, putting Authors Names to Things they never ſaw, publiſhing private Quarrels for publick Entertainment; all which, I hope will be pardoned, as being done to get an honeſt livelihood.

I do alſo heartily beg Pardon of all Perſons of Honour, Lords Spiritual and Temporal, Gentry, Burgeſſes, and Commonalty, to whoſe Abuſe I have any or every way contributed by my Publications,

Particularly, I hope it will be conſidered, that if I have vilify'd his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, I have likewiſe aſpers'd the late Duke of *Ormond*; if I have abuſed the honourable Mr. *Walpole*, I have alſo libell'd the Lord *Bolingbroke*; ſo that I have preſerv'd that *Equality* and *Impartiality* which becomes an *honeſt Man* in Times of Faction and Diviſion.

I call my Conſcience to witneſs, that many of theſe Things which may ſeem malicious, were done out of *Charity*; I having made it wholly my Buſineſs to print for poor diſconſolate Authors, whom all other Bookſellers refuſe. Only God bleſs Sir *Richard Blackmore!* you know he takes no *Copy-money*.

The ſecond Collection of Poems, which I groundleſly call'd Mr. *Prior's*, will ſell for Nothing, and hath not yet paid the Charge of the Advertiſements, which I was obliged to publiſh *againſt him:* Therefore you may as well ſuppreſs the Edition, and beg that Gentleman's Pardon in the Name of a dying Chriſtian.

The *French Cato*, with the Criticiſm ſhowing how ſuperior it is to Mr. *Addiſon's*, (which I wickedly aſcribed to Madam

dam *Dacier*) may be ſuppreſs'd at a reaſonable Rate, being damnably tranſlated.

I proteſt I have no Animoſity to Mr. *Rowe*, having printed part of *Callipædia*, and an incorrect Edition of his Poems without his Leave, in Quarto. Mr. *Gildon*'s *Rehearſal* or *Bays the Younger*, did more harm to me than to Mr. *Rowe*; though upon the Faith of an honeſt Man, I paid him double, for abuſing both him and Mr. *Pope*.

Heaven pardon me for publiſhing the *Trials of Sodomy* in an *Elzevir* Letter! but I humbly hope, my printing Sir *Richard Blackmore*'s *Eſſays* will attone for them. I beg that you will take what remains of theſe laſt, (which is near the whole Impreſſion, Preſents excepted) and let my poor Widow have in exchange the ſole Propriety of the Copy of Madam *Maſcranny*.

[*Here Mr.* Pemberton *interrupted, and would by no Means conſent to this Article, about which ſome Diſpute might have ariſen unbecoming a dying Perſon, if Mr.* Lintott *had not interpoſed and Mr.* Curll *vomited.*]

What this poor unfortunate Man ſpoke afterwards, was ſo indiſtinct, and in ſuch broken Accents, (being perpetually interrupted by Vomitings) that the Reader is intreated to excuſe the Confuſion and Imperfection of this Account.

Dear Mr. *Pemberton*, I beg you to beware of the Indictment at *Hicks*'s *Hall*, for publiſhing *Rocheſter*'s bawdy Poems; that Copy will otherwiſe be my beſt Legacy to my dear Wife, and helpleſs Child.

The Caſe of Impotence was my beſt Support, all the laſt long Vacation.

[*In this laſt Paragraph Mr.* Curll's *Voice grew more free, for his Vomitings abated upon his Dejections, and he ſpoke what follows from his Cloſe-ſtool.*]

For the Copies of Noblemen's and Biſhop's *Laſt Wills and Teſtaments*, I ſolemnly declare I printed them not with any Purpoſe of Defamation; but meerly as I thought thoſe Copies lawfully purchaſed from *Doctors Commons*, at *One Shilling* a piece. Our Trade in Wills turning to ſmall Account, we may divide them blindfold.

For

For Mr. *Manwaring*'s *Life*, I ask Mrs. *Oldfield*'s Pardon: Neither *His*, nor my Lord *Halifax*'s Lives, though they were of ſervice to their Country, were of any to me: But I was reſolved, ſince I could not print their Works while they liv'd, to print their Lives after they were dead.

While he was ſpeaking theſe Words, Mr. *Oldmixon* enter'd. *Ah! Mr.* Oldmixon (ſaid poor Mr. *Curll*) *to what a Condition have your Works reduced me! I die a Martyr to that unlucky Preface. However, in theſe my laſt Moments, I will be juſt to all Men; you ſhall have your third Share of the* Court Poems, *as was ſtipulated. When I am dead, where will you find* another Bookſeller? *Your* Proteſtant Packet *might have ſupported you, had you writ a little leſs ſcurrilouſly; there is a Mean in all things.*

Here Mr. *Lintott* interrupted. Why not find *another Bookſeller, Brother Curll?* and then took Mr. *Oldmixon* aſide and whiſper'd him: *Sir, As ſoon as* Curll *is dead, I ſhall be glad to talk with you over a Pint at the* Devil.

Mr. *Curll* now turning to Mr. *Pemberton*, told him, he had ſeveral *Taking Title-Pages* that only wanted Treatiſes to be wrote to them; and earneſtly deſired that when they were writ, his Heirs might have ſome Share of the Profit of them.

After he had ſaid this, he fell into horrible Gripings, upon which Mr. *Lintott* adviſ'd him to repeat the Lord's Prayer. He deſir'd his Wife to ſtep into the Shop for a *Common-Prayer-Book*, and read it by the Help of a Candle, without Heſitation. He cloſ'd the Book, fetch'd a Groan, and recommended to Mrs. *Curll* to give Forty Shillings to the Poor of the Pariſh of St. *Dunſtan*'s, and a *Week's Wages* advance to each of his Gentlemen-Authors, with ſome ſmall Gratuity in particular to Mrs. *Centlivre*.

The poor Man continued for ſome Hours with all his diſconſolate Family about him in Tears, expecting his final Diſſolution; when of a ſudden he was ſurprizingly relieved by a plentiful fœtid Stool, which obliged them all to retire out of the Room. Notwithſtanding, it is judged by Sir *Richard Blackmore*, that the Poiſon is ſtill latent in his Body, and will infallibly

libly deſtroy him by ſlow Degrees, in leſs than a Month. It is to be hoped, the other Enemies of this wretched Stationer will not further purſue their Revenge, or ſhorten this ſmall Period of his miſerable Life.

A FURTHER

ACCOUNT

Of the moſt

Deplorable Condition

OF

Mr. *EDMUND CURLL*, Bookſeller.

THE Publick is already acquainted with the Manner of Mr. *Curll*'s Impoiſonment, by a faithful tho' unpolite Hiſtorian of *Grubſtreet*. I am but the Continuer of his Hiſtory; yet I hope a due Diſtinction will be made between an undignify'd Scribbler of a Sheet and half, and the Author of a Three-penny ſtitch'd Book, like my ſelf.

* *Wit* (ſaith Sir *Richard Blackmore*) *proceeds from a Concurrence of regular and*

* Blackmore's Eſſays, *Vol.* 1.

exalted

exalted Ferments, and an Affluence of Animal Spirits rectify'd and refin'd to a Degree of Purity. On the contrary, when the igneous Particles riſe with the vital Liquor, they produce an abſtraction of the rational Part of the Soul, which we commonly call *Madneſs.* The Verity of this Hypotheſis, is juſtify'd by the Symptoms with which the unfortunate Mr. *Edmund Curll*, Bookſeller, hath been afflicted ever ſince his ſwallowing the Poiſon at the *Swan* Tavern in *Fleetſtreet.* For tho' the *Neck* of his *Retort*, which carries up the Animal Spirits to the Head, is of an extraordinary length; yet the ſaid Animal Spirits riſe muddy, being contaminated with the inflammable Particles of this uncommon Poiſon.

The Symptoms of his Departure from his uſual Temper of Mind, were at firſt only *ſpeaking civilly to his Cuſtomers, ſingeing a Pig with a new purchas'd Libel*, and *refuſing Two-and-Nine-Pence for Sir* Richard Blackmore's *Eſſays.*

As the poor Man's Frenzy encreas'd, he began to *void his Excrements in his Bed, read* Rocheſter's *bawdy Poems to his Wife*, gave *Oldmixon* a *ſlap* on the *Chops*, and wou'd

wou'd have kiſs'd Mr. *Pemberton*'s A—— *by Violence.*

But at laſt he came to ſuch a paſs, that he wou'd *dine upon nothing but Copper-Plates*, took a *Clyſter for a whipt Syllabub*, and made Mr. *Lintott* eat a *Suppoſitory* for a *Raddiſh* with *Bread* and *Butter.*

We leave it to every tender Wife to imagine, how ſorely all this afflicted poor Mrs. *Curll:* At firſt ſhe privately put a *Bill* into ſeveral Churches, deſiring Prayers of the Congregation for a *wretched Stationer* diſtemper'd in Mind. But when ſhe was ſadly convinc'd that his Misfortune was publick to all the World, ſhe writ the following Letter to her good Neighbour Mr. *Lintott.*

A true Copy of Mrs. Curll's *Letter to Mr.* Lintott

Worthy Mr. Lintott,

'YOU, and all the Neighbours know too well, the Frenzy with which my poor Man is viſited. I never perceived he was out of himſelf, till that melancholy Day that he thought he was poiſon'd in a Glaſs of Sack; upon this, he

‘ he run a Vomiting all over the Houſe,
‘ nay, in the new-waſh'd Dining-room.
‘ Alas! this is the greateſt Adverſity that
‘ ever befel my poor Man, ſince he loſt
‘ *one Teſticle* at School by the bite of a
‘ black Boar. Good Lord! if he ſhould
‘ die, where ſhould I diſpoſe of the *Stock?*
‘ unleſs Mr. *Pemberton* or you would help
‘ a diſtreſſed Widow; for God knows he
‘ never publiſh'd any Books that laſted
‘ above a Week, ſo that if we wanted
‘ *daily Books*, we wanted *daily Bread.* I
‘ can write no more, for I hear the Rap
‘ of Mr. *Curll*'s *Ivory-headed Cane* upon
‘ the Counter. — Pray recommend me to
‘ your *Paſtry-Cook*, (who furniſhes you
‘ yearly with Tarts in exchange for your
‘ Papers) for Mr. *Curll* has diſoblig'd
‘ ours, ſince his Fits came upon him; —
‘ before that, we generally liv'd upon
‘ bak'd Meats. — He is coming in, and I
‘ have but juſt time to put his *Son* out of
‘ the way for fear of Miſchief: So wiſhing
‘ you a merry *Eaſter*, I remain your

Moſt humble Servant,

C. Curll.

‘ P S.

'P. S. As to the Report of my poor 'Husband's ſtealing a *Calf*, it is really 'groundleſs, for he always binds in *Sheep*.

But return we to Mr. *Curll*, who all *Wedneſday* continued outragiouſly mad. On *Thurſday* he had a *lucid Interval*, that enabled him to ſend a general Summons to all *his Authors*. There was but one Porter who cou'd perform this Office, to whom he gave the following Bill of Directions where to find 'em. This Bill, together with Mrs. *Curll*'s Original Letter, lie at Mr. *Lintott*'s Shop to be perus'd by the Curious.

Inſtructions to a Porter how to find Mr. Curll's *Authors*.

'AT a Tallow-chandlers in *Petty France*, 'half way under the blind Arch: 'Ask for the *Hiſtorian*.

'At the Bedſted and Bolſter, a Muſick-'houſe in *Moreſields*, two Tranſlators in 'a Bed together.

'At

'At the *Hercules* and *Still* in *Vinegar-*
'*yard*, a School-maſter with Carbuncles
'on his Noſe.

'At a Blackſmith's Shop in the *Friars*,
'a Pindarick Writer in red Stockings.

'In the Calendar Mill Room at *Exeter-*
'Change, a Compoſer of Meditations.

'At the Three *Tobacco-Pipes* in *Dog* and
'*Bitch* Yard, one that has been a Parſon,
'he wears a blue Camblet-coat trim'd with
'black: my beſt Writer againſt *Reveal'd*
'*Religion*.

'At Mr. *Summers* a Thief-catchers, in
'*Lewkners* Lane, the Man that wrote
'againſt the Impiety of Mr. *Rowe*'s Plays.

'At the Farthing Pye Houſe in *Tooting*
'Fields, the young Man who is writing
'my new *Paſtorals*.

'At the Laundreſſes, at the Hole in
'the Wall in *Curſitors* Alley, up three pair
'of Stairs, the Author of my *Church Hi-*
'*ſtory* —— if his Flux be over —— you
'may

'may alſo ſpeak to the Gentleman who 'lies by him in the Flock Bed, my *Index-* 'maker.

'The *Cook*'s *Wife* in *Buckingham* Court; 'bid her bring along with her the *Similes* 'that were lent her for her next new Play.

'Call at *Budge Row* for the Gentleman 'you uſe to go to in the *Cockloft*; I have 'taken away the *Ladder*, but his Landlady 'has it in keeping.

'I don't much care if you ask at the '*Mint* for the old Beetle-brow'd Critick, 'and the purblind Poet at the Alley over- 'againſt St. *Andrews Holbourn*. But this 'as you have time.

All theſe Gentlemen appear'd at the Hour appointed, in Mr. *Curll*'s Dining Room, two excepted; one of whom was the Gentleman in the Cockloft, his Landlady being out of the way, and the *Gradus ad Parnaſſum* taken down; the other happened to be too cloſely watch'd by the Bailiffs.

They

They no ſooner enter'd the Room, but all of them ſhew'd in their Behaviour ſome *Suſpicion* of each other; ſome turning away their Heads with an Air of Contempt; others ſquinting with a Leer that ſhew'd at once *Fear* and *Indignation*, each with a haggard abſtracted Mien, the lively Picture of *Scorn*, *Solitude*, and *ſhort Commons*. So when a Keeper feeds his hungry Charge of Vultures, Panthers, and of *Lybian* Leopards, each eyes his Fellow with a fiery Glare: High hung, the bloody Liver tempts their Maw. Or as a Houſewife ſtands before her Pales, ſurrounded by her Geeſe; they fight, they hiſs, they gaggle, beat their Wings, and Down is ſcatter'd as the Winter's Snow, for a poor Grain of Oat, or Tare, or Barley. Such Looks ſhot through the Room tranſverſe, oblique, direct; ſuch was the ſtir and din, 'till *Curll* thus ſpoke, (but without riſing from his Cloſe-ſtool.)

'*Whores* and *Authors* muſt be paid be-
'forehand, to put them in good Humour;
'therefore here is half a Crown a piece
'for you to drink your own Healths, and
'Confuſion to Mr. *Addiſon*, and all other
'ſucceſsful Writers.

'Ah

'Ah Gentlemen! What have I not 'done, what have I not ſuffer'd, rather 'than the World ſhould be depriv'd of 'your Lucubrations? I have taken invo-'luntary Purges, I have been vomited, 'three times have I been can'd, once was 'I hunted, twice was my Head broke by 'a Grenadier, twice was I toſs'd in a Blan-'ket; I have had Boxes on the Ear, Slaps 'on the Chops; I have been frighted, 'pump'd, kick'd, ſlander'd, and beſhit-'ten. —— I hope, Gentlemen, you are 'all convinc'd that this Author of Mr. *Lin-'tott*'s could mean nothing elſe but ſtar-'ving you, by poiſoning me. It remains 'for us to conſult the beſt and ſpeedieſt 'Methods of Revenge.

He had ſcarce done ſpeaking, but the *Hiſtorian* propos'd a Hiſtory of his Life. The *Exeter*-Exchange-Gentleman was for penning Articles of his Faith. Some pretty ſmart *Pindarick*, (ſays the Red-Stocking Poet) would effectually do his Buſineſs. But the *Index-maker* ſaid there was nothing like an *Index* to his *Homer*.

After ſeveral Debates they came to the following Reſolutions.

'*Re-*

'*Reſolv'd*, That every Member of this 'Society, according to his ſeveral Abili-'ties, ſhall contribute ſome way or other 'to the Defamation of Mr. *Pope*.

'*Reſolved*, That towards the Libelling 'of the ſaid *Pope*, there be a Sum em-'ploy'd not exceeding Six Pounds Sixteen 'Shillings and Nine Pence (not including 'Advertiſements.)

'*Reſolv'd*, That he has on purpoſe, in 'ſeveral Paſſages, perverted the true an-'cient *Heathen* Senſe of *Homer*, for the 'more effectual Propagation of the *Popiſh* 'Religion.

'*Reſolv'd*, That the Printing of *Ho-'mer*'s *Battles* at this Juncture, has been 'the Occaſion of all the Diſturbances of 'this Kingdom.

'*Ordered*, That Mr. *Barnivelt* be invi-'ted to be a Member of this Society, in 'order to make further Diſcoveries.

'*Reſolv'd*, That a number of effective '*Errata*'s be raiſed out of *Pope*'s *Homer* '(not

'(not exceeding 1746,) and that every 'Gentleman who ſhall ſend in one Error, 'for his Encouragement ſhall have the 'whole Works of this Society *gratis*.

'*Reſolv'd*, That a Sum not exceeding 'Ten Shillings and Six-pence be diſtribu-'ted among the Members of this Society 'for *Coffee* and *Tobacco*, in order to ena-'ble them the more effectually to defame 'him in *Coffee-Houſes*.

'*Reſolved*, That towards the further leſ-'ſening the Character of the ſaid *Pope*, 'ſome Perſons be deputed to abuſe him at 'Ladies *Tea-Tables*, and that in conſide-'ration our Authors are not *well dreſs'd* 'enough, Mr. *C*——*y* and Mr. *Ke*——*l* 'be deputed for that Service.

'*Reſolv'd*, That a *Ballad* be made 'againſt Mr. *Pope*, and that Mr. *Oldmixon*, 'Mr. *Gildon*, and Mrs. *Centlivre*, do pre-'pare and bring in the ſame.

'*Reſolved*, That above all, ſome effe-'ctual Ways and Means be found to en-'creaſe the Joint Stock of the Reputation

'of

'of this Society, which at preſent is exceedingly low, and to give their Works the greater Currency; whether by raiſing the Denomination of the ſaid Works by counterfeit Title Pages, or mixing a greater Quantity of the fine Metal of other Authors, with the Alloy of this Society.

'*Reſolved*, That no Member of this Society for the future mix *Stout* in his *Ale* in a Morning, and that Mr. *B*—— remove from the *Hercules* and *Still*.

'*Reſolved*, That all our Members, (except the *Cook*'s Wife) be provided with a ſufficient Quantity of the *vivifying Drops*, or *Byfield*'s *Sal Volatile*.

'*Reſolv'd*, That Sir *R*— *B*—— be appointed to endue this Society with a large Quantity of *regular and exalted Ferments*, in order to *enliven* their *cold Sentiments* (being his true Receipt to make Wits.)

These Reſolutions being taken, the Aſſembly was ready to break up, but they took

took ſo near a-part in Mr. *Curll*'s Afflictions, that none of them could leave him without giving him ſome Advice to reinſtate him in his Health.

Mr. *Gildon* was of opinion, That in order to drive a *Pope* out of his *Belly*, he ſhould get the Mummy of ſome deceas'd *Moderator* of the *General Aſſembly* in *Scotland*, to be taken inwardly as an effectual Antidote againſt *Antichriſt*; but Mr. *Oldmixon* did conceive, that the *Liver* of the Perſon who adminiſtred the Poiſon, boil'd in Broth, would be a more certain Cure.

While the Company were expecting the Thanks of Mr. *Curll*, for theſe demonſtrations of their Zeal, a whole Pile of Sir *Richard*'s *Eſſays* on a ſudden fell on his Head; the Shock of which in an Inſtant brought back his Dilirium. He immediately roſe up, over-turn'd the Cloſeſtool, and beſh-t the *Eſſays* (which may probably occaſion a *ſecond Edition*) then without putting up his Breeches, in a moſt furious Tone he thus broke out to his Books, which his diſtemper'd Imagination repreſented to him as alive, coming down from

from their Shelves, fluttering their Leaves, and flapping their Covers at him.

Now *G-d damn all Folio's, Quarto's, Octavo's* and *Duodecimo's!* ungrateful Varlets that you are, who have ſo long taken up my Houſe without paying for your Lodging? — Are you not the beggarly Brood of fumbling *Journey-men*; born in *Garrets*, among *Lice* and *Cobwebs*, nurs'd up on *Grey Peas*, *Bullocks Liver*, and *Porter's Ale?* — Was not the firſt Light you ſaw, the *Farthing*-candle I paid for? Did you not come before your Time into *dirty Sheets* of brown Paper? — And have not I cloath'd you in double *Royal*, lodg'd you handſomely on *decent Shelves*, lac'd your *Backs* with *Gold*, equipt you with ſplendid *Titles*, and ſent you into the World with the Names of *Perſons of Quality?* Muſt I be *always* plagu'd with you? Why flutter ye your Leaves, and flap your Covers at me? *Damn ye all*, ye *Wolves* in *Sheeps Cloathing*; *Rags ye were, and to Rags ye ſhall return.* Why hold you forth your *Texts* to me, ye paltry *Sermons?* Why cry ye — at every Word to me, ye *bawdy Poems?* — To my Shop at *Tunbridge* ye ſhall go, by G— and thence be drawn

like the reſt of your Predeceſſors, bit by bit, to the *Paſſage-Houſe:* For in this preſent Emotion of my Bowels, how do I compaſſionate thoſe who have great need, and nothing to wipe their Breech with?

Having ſaid this, and at the ſame Time recollecting that his own was yet unwiped, he abated of his Fury, and with great Gravity, apply'd to that Function the unfiniſh'd Sheets of the Conduct of the Earl of *N*——*m*.

A Strange

A Strange but True

RELATION

HOW

EDMUND CURLL,
of *Fleetſtreet*, Stationer,

Out of an extraordinary Deſire of Lucre, went into Change Alley, *and was converted from the Chriſtian Religion by certain Eminent* Jews: *And how he was circumcis'd and initiated into their Myſteries.*

AVARICE (as Sir *Richard* in the Third Page of his Eſſays hath elegantly obſerv'd) *is an inordinate Impulſe of the Soul towards the amaſſing or heaping together a Superfluity of Wealth without the leaſt Regard of applying it to its proper Uſes.*

And how the Mind of Man is poſſeſſed with this Vice, may be ſeen every Day both in the City and Suburbs thereof. It has been always eſteemed by *Plato*, *Puffendorf* and *Socrates*, as the darling Vice of old Age: But now our young Men are turn'd Uſurers and Stock-jobbers; and, inſtead of luſting after the real Wives and Daughters of our rich Citizens, they covet nothing but their Money and Eſtates. Strange Change of Vice! when the Concupiſcence of Youth is converted into the Covetouſneſs of Age, and thoſe Appetites are now become VENAL which ſhould be VENEREAL.

In the firſt Place, let us ſhew you how many of the ancient Worthies and Heroes of Antiquity have been undone and ruin'd by this Deadly Sin of Avarice.

I ſhall take the Liberty to begin with *Brutus*, that noble *Roman*. Does not *Ætian* inform us that he received Fifty Broad Pieces for the Aſſaſſination of that renowned Emperor *Julius Cæſar*, who fell a Sacrifice to the *Jews*, as Sir *Edmund Bury Godfrey* did to the *Papiſts*?

Did not *Themiſtocles* let in the *Goths* and *Vandals* into *Carthage* for a Sum of Money,

ney, where they barbarouſly put out the other Eye of the famous *Hannibal?* As *Herodotus* hath it in his ninth Book upon the *Roman* Medals.

Even the great *Cato* (as the late Mr. *Addiſon* hath very well obſerv'd) though otherwiſe a Gentleman of good Senſe, was not unſully'd by this pecuniary Contagion: For he ſold *Athens* to *Artaxerxes Longimanus* for a hundred *Rix-Dollars*, which in our Money will amount to two *Talents* and thirty *Seſtertii*, according to Mr. *Demoiver*'s Calculation. *See* Heſiod *in his 7th Chapter of* Feaſts *and* Feſtivals.

Actuated by the ſame Diabolical Spirit of Gain, *Scylla* the *Roman* Conſul ſhot *Alcibiades* the Senator with a Piſtol, and robb'd him of ſeveral *Bank Bills* and *Chequer Notes* to an immenſe Value; for which he came to an untimely End, and was deny'd *Chriſtian* Burial. Hence comes the Proverb *incidat in Scyllam.*

To come near to our own Times, and give you one modern Inſtance (tho' well known, and often quoted by Hiſtorians, *viz. Echard*, *Dionyſius Halicarnaſſæus*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, and others) 'Tis that, I mean, of the famous *Godfrey* of *Bulloigne*,

one of the great Heroes of the Holy War, who rob'd *Cleopatra* Queen of *Egypt* of a Diamond Necklace, Ear-Rings, and a *Tompion*'s Gold Watch (which was given her by *Mark Antony*) all theſe things were found in *Godfrey*'s Breeches Pocket, when he was kill'd at the Siege of *Damaſcus*.

Who then can wonder after ſo many great and illuſtrious Examples that Mr. *Edmund Curll* the Stationer, ſhould renounce the *Chriſtian Religion* for the *Mammon* of Unrighteouſneſs, and barter his precious Faith for the filthy Proſpect of Lucre in the preſent Fluctuation of *Stocks*.

It having been obſerv'd to Mr. *Curll* by ſome of his ingenious Authors, (who I fear are not over-charg'd with any Religion) what immenſe Sums the *Jews* had got by *Bubbles*, &c. he immediately turned his Mind from the Buſineſs in which he was educated, but thriv'd little, and reſolv'd to quit his Shop, for *Change Alley*. Whereupon falling into Company with the *Jews* at their Club at the Sign of the *Croſs* in *Cornhill*, they began to tamper with him upon the moſt important Points of the *Chriſtian Faith*, which he for ſome time zealouſly, and *like a good Chriſtian obſti-*

nately

nately defended. They promiſed him *Paradiſe*, and many other Advantages *hereafter*, but he artfully inſinuated that he was more inclinable to liſten to *preſent* Gain. They took the Hint, and promis'd him that immediately upon his Converſion to their Perſuaſion he ſhould become as rich as a *Jew*.

They made uſe likewiſe of ſeveral other Arguments, to wit,

That the wiſeſt Man that ever was, and inaſmuch the richeſt, beyond all peradventure, was a *Jew*, videlicet *Solomon*.

That *David*, the Man after God's own Heart, was a *Jew* alſo. And moſt of the Children of *Iſrael* are ſuſpected for holding the ſame Doctrine.

This Mr. *Curll* at firſt ſtrenuouſly deny'd, for indeed he thought them *Roman Catholicks*, and ſo far was he from giving way to their Temptations, that to convince them of his *Chriſtianity* he call'd for a *Pork-Grisking*.

They now promis'd if he would poiſon his Wife and give up his *Grisking*, that he ſhould marry the rich *Ben Meymon*'s only Daughter. This made ſome Impreſſion on him.

They then talk'd to him in the *Hebrew* Tongue, which he not underſtanding, it was obſerv'd had very great Weight with him.

They, now perceiving that his *Godlineſs* was only *Gain*, deſiſted from all other Arguments, and attack'd him on his weak ſide, namely that of *Avarice*.

Upon which *John Mendez* offer'd him an Eighth of an advantagious Bargain for the *Apoſtles Creed*, which he readily and wickedly renounced.

He then ſold the *Nine and Thirty Articles* for a *Bull*; but inſiſted hard upon *Black-Puddings*, being a great Lover thereof.

Joſhua Perrara engag'd to let him ſhare with him in his *Bottomrye*, upon this he was perſuaded out of his *Chriſtian Name*; but he ſtill adher'd to *Black-Puddings*.

Sir *Gideon Lopez* tempted him with *Forty Pound* Subſcription in *Ram*'s *Bubble*; for which he was content to give up the *Four Evangeliſts*, and he was now compleated a perfect *Jew*, all but *Black-Pudding* and *Circumciſion*; for both of which he would have been glad to have had a Diſpenſation.

But

But on the 17th of *March*, Mr. *Curll* (unkown to his Wife) came to the Tavern aforeſaid. At his Entrance into the Room he perceived a meagre Man, with a ſallow Countenance, a black forky Beard, and long Veſtment. In his Right Hand he held a large Pair of Sheers, and in his Left a red hot Searing-Iron. At Sight of this, Mr. *Curll*'s Heart trembled within him, and feign would he retire; but he was prevented by ſix Jews, who laid Hands upon him, and unbuttoning his Breeches threw him upon the Table, a pale pitiful Spectacle!

He now entreated them in the moſt moving Tone of Voice to diſpenſe with that *unmanly* Ceremonial, which if they would conſent to, he faithfully promis'd that he would eat a Quarter of *Paſchal Lamb* with them the next *Sunday* following.

All theſe Proteſtations availed him nothing, for they threatned him that all Contracts and Bargains ſhould be void unleſs he would ſubmit to bear all the *outward* and *viſible* Signs of *Judaiſm*.

Our Apoſtate hearing this, ſtretched himſelf upon his Back, ſpread his Legs, and waited for the Operation; but when

he ſaw the High-Prieſt take up the *Cleft Stick*, he roared moſt unmercifully, and ſwore ſeveral Chriſtian Oaths, for which the *Jews* rebuked him.

The Savour of the *Effluvia* that iſſued from him, convinced the Old *Levite* and all his Aſſiſtants that he needed no preſent *Purgation*, wherefore without farther *anointing* him he proceeded in his Office; when by an unfortunate Jerk upward of the impatient Victim, he loſt five times as much as ever Jew did before.

They finding that he was too much circumcis'd, which by the *Levitical Law* is worſe than not being circumcis'd at all, refuſed to ſtand to any of their Contracts: Wherefore they caſt him forth from their Synagogue; and he now remains a moſt piteous, woful and miſerable Sight at the Sign of the *Old Teſtament* and *Dial* in *Fleet-ſtreet*, his Wife, (poor Woman) is at this Hour lamenting over him, wringing her Hands and tearing her Hair; for the barbarous Jews ſtill keep, and expoſe at *Jonathan*'s and *Garraway*'s, the Memorial of her Loſs, and her Husband's Indignity.

PRAYER;

PRAYER. *(To ſave the Stamp.)*

KEEP *us, we beſeech thee, from the Hands of ſuch barbarous and cruel* Jews, *who, albeit, they abhor the Blood of* Black Puddings, *yet thirſt they vehemently after the Blood of* White ones. *And that we may avoid ſuch like Calamities, may all good and well-diſpoſed Chriſtians be warn'd by this unhappy Wretch's woful Example to abominate the heinous Sin of* Avarice, *which ſooner or later will draw them into the cruel Clutches of* Satan, Papiſts, Jews, *and* Stock-jobbers. *Amen.*

GOD's

GOD's Revenge

AGAINST

PUNNING.

Shewing the miſerable Fates of Perſons addicted to this Crying Sin, in Court and Town.

MAnifold have been the Judgments which Heav'n from Time to Time, for the Chaſtiſement of a Sinful People, has inflicted on whole Nations. For when the Degeneracy becomes Common, 'tis but Juſt the Puniſhment ſhould be General: Of this kind, in our own unfortunate Country, was that deſtructive Peſtilence, whoſe Mortality was ſo fatal, as to ſweep away, if Sir *William Petty* may be believ'd, Five Millions of Chriſtian Souls, beſides Women and Jews. Such

Such alſo was that dreadful Conflagration enſuing, in this famous metropolis of *London*, which conſumed, according to the Computation of Sir *Samuel Morland*, 100000 Houſes, not to mention Churches and Stables.

Scarce had this Unhappy Nation recover'd theſe Funeſt Diſaſters, when the Abomination of Play-houſes roſe up in this Land: From hence hath an Inundation of Obſcenity flow'd from the Court, and overſpread the Kingdom: Even Infants disfigured the Walls of holy Temples with exorbitant Repreſentations of the Members of Generation; nay, no ſooner had they learnt to Spell, but they had Wickedneſs enough to Write the Names thereof in large Capitals; an Enormity, obſerv'd by Travellers to be found in no Country but *England*.

But when Whoring and Popery were driven hence by the Happy *Revolution*; ſtill the Nation ſo greatly offended, that *Socinianiſm*, *Arianiſm*, and *Whiſtoniſm* triumph'd in our Streets, and were in a manner become Univerſal.

And yet ſtill, after all theſe Viſitations, it has pleaſed Heaven to viſit us with a Contagion

Contagion more Epidemical, and of conſequence more Fatal: This was foretold to Us, Firſt, By that unparallel'd Eclipſe in 1714: Secondly, By the dreadful Coruſcations in the Air this preſent Year: And Thirdly, By the Nine Comets ſeen at once over *Soho-Square*, by Mrs. *Katherine Wadlington*, and Others; a Contagion that firſt crept in amongſt the Firſt Quality, deſcended to their Footmen, and infuſed itſelf into their Ladies; I mean, the woful Practice of PUNNING. This does occaſion the Corruption of our Language, and therein of the Word of God tranſlated into our Language; which certainly every ſober Chriſtian muſt Tremble at.

Now ſuch is the Enormity of this Abomination, that our very Nobles not only commit *Punning* over Tea, and in Taverns, but even on the *Lord's-Day*, and in the King's Chappel: Therefore to deter Men from this evil Practice, I ſhall give ſome True and Dreadful Examples of God's Revenge againſt *Punſters*.

The Right Honourable ——— (but it is not ſafe to inſert the Name of an eminent Nobleman in this Paper, yet I will venture to ſay that ſuch a one has been

ſeen;

ſeen; which is all we can ſay, conſidering the largeneſs of his Sleeves:) This young Nobleman was not only a flagitious *Punſter* himſelf, but was acceſſary to the Punning of others, by Conſent, by Provocation, by Connivance, and by Defence of the Evil committed; for which the Lord mercifully ſpared his Neck, but as a Mark of Reprobation *wryed his Noſe.*

Another Nobleman of great Hopes, no leſs guilty of the ſame Crime, was made the Puniſher of himſelf with his own Hand, in the Loſs of 500 Pounds at Box and Dice; whereby this unfortunate young Gentleman incurr'd the heavy Diſpleaſure of his Aged Grandmother.

A Third of no leſs illuſtrious Extraction, for the ſame Vice, was permitted to fall into the Arms of a *Dalilah*, who may one Day cut off his curious Hair, and deliver him up to the *Philiſtines.*

Colonel *F*——, an ancient Gentleman of grave Deportment, gave into this Sin ſo early in his Youth, that whenever his Tongue endeavours to ſpeak Common Senſe, he Heſitates ſo as not to be underſtood.

Thomas Pickle Gentleman, for the ſame Crime, baniſh'd to *Minorca.*

Muley

Muley Hamet, from a healthy and hopeful Officer in the Army, turn'd a miſerable Invalid at *Tilbury*-Fort.

— *Euſtace* Eſq; for the Murder of much of the King's *Engliſh* in *Ireland*, is quite depriv'd of his Reaſon, and now remains a Lively Inſtance of Emptineſs and Vivacity.

Poor *Daniel Button*, for the ſame Offence, depriv'd of his Wits.

One *Samuel* an *Iriſhman*, for his forward Attempt to *Pun*, was ſtunted in his Stature, and hath been viſited all his Life after with Bulls and Blunders.

George Simmons, Shoemaker at *Turnſtile* in *Holborn*, was ſo given to this Cuſtom, and did it with ſo much Succeſs, that his Neighbours gave out he was a Wit. Which Report coming among his Creditors, no body would Truſt him; ſo that he is now a Bankrupt, and his Family in a miſerable Condition.

Divers eminent Clergymen of the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, for having propagated this Vice, became great Drunkards and Tories.

From which Calamities, the Lord in his Mercy defend us All. &c, &c.

THE

THE WONDERFULL WONDER of WONDERS.

THERE is a certain Perſon lately arrived at this City, whom it is very proper the World ſhould be informed of. His Character may, perhaps, be thought very Inconſiſtent, Improbable, and Unnatural; however I intend to draw it with the utmoſt Regard to Truth. This I am the better qualified to do, becauſe he is a ſort of *Dependant* upon our Family, and *almoſt* of the ſame *Age*; tho' I cannot directly ſay, I have ever *ſeen* him. He is a Native of this Country, and hath lived long among us, but what appears wonderful, and hardly credible, was never ſeen *before*, by any Mortal.

It is true, indeed, he always chuſes the *loweſt* Place in Company, and contrives it ſo,

ſo, to keep *out of Sight*. It is reported, however, that in his younger Days he was frequently *expoſed to View*, but always againſt his Will, and was ſure to *ſmart* for it.

As to his Family, he came into the World a Younger Brother, being of *ſix* Children, the *fourth* in order of (1) Birth; of which the Eldeſt is now *Head* of the Houſe, the ſecond and third carry *Arms*; but the two Youngeſt are only *Footmen:* Some indeed, add, that he hath likewiſe a Twin-Brother, who lives *over-againſt* him, and keeps a (2) *Victualling-Houſe:* He has the Reputation to be a *cloſe*, *griping*, *ſqueezing* Fellow; and that when his Bags are *full*, he is often *Needy*; yet, when the Fit takes him, as faſt as he gets, he *lets it fly*.

When in *Office*, no one *diſchargeth* himſelf, or *does his Buſineſs* better. He hath ſometimes *ſtrained hard* for an Honeſt Livelyhood, and never got *a Bit*, till every Body elſe had *done*.

One Practice appears very blameable in him, that every Morning he privately frequents *unclean Houſes*, where any modeſt Perſon would bluſh to be ſeen. And altho' this be generally known, yet the World,

World, as Cenſorious as it is, is ſo kind to overlook this Infirmity in him. To deal Impartially, it muſt be granted, that he is too great a Lover of himſelf, and very often conſults his own *Eaſe* at the Expence of his beſt Friends. But this is one of his *blind Sides*; and the beſt of Men I fear are not without *them*.

He hath been conſtituted by the *higher* Powers in the Station of *Receiver-General*, in which Employment ſome have cenſured him for playing *faſt* and *looſe*. He is likewiſe *Overſeer* of the *Golden Mines*, which he daily inſpects when his Health will permit him.

He was long bred under a (3) *Maſter of Arts*, who inſtilled *good Principles* in him, but theſe were ſoon *Corrupted*. I know not whether this deſerves mention, that he is ſo very Capricious, as to take it for an equal Affront to talk either of *kiſſing* or *kicking* him, which hath occaſion'd a Thouſand Quarrels: However no body was ever ſo great a Sufferer for Faults which he neither was, nor poſſibly could be guilty of.

In his *Religion* he has thus much of the Quaker, that he ſtands *always covered*, even

even in the Preſence of the King; in moſt other Points, a perfect (4) *Idolater*, altho' he endeavours to *conceal* it; for he is known to offer daily Sacrifices to certain *Subterrancous Nymphs*, whom he worſhips in an *humble Poſture*, *prone on his Face*, and *ſtript ſtark Naked*, and ſo leaves his *Offerings behind him*, which the (5) *Prieſts* of thoſe Goddeſſes are careful enough to remove upon certain Seaſons, with the utmoſt Privacy at *Midnight*, and from thence maintain'd themſelves and Families. In all *urgent Neceſſities* and *Preſſures* he applies himſelf to theſe Deities, and ſometimes even in the *Streets* and *High-ways*, from an Opinion that thoſe Powers have an Influence in all Places, altho' their peculiar Reſidence is in Caverns under Ground. Upon theſe *Occaſions* the faireſt Ladies will not refuſe to *lend* their *Hands* to aſſiſt him: For, altho' they are aſham'd to have him *ſeen* in their Company, or even ſo much as to hear him *Named*; yet it is well known, that he is one of their *conſtant Followers*.

In *Politicks*, he always ſubmits to what is *uppermoſt*, but he peruſes Pamphlets *on both Sides* with great Impartiality, tho' ſeldom

ſeldom till *every Body elſe have done with them.*

His *Learning* is of a mixed kind, and he may properly be called a *Helluo librorum*, or another *Jacobus de Voragine*; tho' his Studies are chiefly confined to *School-men*, *Commentators*, and *German Divines*, together with *Modern Poetry* and *Criticks:* And he is an *Atomick* Philoſopher, ſtrongly maintaining a *Void* in *Nature*, which he ſeems to have fairly proved by many *Experiments.*

I ſhall now proceed to deſcribe ſome Peculiar Qualities, which in ſeveral Inſtances ſeem to diſtinguiſh this Perſon from the common Race of other Mortals.

His *Grandfather* was a Member of the *Rump* Parliament, as the *Grandſon* is of the *Preſent*, where he often *riſes*, ſometimes *grumbles* but never *ſpeaks.* However, he lets nothing paſs *willingly*, but what is *well digeſted.* His Courage is indiſputable, for he will take the boldeſt Man alive *by the Noſe.*

He is generally the *firſt a Bed* in the Family, and the *laſt up*, which is to be lamented, becauſe when he happens to *riſe before*

before the reſt, it hath been thought to forebode ſome *good Fortune to his Superiors*.

As Wiſdom is acquired by Age, ſo by every new (6) *Wrinkle* in his *Face*, he is reported to gain ſome *new Knowledge*.

In him we may obſerve the true Effects and Conſequences of *Tyranny* in a State: For, as he is a great *Oppreſſor* of all *below* him, ſo there is no Body more *oppreſſed* by thoſe *above* him: Yet in his Time, he hath been ſo highly in Favour, that many *Illuſtrious Perſons* have been entirely indebted to *him* for their *Preferments*.

He hath diſcovered from his own Experience the true *Point* wherein all human Actions, Projects, and Deſigns do chiefly *terminate*; and how *mean* and *ſordid* they are *at the Bottom*.

It behoves the Publick to keep him *quiet*, for his *frequent Murmurs* are a certain Sign of *inteſtine* Tumults.

No Philoſopher ever lamented more the Luxury, for which theſe Nations are ſo juſtly taxed; it hath been known to coſt him (7) *Tears of Blood:* For in his own Nature he is far from being *Profuſe*, tho' indeed, he never ſtays a Night at a Gentle-

Gentleman's Houſe, without *leaving ſomething behind him.*

He receives with great Submiſſion whatever his Patrons think fit to give him; and when they lay *heavy Burthens* upon him, which is frequent enough, he gets rid of them as ſoon as he can; but not without *ſome Labour* and *much Grumbling.*

He is a perpetual *Hanger-on*; yet no Body knows how to be *without him.* He patiently ſuffers himſelf to be *kept under*, but loves to be well uſed, and in that Caſe will ſacrifice his *Vitals* to give you *Eaſe*; and he has hardly one Acquaintance for whom he hath not been *Bound*; yet, as far as we can find, was never known to *loſe* any thing by it.

He is obſerv'd to be very (8) *unquiet* in the Company of a *Frenchman* in *New Cloaths*, or a young *Coquett.*

He is, in ſhort, the Subject of much *Mirth* and *Raillery*, which he ſeems to take well enough, tho' it hath not been obſerv'd that ever any *good Thing* came from himſelf.

There is ſo general an Opinion of his Juſtice, that ſometimes very *hard Caſes* are left to his Deciſion: And while he *ſits* upon

upon them, he carries himſelf exactly *even between both ſides*, except where ſome *knotty Point* ariſes, and then he is obſerved to *lean* a little to the *Right* or *Left* as the *Matter* inclines him, but his Reaſons for it are ſo manifeſt and convincing, that every Man approves them.

POSTSCRIPT.

Gentle Reader,

THO' I am not inſenſible how many Thouſand Perſons have been, and ſtill are, with great Dexterity handling *this Subject, and no leſs aware of what infinite Rheams of Paper have been* laid out upon it; *however in my Opinion, no Man living has* touch'd *it with greater Nicety, and more delicate Turns, than our Author. But becauſe there is ſome intended Obſcurity in this Relation, and Curioſity, inquiſitive of* Secrets, *may poſſibly not enter into the* Bottom *and* Depth *of the Subject, 'twas thought not improper to take off the Veil, and gain the Reader's Favour by inlarging his* Inſight. ARS enim non habet Inimicum niſi ignorantem. *'Tis well known, that it has been*

been the Policy of all Times, to deliver down Important *Subjects by Emblem and Riddle, and not to ſuffer the Knowledge of Truth to be derived to us in plain and ſimple Terms, which are generally as ſoon forgot as conceiv-ed. For this Reaſon, the* Heathen *Religion is moſtly couched under* Mythology. *For the like Reaſon (this being a* FUNDAMENTAL *in its kind) the Author has thought fit to wrap up his Treaſure in* clean Linnen, *which it is our Buſineſs to* lay open, *and ſet in a due Light; for I have obſerved, upon any accidental Diſcovery, the leaſt* Glimpſe *has given great Diverſion to the eager Spectator, as many Ladies could teſtify,* were it proper, *or* the Caſe would admit.

The politeſt Companies have vouchſafed to ſmile at the bare *Name, and ſome People of Faſhion have been ſo little ſcrupulous of* bring-ing it in Play, *that, it was the uſual ſay-ing of a Knight and a Man of good Breed-ing,* That whenever he roſe, his A--ſe roſe with him.

(1) *He alludes to the Manner of our Birth, the* Head *and* Arms *appearing before the Poſteriors and the two* Feet, *which he calls the* Footmen.

(2) Victualling-Houſe.] *The* Belly, *which receives and digeſts our Nouriſhment.*

(3) Maſter of Arts.] *Perſius, Magiſter Artis, Ingenique Largitor Venter.*

(4) Idolater.] *Alludes to the Sacrifices offer'd by the* Romans *to the Goddeſs* Cloacina.

(5) Prieſts.] *Gold-finders, who perform their Office in the Night-time: but our Author further ſeems to have an Eye to the Cuſtom of the Heathen Prieſts Stealing the Offerings in the Night; of which ſee more in the Story of* Bell *and the* Dragon.

(6) Wrinkle.] *This refers to a Proverb* —— You have one Wrinkle in your A-ſe more than you had *before.*

(7) Tears of Blood.] Hæmorrhoids, *according to the Phyſicians, are a frequent Conſequence of Intemperance.*

(8) Unquiet.] *Their Tails being generally obſerved to be moſt reſtleſs.*

THE

THE WONDER

Of all the Wonders, that ever the World wonder'd at.

For all Perſons of Quality and Others.

NEWLY arriv'd at this City the famous Artiſt *John Emanuel Schoitz*, who to the great Surpriſe and Satisfaction of all Spectators, is ready to do the following Wonderful Performances, the like before never ſeen in this Kingdom.

He will heat a Bar of Iron red hot, and thruſt it into a Barrel of Gunpowder

before all the Company, and yet it ſhall not take fire.

He lets any Gentleman charge a Blunderbuſs, with the ſame Gunpowder, and twelve Leaden Bullets, which Blunderbuſs the ſaid Artiſt diſcharges full in the Face of the ſaid Company, without the leaſt hurt, the Bullets ſticking in the Wall behind them.

He takes any Gentleman's own Sword, and runs it through the ſaid Gentleman's Body, ſo that the Point appears bloody at the back, to all the Spectators; then he takes out the Sword, wipes it clean, and returns it to the Owner, who receives no manner of hurt.

He takes a Pot of Scalding Oyl, and throws it by great Ladles full directly at the Ladies, without ſpoiling their Cloaths or burning their Skins.

He takes any Perſon of Quality's Child from two Years Old to ſix, and lets the Child's own Father or Mother take a Pike in their Hands; then the Artiſt takes the Child in his Arms and toſſes it upon the Point of the Pike, where it ſticks, to the great Satisfaction of all Spectators; and is then taken off without ſo much as a hole in his Coat. He

He mounts upon a Scaffold juſt over the Spectators, and from thence throws down a great Quantity of large Tiles and Stones, which fall like ſo many Pillows, without ſo much as diſcompoſing either Perukes or Head-dreſſes.

He takes any Perſon of Quality up to the ſaid Scaffold, which Perſon pulls off his Shoes, and leaps nine Foot directly down on a Board prepar'd on Purpoſe, full of ſharp Spikes ſix Inches long, without hurting his Feet, or damaging his Stockings.

He places the ſaid Board on a Chair, upon which a Lady ſits down with another Lady in her Lap, while the Spikes inſtead of entring into the under Lady's fleſh, will feel like a Velvet Cuſhion.

He takes any Perſon of Quality's Footman, tyes a Rope about his bare Neck, and draws him up by Pullies to the Cieling, and there keeps him hanging as long as his Maſter or the Company pleaſes, the ſaid Footman to the Wonder and Delight of all Beholders, with a Pot of Ale in one Hand and a Pipe in the other; and when he is let down, there will not appear the leaſt Mark of the Cord about his Neck.

He bids a Lady's Maid put her finger into a Cup of clear Liquor like Water, upon which her Face and both her Hands are immediately wither'd, like an Old Woman of fourſcore, her Belly ſwells as if ſhe were in a Week of her Time, and her Legs are as thick as Mill-poſts; but upon putting her finger into another Cup, ſhe becomes as Young and Handſome as ſhe was before.

He gives any Gentleman leave to drive forty Twelve-penny Nails up to the Head in a Porter's backſide, and then places the ſaid Porter on a Loadſtone Chair, which draws out every Nail, and the Porter feels no Pain.

He likewiſe draws the Teeth of half a Dozen Gentlemen, mixes and jumbles them in a Hat, gives any Perſon leave to blindfold him, and returns each their own, and fixes them as well as ever.

With his Fore-finger and Thumb he thruſts ſeveral Gentlemen's and Lady's Eyes out of their Heads, without the leaſt Pain, at which time they ſee an unſpeakable Number of beautiful Colours, and after they are entertain'd to the full, he places them again in their proper Sockets, without any Damage to the ſight. He

He lets any Gentleman drink a Quart of hot melted Lead, and by a Draught of prepared Liquor, of which he takes part himſelf, he makes the ſaid Lead paſs through the ſaid Gentleman before all the Spectators, without any Damage: After which it is produced in a Cake to the Company.

With many other Wonderful Performances of Art, too tedious here to mention.

The ſaid Artiſt has perform'd before moſt Kings and Princes in *Europe* with great Applauſe.

He Performs every Day (except *Sundays*) from Ten of the Clock to One in the Forenoon; and from Four till Seven in the Evening, at the New Inn in *Smithfield*.

The firſt Seat a *Britiſh* Crown, the ſecond a *Britiſh* Half Crown, and the loweſt a *Britiſh* Shilling.

N. B. The beſt Hands in Town are to play at the ſaid Show.

To the Right Honourable

The Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London:

The Humble Petition

Of the *Colliers*, *Cooks*, *Cook-Maids*, *Blackſmiths*, *Jack-makers*, *Braſiers*, and Others,

Sheweth,

That whereas certain *Virtuoſi* Diſaffected to the Government, and to the Trade and Proſperity of this Kingdom, taking upon them the Name and Title of the Catoptrical Victuallers, have preſumed, by Gathering, Breaking, Folding, and Bundling up the *Sun-Beams*, by the help of certain *Glaſſes*, to Make, Produce, and Kindle up ſeveral

ſeveral New *Focus*'s or Fires within theſe His Majeſty's Dominions, and thereby to Boil, Bake, Stew, Fry, and Dreſs all ſorts of Victuals and Proviſions, to Brew, Diſtil Spirits, Smelt Oars, and in general, to perform all the Offices of Culinary Fires; and are endeavouring to procure to themſelves the Monopoly of this their ſaid Invention. We beg leave humbly to repreſent to your Honours,

That ſuch Grant or Patent will utterly Ruin and reduce to Beggary your Petitioners, their Wives, Children, Servants, and Trades on them depending; there being nothing left to them, after the ſaid Invention, but Warming of Cellars and Dreſſing of Suppers in the Winter-time. That the aboliſhing ſo conſiderable a branch of the Coaſting Trade as that of the Colliers, will deſtroy the *Navigation* of this Kingdom. That whereas the ſaid *Catoptrical Victuallers* talk of making uſe of the *Moon* by Night, as of the *Sun* by Day, they will utterly ruin the numerous Body of *Tallow-Chandlers*, and impair a very conſiderable branch of the *Revenue* which ariſes from the *Tax* upon Tallow and Candles.

That the ſaid *Catoptrical Victuallers* do profane the Emanations of that Glorious Luminary the *Sun*, which is appointed to *Rule the Day*, and not to *Roaſt Mutton*. And we humbly conceive, It will be found contrary to the known Laws of this Kingdom, to Confine, Foreſtall, and Monopolize the Beams of the Sun. And whereas the ſaid *Catoptrical Victuallers* have undertaken, by Burning-Glaſſes made of Ice, to Roaſt an Ox upon the *Thames* next Winter: We conceive all ſuch Practices to be an Encroachment upon the Rights and Privileges of the *Company* of *Watermen*.

That the Diverſity of Expoſition of the ſeveral Kitchins in this great City, whereby ſome receive the Rays of the Sun ſooner, and others later, will occaſion great Irregularity as to the *Time of Dining* of the ſeveral Inhabitants, and conſequently great Uncertainty and Confuſion in the diſpatch of Buſineſs: And to thoſe who, by reaſon of their Northern Expoſition, will be ſtill forced to be at the Expences of Culinary Fires, it will reduce the Price of their Manufacture to ſuch Inequality as is inconſiſtent with common Juſtice:

Juſtice: And the ſame Inconveniency will affect *Landlords* in the *Value* of their *Rents*.

That the Uſe of the ſaid Glaſſes will oblige Cooks and Cook-Maids to ſtudy Opticks and Aſtronomy, in order to know the due Diſtances of the ſaid *Focus*'s or Fires, and to adjuſt the Poſition of their Glaſſes to the ſeveral Altitudes of the Sun, varying according to the Hours of the Day, and the Seaſons of the Year; which Studies, at theſe Years, will be highly Troubleſome to the ſaid Cooks and Cook-Maids, not to ſay any thing of the utter Incapacity of ſome of them to go through with ſuch difficult Arts; or (which is ſtill a greater Inconveniency) it will throw the whole Art of *Cookery* into the Hands of Aſtronomers and Glaſs-Grinders, Perſons utterly unſkill'd in other parts of that Profeſſion, to the great Detriment of the *Health* of His Majeſty's good Subjects.

That it is known by Experience, That Meat Roaſted with Sun-Beams is extreamly unwholeſome; witneſs ſeveral that have dy'd ſuddenly after eating the Proviſions of the ſaid *Catoptrical Victuallers*; foraſmuch as the Sun-Beams taken inwardly, render

render the Humours too Hot and Aduſt, occaſion great Sweatings, and dry up the Rectual Moiſture.

That Sun-Beams taken *inwardly*, ſhed a Malignant Influence upon the *Brain*, by their natural Tendency towards the *Moon*; and produce Madneſs and Diſtraction at the time of the Full Moon. That the conſtant uſe of ſo great Quantities of this *Inward Light*, will occaſion the Growth of *Quakeriſm*, to the Danger of the *Church*; and *Poetry*, to the Danger of the *State*.

That the Influences of the Conſtellations, through which the Sun paſſes, will, with his Beams, be convey'd into the *Blood*; and when the Sun is amongſt the Horned Signs, may produce ſuch a Spirit of *Unchaſtity*, as is dangerous to the Honour of your Worſhips Families.

That Mankind living much upon the Seeds and other parts of Plants, theſe being impregnated with the Sun-Beams, may *vegetate* and *grow* in the Bowels, a Thing of more dangerous Conſequence to Human Bodies than Breeding of Worms; and this will fall heavieſt upon the Poor, who live upon Roots; and the Weak and Sickly, who live upon Barley and Rice-Gruel, &c.

&c. for which we are ready to produce to your Honours the Opinions of Eminent Phyſicians, That the Taſte and Property of the Victuals is much alter'd to the worſe by the ſaid *Solar Cookery*, the Fricaſſes being depriv'd of the *Haut Gout* they acquire by being dreſs'd over Charcoal.

Laſtly, Should it happen by an Eclipſe of an Extraordinary Length, that this City ſhould be depriv'd of the Sun-Beams for ſeveral Months; how will His Majeſty's Subjects ſubſiſt in the Interim, when common Cookery, with the Arts depending upon it, is totally loſt?

In Conſideration of theſe, and many other Inconveniencies, your Petitioners humbly pray, That your Honours would either totally prohibit the Confining and Manufacturing the *Sun-Beams* for any of the uſeful Purpoſes of Life, or in the enſuing Parliament procure a *Tax to be laid* upon them, which may anſwer both the Duty and Price of *Coals*, and which we humbly conceive cannot be leſs than Thirty Shillihgs *per* Yard Square, reſerving the ſole Right and Privilege

of

of the *Catoptrical Cookery* to the *Royal Society*, and to the Commanders and Crew of the Bomb-Veſſels, under the Direction of Mr. *Whiſton*, for finding out the Longitude, who by Reaſon of the Remoteneſs of their Nations, may be reduc'd to Streights for want of Firing.

And we likewiſe beg that your Honours, as to the forementioned Points, would hear the Reverend Mr. *Flamſted*, who is the Legal Officer appointed by the Government to *look after the Heavenly Luminaries*, whom we have conſtituted our Truſty and Learned Solicitor.

REASONS

REASONS

Humbly Offer'd

By the Company exerciſing the Trade and Miſtery of UPHOLDERS, againſt Part of the BILL, *For the better Viewing, Searching and Examining Drugs, Medicines,* &c. 1724.

BEEING call'd upon by ſeveral Retailers and Diſpenſers of *Drugs* and *Medicines* about Town, to uſe our Endeavours againſt the Bill now depending, *for Viewing*, &c. In Regard of our common Intereſt, and in Gratitude to the ſaid Retailers and Diſpenſers of Medicines (which we have always found to be very effectual)

effectual) we preſume to lay the following Reaſons before the Publick, againſt the ſaid Bill.

That the Company of Upholders *are far from being averſe to the giving of Drugs and Medicines in general*, provided they may be of ſuch Qualities as we require, and adminiſter'd by ſuch Perſons in whom our Company juſtly repoſe the greateſt Confidence: And provided they tend to the Encouragement of Trade, and the Conſumption of the *Woollen Manufacture* of this Kingdom.

We beg Leave to obſerve, that *there hath been no Complaint from any of the Nobility, Gentry and Citizens whom we have attended.* Our Practice, which conſiſts chiefly in outward Applications, having been always ſo effectual, that none of our Patients have been oblig'd to undergo a ſecond Operation. Excepting one Gentlewoman; who, after her firſt Burial, having burthen'd her Husband with a new Brood of poſthumous Children, her ſecond Funeral was by us perform'd without any further Charges to the ſaid Husband of the deceas'd. And we humbly hope, that one ſingle Inſtance of this Kind (a Mis-

(a Misfortune owing meerly to the Avarice of a Sexton in cutting off a Ring) will not be imputed to any Want of Skill, or Care, in our Company.

We humbly conceive, that the *Power by this Bill lodged in the Cenſors of the College of Phyſicians*, to reſtrain any of His Majeſty's Subjects from diſpenſing, and well-diſpoſed Perſons from taking what Medicines they pleaſe, *is a manifeſt Encroachment on the Liberty and Property of the Subjects.*

As the Company exerciſing the Trade and Miſtery of Upholders, have an undiſputed Right in and upon the *Bodies* of all and every the Subjects of the Kingdom; we conceive the paſſing of this Bill, though not abſolutely depriving them of their ſaid Right, might keep them *out of Poſſeſſion* by unreaſonable *Delays*, to the great Detriment of our Company and their numerous Families.

We hope it will be conſider'd that there are Multitudes of neceſſitous Heirs and penurious Parents, Perſons in pinching Circumſtances, with numerous Families of Children, Wives that have lived long, many robuſt aged Women with great Jointures,

tures, elder Brothers with bad Underſtandings, ſingle Heirs of great Eſtates, whereby the Collateral Line are for ever excluded, Reverſionary Patents, and Reverſionary Promiſes of Preferments, Leaſes upon Single Lives, and Play-debts upon joint Lives, and that the Perſons ſo agrieved have no Hope of being ſpeedily relieved any other Way, than by the diſpenſing of *Drugs* and *Medicines* in the Manner they *now are*; Burying *alive* being judg'd repugnant to the known Laws of this Kingdom.

That there are many of the Deceaſed, who by certain mechanical Motions and Powers are carried about Town, who would have been put into our Hands long before this Time by any other well-order'd Government; By want of a due *Police* in this Particular, our Company have been great Sufferers.

That *frequent Funerals* contribute to preſerve the Genealogies of Families, and the Honours conferred by the Crown, (which are no where ſo well illuſtrated as on this ſolemn Occaſion;) to maintain *neceſſitous Clergy*, to enable the *Clerks* to appear in decent Habits to officiate on *Sundays*,

days, to feed the great Retinue of *ſober* and *melancholy Men* who appear at the ſaid Funerals, and who muſt ſtarve without conſtant and regular Employment. Moreover we deſire it may be remember'd, that by the paſſing of this Bill the Nobility and Gentry will have their *old Coaches* lie upon their Hands, which are now employed by our Company.

And we further hope that frequent Funerals will not be diſcouraged (as is by this Bill propoſed) it being the only Method left of *carrying* ſome People to *Church*.

We are afraid that by the Hardſhips of this Bill our Company will be reduced to leave their Buſineſs here, and *practiſe at* York *and* Briſtol, *where the free Uſe of bad Medicines will be ſtill allowed.*

It is therefore hoped that no ſpecious Pretence whatſoever will be thought ſufficient to introduce an Arbitrary and unlimited Power for People to live (in Defiance of *Art*) as long as they can by the Courſe of *Nature*, to the Prejudice of our Company, and the Decay of Trade.

That as our Company are like to ſuffer in ſome meaſure by the Power given to Phyſicians

Phyſicians to diſſect the Bodies of Malefactors, we humbly hope that the Manufacture of Caſes for Skeletons will be reſerved ſolely to the Coffinmakers.

We likewiſe humbly preſume that the Intereſts of the ſeveral Trades and Profeſſions which depend upon ours, may be regarded; ſuch as that of the Makers of Hearſes, Coaches, Coffins, Epitaphs, and Bell-ropes, Stone-cutters, Feather-men and Bell-ringers; and eſpecially the Manufacturers of Crapes; and the Makers *of Snuff*, who uſe great Quantities of old Coffins, and who, conſider'd in the Conſumption of their Drugs, employ by far the greateſt Number of Hands of any Manufacture of the Kingdom.

Annus

Annus Mirabilis:

OR,

The Wonderful Effects of the approaching Conjunction of the Planets *Jupiter*, *Mars*, and *Saturn*.

By MART. SCRIBLERUS, *Philomath.*
A Well-Wiſher to the Mathematicks.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora - - - -

I SUPPOSE every Body is ſufficiently appriz'd of, and duly prepar'd for the famous Conjunction to be celebrated the 29th of this Inſtant *December*, 1722. foretold by all the Sages of Antiquity, under the Name of the *Annus Mirabilis*, or

or the *Metamorphoſtical* Conjunction; a Word which denotes the mutual Transformation of Sexes, (the Effect of that Configuration of the Celeſtial Bodies) the human Males being to be turn'd into Females, and the human Females into Males.

The *Egyptians* have repreſented this great Transformation by ſeveral ſignificant Hieroglyphicks, particularly one very remarkable. There are carv'd upon an Obelisk, a *Barber* and a *Midwife*; the Barber delivers his *Razor* to the Midwife, and ſhe her *Swadling Cloaths* to the Barber. Accordingly *Thales Mileſius* (who, like the reſt of his Countrymen, borrow'd his Learning from the *Egyptians)* after having computed the Time of this famous Conjunction, *Then*, ſays he, *ſhall Men and Women mutually exchange the Pangs of* Shaving *and* Child-bearing.

Anaximander modeſtly deſcribes this Metamorphoſis in Mathematical Terms: *Then*, ſays he, *ſhall the negative Quantity of the Women be turn'd into poſitive, their* —— *into* +-; (i. e.) their *Minus* into *Plus*.

Plato not only ſpeaks of this great Change, but deſcribes all the Preparations towards

towards it. " Long before the bodily " Transformation (ſays he) Nature ſhall " begin the moſt difficult Part of her " Work, by changing the *Ideas* and *In-* " *clinations* of the two Sexes; Men ſhall " turn effeminate, and Women manly; " Wives ſhall domineer, and Husbands " obey; Ladies ſhall *ride a Horſeback*, " dreſs'd like *Cavaliers*; Princes and No- " bles appear in *Night-rails* and *Petti-* " *coats*; Men ſhall *ſqueak* upon Theatres " with *Female* Voices, and Women *cor-* " *rupt Virgins*; Men ſhall *knot* and *cut* " *Paper*; and even the *Northern* People, " ἀρσένα κυπρεῖν νεκρῶν: A Phraſe (which for " Modeſty's Sake I forbear to tranſlate) " which denotes a Vice too frequent " amongſt us". So far *Plato*.

That the Miniſtry foreſaw this great Change, is plain from the *Callico-Act*; whereby it is now become the Occupation of the Women all over *England*, to convert their uſeleſs Female Habits into Beds, Window-Curtains, Chairs, and Joint-ſtools; *undreſſing* themſelves (as it were) *before their Transformation*.

The Philoſophy of this Transformation will not ſeem ſurprizing to People, who ſearch

ſearch into the *Bottom* of Things. Madam *Bourignon*, a devout *French* Lady, has ſhewn us, how Man was at firſt created Male and Female in one Individual, having the Faculty of Propagation within himſelf: A Circumſtance neceſſary to the State of Innocence, wherein a Man's Happineſs was not to depend upon the Caprice of another. It was not till after he had made a *faux pas*, that he had his Female Mate. Many ſuch Transformations of Individuals have been well atteſted; particularly one by *Montaigne*, and another by the late Biſhop of *Salisbury*. From all which it appears, that this Syſtem of Male and Female has already undergone, and may hereafter ſuffer ſeveral Alterations. Every Smatterer in Anatomy knows, that a Woman is but an introverted Man; a new Fuſion and *Flatus* will turn the hollow Bottom of a Bottle into a Convexity; but I forbear, (for the Sake of my *Modeſt Men-Readers*, who are in a few Days to be Virgins.)

In ſome Subjects, the ſmalleſt Alterations will do: ſome Men are ſufficiently ſpread about the Hips, and contriv'd with that Female Softneſs, that they want only the

the Negative Quantity to make them Buxom Wenches; and there are Women who are, as it were, already the *Ebauche* of a good ſturdy Man. If Nature cou'd be puzzl'd, it will be how to beſtow the redundant Matter of the exuberant Bubbies that now appear about Town, or how to roll out the ſhort dapper Fellows into well-ſiz'd Women.

This great Conjunction will begin to operate on *Saturday* the 29th Inſtant. Accordingly, about Eight at Night, as *Senezino* ſhall begin at the Opera, *Si videte, Did you but ſee?* He ſhall be obſerv'd to make an *unuſual Motion*; upon which the Audience will be affected with a *red Suffuſion* over their Countenance: And becauſe a ſtrong Succuſſion of the Muſcles of the Belly is neceſſary towards performing this great Operation, both Sexes will be thrown into a *profuſe involuntary Laughter*; Then (to uſe the modeſt Terms of *Anaximander*) *ſhall negative Quantity be turn'd into poſitive*, &c. Time never beheld, nor will it ever aſſemble, ſuch a Number of *untouch'd Virgins* within thoſe Walls! but alas! ſuch will be the Impatience and Curioſity of People to act in

their new Capacity, that many of them will go to Pot that *very Night*. To prevent the Diſorders that may happen upon this Occaſion, is the chief Deſign of this Paper.

Gentlemen have begun already to make uſe of this Conjunction to compaſs their filthy Purpoſes. They tell the Ladies forſooth, that it is only parting with a periſhable Commodity; hardly of ſo much Value as a Callico Under-petticoat, ſince, like its Miſtreſs, it will be uſeleſs in the Form it is now in. If the Ladies have no Regard to the Diſhonour and Immorality of the Action, I deſire they will conſider that Nature, who never deſtroys her own Productions, will exempt big-belly'd Women till the time of their Lying-in; ſo that not to be transform'd, will be the ſame as to be pregnant. If they don't think it worth while to defend a Fortreſs that is to be demoliſh'd in a few Days, let them reflect that it will be a melancholy thing Nine Months hence, to be brought to Bed of a Baſtard; a poſthumous Baſtard as it were, to which the *Quondam* Father can be no more than a *dry Nurſe*.

This

This wonderful Transformation is the Inſtrument of Nature, to balance Matters between the Sexes. The Cruelty of ſcornful Miſtreſſes ſhall be return'd; The ſlighted Maid ſhall grow into an imperious Gallant, and reward her Undoer with a big Belly, and a Baſtard, *&c.*

It is hardly poſſible to imagine the Revolutions that this wonderful Phænomenon will occaſion over the Face of the Earth. I long impatiently to ſee the Proceedings of the Parliament of *Paris*, as to the Title of Succeſſion to their Crown; this being a Caſe not provided for by the *Salique* Law. There will be no preventing Diſorders amongſt Friars and Monks; for certainly Vows of Chaſtity don't bind but under the Sex in which they were made. The ſame will hold good with Marriages, tho' I think it will be a Scandal amongſt Proteſtants for Husbands and Wives to part, ſince there remains ſtill a poſſibility to perform the *Debitum Conjugale* by the Husband being *femme Couverte*. I ſubmit it to the Judgment of the Gentlemen of the Long Robe, whether this Transformation does not diſcharge all Suits of *Rapes?*

The Pope muſt undergo a new groping; but the falſe Prophet *Mahomet* has contriv'd Matters well for his Succeſſors; for as the Grand Signior has now a great many fine Women, he will then have as many fine young Gentlemen at his Devotion.

Theſe are ſurprizing Scenes, but I beg leave to affirm, that the ſolemn Operations of Nature are Subjects of Contemplation, not of Ridicule; therefore I make it my earneſt Requeſt to the merry Fellows, and giggling Girls about Town, that they would not put themſelves in a high Twitter, when they go to viſit a *General* Lying-in of his firſt Child; his *Officers* ſerving as Midwives, Nurſes and Rockers diſpenſing Caudle; or if they behold the *Reverend Prelates* dreſſing the Heads and airing the Linnen at Court, I beg they will remember that theſe Offices muſt be fill'd with People of the greateſt Regularity, and beſt Characters. For the ſame Reaſon, I am ſorry that a certain Prelate, who notwithſtanding his Confinement, ſtill preſerves his healthy, chearful Countenance, cannot come in time to be a *Nurſe at Court.*

I like-

I likewiſe earneſtly intreat the *Maids of Honour*, (then *Enſigns* and *Captains* of the *Guards*) that, at their firſt ſetting out, they have ſome Regard to their former Station; and do not run wild through all the infamous Houſes about Town. That the preſent *Grooms of the Bed-Chamber* (then Maids of Honour) would not eat Chalk and Lime in their Green-Sickneſs: And in general, that the Men would remember that they are become *Retromingent*, and not by Inadvertency lift up againſt Walls and Poſts.

Petticoats will not be burdenſome to the *Clergy*; but Balls and Aſſemblies will be indecent for ſome Time.

As for you, Coquettes, Bawds, and Chambermaids, (the future *Miniſters*, *Plenipotentiaries* and *Cabinet-Counſellors* to the Princes of the Earth,) manage the *great Intrigues* that will be committed to your Charge, with your uſual Secrecy and Conduct; and the Affairs of your Maſters will go better than ever.

O ye *Exchange* Women! (our Right Worſhipful *Repreſentatives* that are to be) be not ſo griping in the Sale of your Ware as your Predeceſſors, but conſider

that the Nation, like a ſpend-thrift Heir, has run out: Be likewiſe a little more continent in your *Tongues* than you are at preſent, elſe the Length of Debates will ſpoil your Dinners.

You Houſewifely good Women, who now preſide over the *Confectionary*, (henceforth *Commiſſioners* of the *Treaſury*) be ſo good as to diſpenſe the *Sugar-Plumbs* of the Government with a more impartial and frugal Hand.

Ye Prudes and cenſorious old Maids, (the Hopes of the *Bench*) exert but your uſual Talent of *finding Faults*, and the Laws will be ſtrictly executed; only I would not have you proceed upon ſuch *ſlender Evidences* as you have done hitherto.

It is from you, eloquent Oyſter-Merchants of *Billingſgate*, (juſt ready to be call'd to the *Bar*, and quoif'd like your Siſter-Serjants,) that we expect the ſhortening the Time, and leſſening the Expences of Law-Suits: For I think you are obſerv'd to bring your Debates to a *ſhort Iſſue*; and even Cuſtom will reſtrain you from taking the *Oyſter*, and leaving only the *Shell* to your Clients.

O ye

O ye Phyſicians, who in the Figure of old Women are to clean the *Tripe* in the Markets; ſcour it as effectually as you have done that of your Patients, and the Town will fare moſt deliciouſly on *Saturdays*.

I cannot but congratulate human Nature, upon this happy Transformation; the only Expedient left to reſtore the Liberties and Tranquility of Mankind; which is ſo evident, that it is almoſt an Affront to common Senſe to inſiſt upon the Proof of it. If there can be any ſuch ſtupid Creature who doubts it, I deſire he will make but the following obvious Reflection: There are in *Europe* alone, at preſent, about a Million of ſturdy Fellows, under the Denomination of *ſtanding Forces*, with Arms in their Hands: That thoſe are Maſters of the Lives, Liberties and Fortunes of all the reſt, I believe no body will deny. It is no leſs true in Fact, that Reams of Paper, and above a ſquare Mile of Skins of Vellum have been employ'd to no Purpoſe, to ſettle Peace amongſt thoſe Sons of Violence. Pray, who is he that will ſay unto them, *Go and disband your ſelves?* But lo! by this Transformation it is done at once, and the *Halcyon* Days of publick

Tranquility return. For neither the military Temper nor Diſcipline can taint the ſoft Sex for a whole Age to come. *Bellaque matribus inviſa*, *Wars odious now to Mothers*, will not grow immediately palatable in their *Paternal* State.

Nor will the Influence of this Transformation be leſs in *Family*-Tranquility, than it is in *National*. Great Faults will be amended, and Frailties forgiven, on both Sides. A Wife who has been diſturb'd with late Hours, and choak'd with the Haugoût of a Sot, will remember her Sufferings, and avoid the Temptation; and will, for the ſame Reaſon, indulge her Mate in his female Capacity in ſome Paſſions, which ſhe is ſenſible from Experience are natural to the Sex. Such as Vanity of fine Cloaths, being admir'd, *&c.* And how tenderly muſt ſhe uſe her Mate under the breeding Qualms and Labour-Pains, which ſhe hath felt her ſelf? In ſhort, all unreaſonable Demands upon Husbands muſt ceaſe, becauſe they are already ſatisfy'd from natural Experience that they are impoſſible. That the Ladies may govern the Affairs of the World, and the Gentlemen thoſe of their

their Houſhold, better than either of them have hitherto done, is the hearty deſire of,

Their Moſt Sincere

Well-Wiſher,

M. S.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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A N

ESSAY

Of the Learned

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,

Concerning the ORIGINE of SCIENCES.

Written to the moſt Learned Dr.——
F. R. S. *from the* Deſerts *of* NUBIA.

AMONG all the Enquiries which have been purſu'd by the Curious and Inquiſitive, there is none more worthy the ſearch of a Learned Head, than the Source from whence we derive thoſe Arts and Sciences which raiſe us ſo far above the Vulgar, the Countries in which they roſe, and the Channels by which

which they have been convey'd. As they who firſt brought them amongſt us travell'd into the remoteſt Parts of the Earth to attain them, I may boaſt of ſome advantages by the ſame means; ſince I write this from the Deſerts of *Æthiopia*, from thoſe Plains of Sand which have buried the Pride of Invading Armies, with my Foot perhaps at this inſtant ten Fathom over the Grave of *Cambyſes*, a Solitude to which neither *Pythagoras* nor *Apollonius* ever penetrated.

It is univerſally agreed, that Arts and Sciences took their Riſe among the *Ægyptians* and *Indians*; but from whom *they* firſt receiv'd them, is yet a Secret. The higheſt Period of Time to which the Learned attempt to trace them, is from the beginning of the *Aſſyrian Monarchy*, when their Inventors were worſhipp'd as Gods. It is therefore neceſſary to go backward into Times even more remote, and to gain ſome knowledge of their Hiſtory, from whatever dark and broken Hints may any way be found in ancient Authors concerning them.

Nor *Troy* nor *Thebes* were the firſt of Empires; we have mention, tho' not Hiſtories,

Hiſtories, of an earlier warlike People call'd the *Pygmæans*. I cannot but perſuade my ſelf, from thoſe Accounts of * *Homer*, *Ariſtotle* and others, that their Hiſtory Wars and Revolutions were then a part of the Study of the Learned, from the very Air in which thoſe Authors ſpeak of them, as of things univerſally known. And tho' all we directly hear is of their Military Atchievements, in the brave defence of their Country from the annual Invaſions of a Powerful Enemy, yet I cannot doubt but that they excell'd as much in the Arts of peaceful Government, tho' there remain no Traces of their Civil Inſtitutions. Empires as great have been ſwallow'd up in the wreck of Time, and ſuch ſudden Periods have been put to them, as occaſion a Total Ignorance of their Story. And if I ſhould conjecture that the like happen'd to this Nation, from a general extirpation of the People by thoſe Flocks of Monſtrous Birds, wherewith Antiquity agrees they were continually infeſted; it ought not to ſeem more incredible, than that one

* Il. 3. *Hom.*

of

of the *Baleares* was waſted by Rabbits, * *Smynthe* by Mice, and of late † *Bermudas* almoſt depopulated by Rats. Nothing is more natural to imagine, than that the few ſurvivers of that Empire retired into the depths of their Deſerts, where they liv'd undiſturb'd, till they were found out by *Oſyris* in his Travels to inſtruct Mankind.

He met, ſays ‖ *Diodorus*, in *Æthiopia*, a ſort of *little Satyrs*, who were *hairy one half of their Body*, and whoſe leader *Pan* accompany'd him in his Expedition for the civilizing of Mankind. Now of this great Perſonage *Pan*, we have a very particular Deſcription in the ancient Writers, who unanimouſly agree to repreſent him, *ſhaggy Bearded*, *Hairy all over*, *half a Man* and *half a Beaſt*, and walking *erect*, with a *Staff*, (the Poſture in which his race are to this Day ſhown among us). And ſince the chief thing to which he apply'd himſelf was the *civilizing of Mankind*, it ſhou'd ſeem that the firſt Principles of Science muſt be receiv'd

* *Euſtathius in Hom.* Il. 1. † *Speede, in* Bermudas. ‖ *L.* 1. *ch.* 18. *Diod.*

from

from this People, to whom the *Gods* were by * *Homer* ſaid to reſort *twelve Days every Year*, for the Converſation of its Wiſe and Juſt Inhabitants.

If from *Ægypt* we proceed to take a View of *India*, we ſhall find that their Knowledge alſo deriv'd it ſelf from the ſame Source. To that Country did theſe Noble Creatures accompany *Bacchus* in his Expedition, under the Conduct of *Silenus*, who is alſo deſcrib'd to us with the very ſame Marks and Qualifications. Mankind is ignorant, ſaith † *Diodorus*, whence *Silenus* deriv'd his Birth, through his great Antiquity; but he had a *Tail on his Loins*, as likewiſe had *all his Progeny*, *in ſign of their deſcent*. Here then they ſettled a Colony, which to this Day ſubſiſts with the ſame Tails. From this time they ſeem to have communicated themſelves only to thoſe Men who retir'd from the Converſe of their own Species, to a more uninterrupted Life of Contemplation. I am much inclin'd to believe that in the midſt of thoſe Solitudes they inſtituted the ſo much celebrated Order of *Gymnoſophiſts*. For

* *Il.* 1ſt. † *L.* 3. *ch.* 69. *Diod.*

whoever

whoever obſerves the *ſcene* and *manner* of their Life, will eaſily find them to have imitated with all exactneſs imaginable, the Manners and Cuſtoms of their Maſters and Inſtructors. They are ſaid to *dwell in the thickeſt Woods*, to *go naked*, to ſuffer their Bodies to be *over-run with Hair*, and their *Nails* to grow to a *prodigious length*. * *Plutarch* ſays, they eat what they could get *in the Fields*, their Drink was *Water*, and their *Bed* made of *Leaves* or *Moſs*. And † *Herodotus* tells us, that they eſteem'd it a great exploit to *kill very many Ants or creeping Things*.

Hence we ſee that the two Nations which contend for the Origine of Learning, are the ſame that have ever moſt abounded with this ingenious Race. Tho' they have conteſted which was firſt bleſt with the riſe of Science, yet have they conſpir'd in being grateful to their common Maſters. *Ægypt* is well known to have worſhipp'd them of old in their *own Images*; and *India* may be credibly ſuppos'd to have done the ſame, from that

* Plutarch *in his firſt Orat. on* Alexander's *Fortune.*
† *Herod. L.* 1.

adoration

adoration which they paid in latter times to the *Tooth* of one of theſe hairy Philoſophers, as it ſhould ſeem in juſt Gratitude to the *Mouth* from which they receiv'd their Knowledge.

Paſs we now over into *Greece*, where we find *Orpheus* returning out of *Ægypt*, with the ſame intent as *Oſyris* and *Bacchus* made their Expeditions. From this Period it was, that *Greece* firſt heard the Name of *Satyrs*, or own'd them for *Semi-dei*. And hence it is ſurely reaſonable to conclude, that he brought ſome of this wonderful Species along with him, who alſo had a leader of the line of *Pan*, of the ſame Name, and expreſsly call'd *King* by * *Theocritus*. If thus much be allow'd, we eaſily account for two of the ſtrangeſt reports in all Antiquity. One, that the Tradition of *Beaſts* following the Muſick of *Orpheus* (which has been interpreted of his taming Savage Tempers) will thus have a *literal Application*. The other, which we moſt inſiſt upon, is, that the Love which theſe Sages bear to the Females of our Kind

* Παν Αναξ, *Theo. Id.* 1ſt.

afford

affords a Solution of all thoſe Fables of the *Gods compreſſing Women* in Woods under *beſtial appearances*. I am ſenſible it may be objected, that they are ſaid to have been compreſs'd in the Shape of different Animals; but to this we anſwer, that Women under ſuch apprehenſions hardly know what ſhape they have to deal with.

From what has been laſt ſaid, 'tis highly credible that to this ancient and generous Race the World is indebted, if not for the *Heroes*, at leaſt for the acuteſt *Wits* of Antiquity. One of the moſt remarkable inſtances, is that great mimick Genius * *Æſop*, for whoſe extraction from theſe *Sylveſtres Homines* we may gather an Argument from *Planudes*, who ſays, that *Æſop* ſignifies the ſame thing as *Æthiop*, the Original Nation of our People. For a ſecond Argument we may offer the deſcription of his Perſon, which was *ſhort*, *deform'd*, and almoſt *Savage*, inſomuch that he might have liv'd in the Woods, had not the benevolence of his Temper made him rather

* *Vit. Æſop. initio.*

adapt

adapt himſelf to our Manners, and come to Court in wearing Apparel. The third Proof is his acute and ſatyrical Wit; and laſtly, his great Knowledge in the *Nature of Beaſts*, together with the natural Pleaſure he took to ſpeak of them upon all Occaſions.

The next inſtance I ſhall produce is * *Socrates*. Firſt, it was a Tradition that he was of an uncommon Birth from the reſt of Men; Secondly, he had a Countenance confeſſing the Line he ſprung from, being *bald*, *flat-nos'd*, with *prominent Eyes*, and a *downward look*: Thirdly, he turn'd certain Fables of *Æſop* into Verſe, probably out of his reſpect to Beaſts in general, and love to his Family in particular.

In proceſs of time, the Women, with whom theſe Sylvans would have lovingly cohabited, were either taught by Mankind, or induc'd by an abhorrence of their Shapes, to ſhun their embraces; ſo that our Sages were neceſſitated to mix with Beaſts; This by degrees occaſion'd the Hair of their Poſterity to grow high-

* Vid. *Plato* and *Xenophon*.

er

er than their Middles; It aroſe in one Generation to their Arms, in the Second it invaded their Necks, in the Third it gain'd the aſcendant of their Heads, till the degenerate Appearance in which the Species is now immers'd, became compleated. Tho' we muſt here obſerve, that there were a few who fell not under the common Calamity, there being ſome unprejudic'd Women in every Age, by virtue of whom a Total extinction of the Original Race was prevented: And it is remarkable alſo, that even where they were mix'd, the Defection from their Nature was not intire; there ſtill appear'd marvellous Qualities among them, as was manifeſt in thoſe who follow'd *Alexander* in *India*. How did they attend his Army and ſurvey his Order! How did they caſt themſelves into the ſame forms for March or for Combat! What an imitation was there of all his Diſcipline! the ancient true remains of a warlike Diſpoſition, and of that Conſtitution which they enjoy'd while they were a Monarchy.

To proceed to *Italy:* At the firſt appearance of theſe wild Philoſophers, there were

were ſome of the leaſt mix'd, who vouchſafed to converſe with Mankind; which is evident from the Name of * *Fauns*, a *fando*, or *ſpeaking*. Such was he who coming out of the Woods, in hatred to Tyranny, encourag'd the *Roman* Army to proceed againſt the *Hetruſcans* who wou'd have reſtor'd *Tarquin*. But here, as in all the Weſtern Parts of the World, there was a great and memorable *Æra* in which they began to be *Silent*. This we may place ſomething near the time of *Ariſtotle*, when the Number, Vanity and Folly of Human Philoſophers encreas'd, by which Men's Heads became too much puzzled to receive the Wiſdom of theſe ancient Sylvans; the Queſtions of that Academy were too numerous to be conſiſtent with their eaſe to anſwer; and too intricate, extravagant, idle, or pernicious, to be any other than a deriſion and ſcorn unto them. From this Period, if ever we hear of their giving Anſwers, it is only when *caught*, *bound*, and *conſtrain'd*, in like manner as was that Ancient *Grecian* Prophet, *Proteus*.

* *Livy*.

Accordingly

Accordingly we read in * *Sylla*'s Time, of ſuch a Philoſopher taken near *Dyrrachium*, who wou'd not be perſuaded to give them a Lecture by all they cou'd ſay to him, and only ſhew'd his Power in *Sounds* by Neighing like a Horſe.

But a more ſucceſsful attempt was made in *Auguſtus*'s reign by the Inquiſitive Genius of the great *Virgil*, whom, together with *Varus*, the Commentators ſuppoſe to have been the true Perſons, who are related in the 6th Bucolick to have caught a Philoſopher, and doubtleſs a genuine one, of the Race of the old *Silenus*. To prevail upon him to be communicative (of the importance of which *Virgil* was well aware) they not only ty'd him faſt, but allur'd him likewiſe by making him a Preſent of a comely Maiden call'd *Ægle*, which made him ſing both merrily and inſtructively. In this Song we have their *Doctrine* of the *Creation*, the ſame in all probability as was taught ſo many Ages before in the great *Pygmæan* Empire, and ſeveral Hieroglyphical Fables under which they couched or

* *Plutarch. in Vit. Syllæ.*

embelliſhed

embelliſhed their Morals. For which reaſon I look upon this Bucolick as an ineſtimable Treaſure of the moſt ancient Science.

In the Reign of *Conſtantine* we hear of another, taken in a Net, and brought to *Alexandria*, round whom the People flock'd to hear his Wiſdom; but as *Ammianus Marcellinus* reporteth, he proved a dumb Philoſopher, and only inſtructed by *Action*.

The laſt we ſhall ſpeak of who ſeemeth to be of the true Race, is ſaid by St. *Jerome* to have met St. * *Antony* in a Deſert, who enquiring the Way of him, he ſhew'd his underſtanding, and Courteſy by pointing, but wou'd not anſwer, for he was a dumb Philoſopher alſo.

Theſe are all the Notices which I am at preſent able to gather of the appearance of ſo great and Learned a People in *your ſide* of the World. But if we return to their ancient native Seats, *Africa* and *India*, we ſhall there find even in Modern times, the Traces of their Original Conduct and Valour.

* *Vit. St. Ant.*

In

In *Africa* (as we read among the indefatigable Mr. *Purchas*'s Collections) a Body of them whoſe Leader was inflam'd with Love for a Woman, by martial Powers and Stratagem won a Fort from the *Portugueſe*.

But I muſt leave all others at preſent to celebrate the Praiſe of two of their unparallell'd Monarchs in *India*. The one was *Perimal the Magnificent*, a Prince moſt Learned and Communicative, to whom in *Malabar* their exceſs of Zeal dedicated a Temple, rais'd on Seven hundred Pillars, not inferior in * *Maffæus*'s Opinion to thoſe of *Agrippa* in the *Pantheon*. The other *Hanimant the Marvellous* his Relation and Succeſſor, whoſe Knowledge was ſo great, as made his followers doubt if even that Wiſe Species cou'd arrive at ſuch Perfection; and therefore they rather imagin'd him and his Race a ſort of *Gods* formed into *Apes*. His was the *Tooth* which the *Portugueſe* took in *Biſnagar* 1559, for which the *Indians* offer'd, according to † *Linſchotten*, the immenſe Sum of Seven hundred thou-

* *Maff. l.* 1. † *Linſchot. ch.* 44.

ſand

ſand Ducats. Nor let me quit this Head without mentioning with all due reſpect *Oran Outang* the Great, the laſt of this Line; whoſe unhappy Chance it was to fall into the Hands of *Europeans*. *Oran Outang*, whoſe Value was not known to us, for he was a mute Philoſopher: *Oran Outang*, by whoſe diſſection the Learned Dr. *Tyſon* has added a Confirmation to this Syſtem, from the reſemblance between the *Homo Sylveſtris* and our *Humane Body* in thoſe Organs by which the rational Soul is exerted.

We muſt now deſcend to conſider this People, as ſunk into the *bruta Natura*, by their continual Commerce with Beaſts. Yet even at this time, what Experiments do they not afford us of relieving ſome from the Spleen, and others from Impoſthumes, by occaſioning Laughter at proper Seaſons? With what readineſs do they enter into the imitation of whatever is remarkable in Humane Life? and what ſurprizing Relations have *Le Comte* and others given of their Appetites, Actions, Conceptions, Affections, Varieties of Imaginations, and Abilities capable of purſuing them? If under their preſent low circuſtances

ces of *Birth* and *Breeding*, and in ſo ſhort a Term of Life as is now allotted them, they ſo far exceed all Beaſts, and equal many Men; what Prodigies may we not conceive of thoſe, who were *Nati meliori-bus annis*, thoſe Primitive *Longæval* and *Antideluvian Man-Tegers*, who firſt taught Sciences to the World?

This Account, which is intirely my own, I am proud to imagine has traced Knowledge from a Fountain correſpondent to ſeveral Opinions of the Ancients, tho' hitherto undiſcover'd, both by them and the Moderns. And now what ſhall I ſay to Mankind in the Thought of this great Diſcovery? What, but that they ſhould abate of their Pride, and conſider that the Authors of our Knowledge are among *Beaſts:* That theſe, who were our elder Brothers by a Day in the Creation, whoſe Kingdom was like the Scheme of *Plato* govern'd by Philoſophers, who flouriſh'd with Learning in *Æthiopia* and *India*, are now undiſtinguiſh'd from, and known only by the ſame Appellation, as the *Man-Teger*, and the *Monkey!*

As to *Speech*, I make no queſtion that there are Remains of the Firſt and leſs

corrupted Race, in their Native Deſerts, who yet have the Power of it. But the vulgar Reaſon given by the *Spaniards*, "that they will not ſpeak for fear of being "ſet to Work," is alone a ſufficient one, conſidering how exceedingly all other Learned Perſons affect their *Eaſe*. A Second is, That theſe obſervant Creatures having been Eye-Witneſſes of the *Cruelty* with which that Nation treated their Brother *Indians*, find it neceſſary not to ſhow themſelves to be *Men*, that they may be protected not only from Work, but from Cruelty alſo. Thirdly, They cou'd at beſt take no delight to converſe with the *Spaniards*, whoſe *grave* and *ſullen* Temper is ſo averſe to that natural and open *Chearfulneſs*, which is generally obſerv'd to accompany all true Knowledge.

But now were it poſſible, that any way cou'd be found out to draw forth their Latent Qualities, I cannot but think it wou'd be highly ſerviceable to the Learned World, both in reſpect of recovering paſt Knowledge, and promoting the Future. Might there not be found certain gentle artful Methods, whereby to endear us to them? Is there no Nation in the World, whoſe natural

natural turn is adapted to engage their Society, and win them by a *ſweet Similitude* of *Manners?* Is there no Nation where the Men might allure them by a diſtinguiſhing Civility, and in a manner *faſcinate* them by *aſſimilated Motions?* No Nation, where the Women with eaſy freedoms, and the gentleſt Treatment, might oblige the loving Creatures to *ſenſible returns* of Humanity? The Love I bear my Native Country, prompts me to wiſh this Nation might be *Great Britain*, but alas! in our preſent wretched divided Condition, how can we hope that *Foreigners* of ſo great Prudence, will *freely declare* their Sentiments, in the midſt of violent *Parties*, and at ſo vaſt a diſtance from their Friends, Relations, and Country? The Affection I bear our Neighbour-State, wou'd incline me to wiſh it were *Holland* — *Sed lævâ in parte Mamillæ Nil ſalit Arcadico.* 'Tis from *France* then we muſt expect this Reſtoration of Learning, whoſe late Monarch took the Sciences under his Protection, and rais'd them to ſo great a Height. May we not hope their Emiſſaries will ſome time or other have Inſtructions, not only to invite Learn-

ed Men into their Country, but Learned Beaſts, the true ancient Man-Tegers, I mean of *Æthiopia* and *India?* Might not the Talents of each Kind of theſe be adapted to the Improvement of the ſeveral Sciences? The Man-Tegers to inſtruct Heroes, States-men and Scholars? Baboons to teach the Courtiers, Ceremony and Addreſs? Monkeys, the Art of pleaſing in Converſation and agreeable Affectations, to Ladies and their Lovers? The Apes of leſs learning, Comedians and Dancing Maſters? the Marmoſets Court Pages, and young *Engliſh* Travellers. But the diſtinguiſhing each Kind, and allotting them to their proper Buſineſs, I leave to the Inquiſitive, and penetrating Genius, of the *Jeſuits* in their reſpective Miſſions.

Vale & Fruere.

M. S.

VIRGILIUS

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:

SEU

MARTINI SCRIBLERI

Summi Critici

CASTIGATIONUM in ÆNEIDEM

SPECIMEN:

ÆNEIDEM totam, Amice Lector, innumerabilibus pœne mendis ſcaturientem, ad priſtinum ſenſum revocabimus. In ſingulis ferè verſibus ſpuriæ occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium uſque Criticorum in hunc diem exiſtentes. Interea adverte oculos, & his paucis fruere. At ſi quæ ſint in hiſce caſtigationibus, de quibus non ſatis liquet, ſyllabarum quantitates, προλεγόμενα noſtra Libro ipſi præfigenda, ut conſulas, moneo.

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI, VERS. 1.

ARMA Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *oris*
Italiam, *fato* profugus, Lavinaque venit
Litora: multum ille & terris *jactatus* & alto,
Vi ſuperum ——

Arma Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *Aris*
Italiam, *flatu* profugus, *Latinaque* venit
Litora: multum ille & terris *vexatus*, & alto,
Vi ſuperum ——

Ab *aris*, nempe Hercæi Jovis, vide lib. 2. vers. 512, 550. — *Flatu*, ventorum Æoli, ut ſequitur — *Latina* certè littora cum Æneas aderat, *Lavina* non niſi poſtea ab ipſo nominata, Lib. 12. vers. 193. — *Jactatus*, *terris* non convenit.

II. Vers. 52.

— Et quiſquis *Numen* Junonis adoret?

— Et quiſquis *Nomen* Junonis adoret?
Longè melius, quam ut antea, *Numen*.
Et procul dubiò ſic Virgilius.

III. Vers. 86.

— Venti velut *agmine facto*
Qua data porta ruunt —

— Venti velut *aggere facto*
Qua data porta ruunt ——

Sic

Sic corrige, meo periculo.

IV. Vers. 117.

Fidumque vehebat *Orontem:*

Fortemque vehebat *Orontem,*
Non *fidum*, quia Epitheton *Achatæ* notiſſimum, *Oronti* nunquam datur.

V. Vers. 119.

Excutitur, pronuſque *magiſter*
Volvitur in caput ———

— Excutitur: pronuſque *magis tèr*
Volvitur in caput ——
Aio Virgilium aliter non ſcripſiſſe, quod planè confirmatur ex ſequentibus — *Aſt illum* ter *fluctus ibidem Torquet* ——

VI. Vers. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto
Arma virùm ——

Armi hominum: Ridicule anteà *Arma virum*, quæ ex ferro conflata, quomodo poſſunt *natare?*

VII. VERS. 151.

Atque rotis *ſummas* leviter perlabitur *undas.*

Atque rotis *ſpumas* leviter perlabitur *udas. Summas*, & *leviter perlabi*, pleonaſmus eſt: Mirifice altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem & celeritatem exprimit; ſimili modo Noſter de Camilla, Æn. 11. —— *intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret*, &c. hyperbolicè.

VIII. VERS. 154.

Jamque *faces* & ſaxa volant, *furor arma miniſtrat.*

Jam *fæces* & ſaxa volant, *fugiuntque Miniſtri:* Uti ſolent, inſtanti periculo — *Fæces*, *facibus* longe præſtant; quid enim niſi fæces jactarent vulgus ſordidum?

IX. VERS. 170.

Fronte ſub adverſa *ſcopulis pendentibus* antrum,
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque ſedilia ſaxo.

Fronte

Fronte ſub adverſa *populis prandentibus* antrum.

Sic malim, longe potiùs quam *ſcopulis pendentibus:*

Nugæ! Nonne vides verſu ſequenti *dulces aquas* ad potandum & *ſedilia* ad diſcumbendum dari? In quorum uſum? quippe *prandentium.*

X. Vers. 188.

— Tres littore *cervos*
Proſpicit errantes: hos *tota armenta* ſequunter
A tergo ——

— Tres litore *corvos*
Aſpicit errantes: hos *agmina tota* ſequuntur
A tergo — *Cervi*, lectio vulgata, abſurditas notiſſima: hæc Animalia in *Africa* non inveniri, quis neſcit? At motus & ambulandi ritus Corvorum quis non agnovit hoc loco? *Litore*, locus ubi errant Corvi, uti Noſter alibi,
Et ſola ſecum ſicca ſpaciatur arena.
Omen præclariſſimum, immo et *agmini-*

bus Militum frequentèr obſervatum, ut patet ex Hiſtoricis.

XI. VERS. 748.

Arcturum, pluviaſque Hyades, *geminoſque Triones.*

Error graviſſimus. Corrige, —*ſeptemque Triones.*

XII. VERS. 631.

Quare agite O juvenes, *tectis* ſuccedite noſtris.

Lectis potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, & quæ unica voce & Torum & Menſam exprimebat: Hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio O *Juvenes!* Duplicem hunc ſenſum alibi etiam Maro lepidè innuit, *Æn.* 4. v. 19.

Huic uni forſan potui ſuccùmbere *culpæ:*
Anna? fatebor enim——

Corrige, *Huic uni* [*Viro* ſcil.] potui *ſuccumbere*; Culpas
Anna? fatebor enim, *&c.*

Vox *ſuccumbere* quam eleganter ambigua!

LIBER

LIBER SECUNDUS. VERS. 1.

CONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora tenebant,
Inde toro *Pater* Æneas ſic orſus ab alto:

Concubuere omnes, intentèque ora tenebant;
Inde toro *ſatur* Æneas ſic orſus ab alto.

Concubuere, quia toro Æncam vidimus accumbentem: quin & altera ratio, ſcil. *Conticuere* & *ora tenebant*, tautologicè dictum. In Manuſcripto perquam rariſſimo in Patris Muſæo, legitur, *ore gemebant*; ſed magis ingeniosè quam verè.—*Satur* Æneas, quippe qui jamjam a prandio ſurrexit: *Pater* nihil ad rem attinet.

VERS. 3.

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem.

Infantum regina jubes renovare dolorem. Sic haud dubito veterrimis codicibus ſcriptum fuiſſe. Hoc ſatis conſtat ex perantiqua illa Britannorum Cantilena vocata *Chevy-Chace*, cujus autor hunc locum ſibi aſcivit in hæc verba, *The*

The Child may rue that is unborn.

VERS. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes*, & lamentabile regnum.
Eruerint Danai ——

Trojanas ut *Oves* & lamentabile regnum *Diruerint* — Mallem *oves* potius quam *opes*, quoniam in antiquiſſimis illis temporibus oves & armenta divitiæ regum fuere. Vel fortaſſe *Oves Paridis* innuit, quas ſuper Idam nuperrime paſcebat, & jam in vindictam pro Helenæ raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, aliiſque ducibus, meritò occiſas.

VERS. 5.

—— Quæque ipſe *miſerrima vidi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui.

— Quœque ipſe *miſerrimus audi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui ——

Omnia tam *audita* quam *viſa* recta diſtinctione enarrare hic Æneas profitetur: Multa quorum nox ea fatalis ſola conſcia fuit, Vir probus & pius tanquam *viſa* referre non potuit.

VERS.

VERS. 7.

— Quis talia *fando*
Temperet *a* lacrymis?

— Quis talia *flendo*,
Temperet *in* lachrymis? — Major enim doloris indicatio, abſque modo lachrymare; quam ſolummodo a lachrymis non temperare.

VERS. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* cœlo
Præcipitat, ſuadentque *cadentia* ſydera ſomnos.

Et jam nox *lumina* cœlo
Præcipitat, ſuadentque *latentia* ſydera ſomnos.

Lectio, *humida*, veſpertinum rorem ſolum innuere videtur: magis mi arridet *Lumina*, quæ *latentia* poſtquam *præcipitantur*, Auroræ adventum annunciant.

VERS.

VERS. 11.

Sed ſi tantus amor *caſus* cognoſcere *noſtros*,
Et *breviter* Trojæ *ſupremum* audire laborem,
Sed ſi tantus amor *curas* cognoſcere *noctis*,
Et *brevì ter* Trojæ *Superumque* audire *labores*.

Curæ Noctis (ſcilicet noctis Excidii Trojani) magis compendiosè (vel ut dixit ipſe *breviter)* totam belli cataſtrophen denotat, quam diffuſa illa & indeterminata lectio, *caſus noſtros.* —— *Ter* audire gratum fuiſſe Didoni, patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacoſque* iterum *demens audire labores Expoſcit: Ter* enim pro *ſæpe* uſurpatur. *Trojæ, ſuperumque labores*, rectè, quia non tantum homines ſed & Dii ſeſe his laboribus immiſcuerunt. Vide Æn. 2. vers. 610, *&c.*

VERS. 13.

Quanquam animus meminiſſe horret, *luctuque refugit*,
Incipiam.

Quamquam

Quamquam animus meminiſſe horret, *luctuſque reſurgit. Reſurgit* multò proprius dolorem renaſcentem notat, quam ut hactenus, *refugit*

VERS. 14.

Fracti bello, fatiſque repulſi,
Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis,
Inſtar montis *Equum*, divina Palladis arte,
Ædificant —— *&c.*

Tracti bello, fatiſque repulſi.
Tracti & *Repulſi*, Antitheſis perpulchra! *attracti* frigidè & vulgaritèr.

Equum jam *Trojanum*, (ut vulgus loquitur) adeamus: quem ſi *Equam Græcam* vocabis Lector, minimè pecces: Solæ enim femellæ *utero* geſtant. — Uterumque *armato milite complent* — Uteroque *recuſſo Inſonuere cavæ* — *Atque* utero *ſonitum quater arma dedere.* — *Incluſos* utero *Danaos*, &c. Vox *fæta* non convenit maribus, — *Scandit fatalis machina muros*, Foeta *armis* — Palladem Virginem, Equo mari fabricando invigilare decuiſſe, quis putat? Incredibile prorſus!

prorſus! Quamobrem exiſtimo veram *Equæ* lectionem paſſim reſtituendam, niſi ubi forte, metri cauſſa, *Equum* potius quam *Equam*, *Genus* pro *Sexu*, dixit Maro. Vale! dum hæc paucula corriges, majus opus moveo.

M. S.

It cannot Rain but it Pours:

OR,

London ſtrow'd with Rarities.

BEING,

An ACCOUNT *of the Arrival of a White Bear, at the Houſe of Mr.* Ratcliff *in* Biſhopſgate-Street: *As alſo of the* Fauſtina, *the celebrated* Italian *Singing Woman; And of the Copper-Farthing Dean from* Ireland.

And Laſtly,

Of the wonderful Wild Man that was nurſed in the Woods of Germany *by a Wild Beaſt, hunted and taken in Toyls; how he behaveth himſelf like a dumb Creature, and is a Chriſtian like one of us, being call'd* Peter; *and how he was brought to Court all in Green, to the great Aſtoniſhment of the Quality and Gentry.* 1726.

WE ſhall begin with a Deſcription of *Peter* the Savage, deferring our other Curioſities to ſome following Papers.

Romulus and *Remus*, the two famous Wild Men of Antiquity, and *Orſin* that of the

the Moderns, have been juſtly the Admiration of all Mankind: Nor can we preſage leſs of this Wild Youth, as may be gather'd from that famous and well-known Prophecy of *Lilly*'s, which being now accompliſh'd, is moſt eaſily interpreted.

When Rome *ſhall wend to* Benevento,
And Eſpagne *breaking the* Aſſiento;
When Eagle Split ſhall fly to China,
And Chriſtian Folks adore Fauſtina:
Then ſhall an Oak be brought to Bed,
Of Creature neither taught nor fed;
Great Feats ſhall he atchieve ——

The Pope is now going to *Benevento*; the *Spaniards* have broke their Treaty; the Emperor Trades to *China*; and *Lilly*, were he alive, muſt be convinced, that it was not the Empreſs *Fauſtina* that was meant in the Prophecy.

It is evident by ſeveral Tokens about this Wild Gentleman, that he had a Father and Mother like one of us; but there being no Regiſter of his Chriſtning, his Age is only to be gueſſed at by his Stature and Countenance, and appeareth to be about Twelve or Thirteen. His being ſo

ſo young was the Occaſion of the great Diſappointment of the Ladies, who came to the Drawing Room in full Expectation of ſome Attempt upon their Chaſtity: So far is true, that he endeavour'd to Kiſs the young Lady *W——le*, who for that reaſon is become the Envy of the Circle; this being a Declaration of Nature, in favour of her ſuperior Beauty.

Ariſtotle ſaith, That Man is the moſt Mimick of all Animals; which Opinion of that great Philoſopher is ſtrongly confirm'd by the Behaviour of this Wild Gentleman, who is endow'd with that Quality to an extream Degree. He receiv'd his firſt Impreſſions at Court: His Manners are, firſt to lick People's Hands, and then turn his Breech upon them; to thruſt his Hand into every body's *Pocket*; to climb over Peoples *Heads*; and even to make uſe of the *Royal Hand*, to *take* what he has a mind to. At his firſt Appearance he ſeiz'd on the Lord Chamberlain's Staff, and put on his Hat before the King; from whence ſome have conjectur'd, that he is either deſcended from a Grandee of *Spain*, or the Earls of *Kingſale* in *Ireland*. However, theſe are manifeſt

manifeſt Tokens of his innate Ambition; he is extreamly tenacious of his own Property, and ready to invade that of other People. By this mimick Quality he diſcover'd what wild Beaſt had nurs'd him: Obſerving Children to aſk Bleſſing of their Mothers, one Day he fell down upon his Knees to a Sow, and mutter'd ſome Sounds in that humble Poſture.

It has been commonly thought, that he is *Ulrick*'s natural Brother, becauſe of ſome reſemblance of Manners, and the officious Care of *Ulrick* about him; but the Superiority of the Parts and Genius in *Peter*, demonſtrates this to be impoſſible.

Though he is ignorant both of ancient and modern Languages, (that Care being left to the ingenious Phyſician, who is entruſted with his Education) yet he diſtinguiſhes Objects by certain Sounds fram'd to himſelf, which Mr. *Rotenberg*, who brought him over, underſtands perfectly. Beholding one Day the Shambles with great Fear and Aſtoniſhment, ever ſince he calls Man by the ſame Sound which expreſſeth Wolf. A young Lady is a Peacock, old Women Mag-pyes and Owls; a Beau with a *Toupee*, a Monkey; Glaſs,

Glaſs, Ice; Blue, Red, and Green Ribbons, he calls Rainbows; an Heap of Gold a Turd. The firſt Ship he ſaw, he took to be a great Beaſt ſwimming on her Back, and her Feet tied above her: The Men that came out of the Hold he took to be her Cubs, and wonder'd they were ſo unlike their Dam. He underſtands perfectly the Language of all Beaſts and Birds, and is not, like them, confin'd to that of one Species. He can bring any Beaſt what he calls for, and no doubt is much miſs'd now in his Native Woods, where he us'd to do good Offices among his Fellow-Citizens, and ſerv'd as a Mediator to reconcile their Differences. One Day he warn'd a Flock of Sheep that were driving to the Shambles, of their Danger, and upon uttering ſome Sounds, they all fled. He takes vaſt Pleaſure in Converſation with Horſes; and going to the *Meuſe* to converſe with Two of his intimate Acquaintances in the King's Stable, as he paſs'd by, he Neighed to the Horſe at *Charing-Croſs*; being as it were ſurpriz'd to ſee him ſo high, he ſeem'd to take it ill that the Horſe did not anſwer him; but I think no body can undervalue his Under-

Underſtanding for not being ſkill'd in Statuary.

He expreſſeth his Joy moſt commonly by Neighing; and whatever the Philoſophers may talk of their Riſibility, Neighing is a more noble Expreſſion of that Paſſion than Laughing, which ſeems to me to have ſomething Silly in it; and beſides, is often attended with Tears. Other Animals are ſenſible they debaſe themſelves, by mimicking Laughter; and I take it to be a general Obſervation, that the top Felicity of Mankind is to imitate Monkeys and Birds: Witneſs *Harlequins*, *Scaramouches* and *Maſquerades*; on the other Hand, Monkeys, when they would look extreamly ſilly, endeavour to bring themſelves down to Mankind. Love he expreſſeth by the Cooing of a Dove, and Anger by the Croaking of a Raven, and it is not doubted but that he will ſerve in Time as an Interpreter between us and other Animals.

Great Inſtruction is to be had from this Wild Youth in the Knowledge of Simples; and I am of Opinion, that he ought always to attend the Cenſors of the College in their Viſitation of Apothecaries Shops.

I am

I am told that the new *Sect* of *Herb-eaters* intend to follow him into the Fields, or to beg him for a Clerk of their Kitchen: And that there are many of them now thinking of turning their Children into Woods to Graze with the Cattle, in hopes to raiſe a healthy and moral Race, refin'd from the Corruptions of this Luxurious World.

He ſings naturally ſeveral pretty Tunes of his own Compoſing, and with equal Facility, in the *Chromatick*, *Inharmonick*, and *Diatonick* Stile, and conſequently muſt be of infinite Uſe to the Academy, in judging of the Merits of their Compoſers, and is the only Perſon that ought to decide betwixt *Cuzzoni* and *Fauſtina*.

I cannot omit his firſt Notion of Cloaths, which he took to be the natural Skins of the Creatures that wore them, and ſeem'd to be in great Pain for the pulling off a Stocking, thinking the poor Man was a Fleaing.

I am not ignorant that there are diſaffected People, who ſay he is a *Pretender*, and no genuine Wild Man. This Calumny proceeds from the falſe Notions they have of Wild Men, which they frame from

from ſuch as they ſee about the Town, whoſe Actions are rather abſurd than wild; therefore it will be incumbent on all young Gentlemen, who are ambitious to excel in this Character, to Copy this true Original of Nature.

The Senſes of this Wild Man are vaſtly more acute than thoſe of a Tame One; he can follow the Track of a Man, or any other Beaſt of Prey. A Dog is an Aſs to him for finding Trouſles; his Hearing is more perfect, becauſe his Ears not having been confin'd by Bandages, he can move them like a Drill, and turn them towards the Sonorous Object.

Let us pray the Creator of all Beings, Wild and Tame, that as this wild Youth, by being brought to Court, has been made a Chriſtian; ſo ſuch as are at Court, and are no Chriſtians, may lay aſide their Savage and Rapacious Nature, and return to the Meekneſs of the Goſpel.

An

An Infallible SCHEME To Pay the PUBLICK DEBT OF Ireland in Six Months.

THE great Diſtreſs of this unhappy *Country*, is too viſible to all, except thoſe who have Power to redreſs it.

We may obſerve thro' the whole Nation one univerſal Complaint of the Decay of Trade, the Oppreſſion of Landlords, and the Deficiency of Money; and

yet I cannot find among all the Schemes propoſed to leſſen theſe Evils, any one in particular, which ſeems likely to ſucceed.

But, what is ſtill an Addition to this melancholy Proſpect of Affairs, is the unbounded *Luxury* and *Extravagance*, both in Apparel and Entertainments, which Perſons of all Ranks and Degrees run into at preſent, tho' in general we labour under ſuch Hardſhips and Poverty.

We are affected in a quite different Manner from all the Nations upon Earth; for, with others, *Wealth* is the Mother of *Luxury*, but with us *Poverty* has the very ſame Effect: With others, *Scarcity* is the Parent of Induſtry, but with us it is the Nurſe of *Idleneſs* and *Vice*.

We labour to imitate our neighbouring Kingdoms in nothing but their Extravagance, without having the ſame plentiful Aids of *Commerce*, or applying our ſelves to the Study of *Fair-dealing* to maintain it. So that, in ſhort, by our own ill Management, we are brought to ſo low an Ebb of Wealth and Credit, that our Condition ſeems incapable of any Relief.

But as I have the Intereſt of this miſguided People very much at Heart, I do not

not intend this Eſſay as a Detection of their preſent Grievances, but as a Remedy againſt them. And for that Purpoſe I have labour'd to find out ſuch a *Scheme* as will diſcharge our publick Debt with all poſſible Eaſe and Pleaſure to the Subject, and in ſo ſhort a Time, that we may neither complain of being oppreſſed with long continued Taxes, (as ſome unreaſonable People often preſume to do) nor quite deſpair of being once more in a thriving Condition.

Let us conſider what thoſe *Vices* are, which at preſent prevail moſt among us; and I believe, upon Enquiry, they will be found *Perjury*, *Fornication*, *Drunkenneſs*, *Swearing*, *Slander*, *Infidelity*, *Fraud*, *Blaſphemy*, and many others. Would it not then be worthy of our Conſideration, whether a moderate Tax upon every particular *Vice*, inſtead of laying an additional Duty upon *Wine*, *Hops*, and other Commodities, wou'd not ſupply us with a ſufficient Sum in a very ſhort Time? Such a Tax muſt of Neceſſity yield a vaſt Revenue, and prove the moſt infallible, and indeed the only Scheme for our Proſperity, if it ſhall be thought proper to be continued.

But, before I proceed to Particulars, it may not be amiſs to premiſe, that this Tax is not deſigned for any one County or Province in this Kingdom, but to extend itſelf univerſally over the whole Nation; becauſe different Vices may flouriſh in different Counties, as different Plants in their different Soils; as *Perjury* in one, *Theft* in another, *Diſſimulation* and *Flattery* in another, *Rapine* in another, and ſo of the reſt: However, I take *Theft* to be our peculiar *ſtaple Vice.*

And leaſt any Diſputes may hereafter ariſe about the Nature of *Perjury*, the Intention of the *Act* in this particular, or what Perſons are to be ſubject to this Tax, I muſt here alſo premiſe, that every *Lie* confirmed by an Oath, is undoubtedly *Perjury*, whether before a *Magiſtrate*, or behind a *Counter*. And, therefore, we do not doubt, but the Trading Part of our People, will be great Benefactors to the Publick, in this particular Article, as well as many others.

Theſe two Things being premis'd, let us ſuppoſe that in this large Country, 5000 Perſons are guilty of this Infirmity each Day: Which Computation muſt be allow'd

low'd very moderate, if we recollect that this Number is not above a four-hundredth Part of the Inhabitants of this Kingdom, who are generally computed to amount to *Two Millions*. And if we further conſider what ſtrong Inducements our Natives have to practiſe it, from its being often ſo exceeding beneficial; if we conſider the great Uſe made of it in all Sorts of *Traffick*; the great Demands for it in *Law-ſuits*; the great Advantage of it in *Elections*, and the undeniable Profit of it in all *Proſecutions*, we ſhall think the Number of 5000 ſtill more reaſonable.

Let us then ſuppoſe every one of this Number to be perjur'd, only once every Day, (which is a very favourable Suppoſition) and ſubject only to a Tax of Sixpence for each Offence; for which Sum, perhaps, he may procure either the Death of an Enemy, an Eſtate for his Friend, or a Fortune for himſelf, (all which are eſteemed very deſirable) the Tax will be too inconſiderable to make any one murmur, and yet will yield the Sum of 125*l.* *per Day*, towards diſcharging our National Debt.

Beſides, this Tax, tho' very low, may in Reality be very profitable for Mankind; for *Attornies*, *Sollicitors*, *Uſurers*, *Butchers*, and other honeſt Traders, will ſcarce think it anſwerable to the Expence of Time, to forſwear themſelves for any Profit from One Penny to Six Pence inclusive, (as now cuſtomary) but will at leaſt, for every Tranſgreſſion, expect to gain ſufficient to defray the Tax.

However, I would have all ſworn *Conſtables*, and all *Collectors* of this and many other Taxes, entirely exempted from any Penalty as priviledg'd Perſons; becauſe, by that Means they will be enabled to be very ſerviceable in their ſeveral Stations.

Fornication, as the World is at preſent, would furniſh the Publick with a large Sum, even at a very moderate Tax; for it is now made an eſſential Part of the polite Gentleman's Character, and he that has prevail'd on the greateſt Number, proportionably riſes in Reputation.

Let us then compute that in the ſeveral Parts of this Nation, 5000 *per* Day were liable to be taxed for this general Vice, only at two Shillings: The Sum ariſing from

from this to the publick Good, will amount to 500 *l. per* Day, and in Six Months to almoſt one Third of our National Debt.

I know it may be here objected, that I have computed upon too ſmall a Number, and that I might juſtly account rather upon Twenty or Thirty Thouſand *per* Day, in the ſeveral Counties of this Kingdom: But, tho' I own this Objection to be very ſtrong, if we were to conſider the Opportunities of *Wakes*, *Patron-Days*, *Hay-making* Seaſons, *May-Days*, *Religious Pilgrimages to Holy Wells*, *Balls* publick and private, and many other commodious Scenes for that kind of Entertainment; yet I would rather chuſe to err on the right Side in too ſmall, than too great a Computation.

I know the *Popiſh* Clergy will make ſtrong Remonſtrances againſt this Tax; and plead, that it is deſign'd to oppreſs them; that all Nations of the Earth allow them a *Toleration* in this particular Point, as they are *frail* Mortals, and ſworn to *Celibacy*; and what is ſtill worſe, that ſuch a Tax would be the moſt effectual Means to drain them of their whole

Revenues; but as I would not have ſuch pious Perſons juſtly complain of the leaſt Rigour, I ſhall readily agree to their being exempted.

Drunkenneſs I would only Tax at Six Pence, becauſe it might be prejudicial to *His Majeſty's Revenue*, to diſcourage it, and conſequently ſubject the Propoſer to Penalties.

Let us then compute, that only Twenty Thouſand Perſons, (which is but one hundredth Part of the People in this Kingdom) were daily liable to be tax'd, the Amount would be 500 *l. per* Day. And how extreamly moderate this Computation is, may appear to any one who conſiders, that beſides the uſual Opportunities of *Taverns* and *private Houſes*, there are *Elections*, *Fairs*, *Mayor*'s *Feaſts*, *Univerſity Treats*, *Corporation Dinners*, *Chriſtmas Regales*, *Weddings* and *Chriſtnings*, both in Town and Country, and many other irreſiſtible Inducements to this manly Vice, which would, perhaps, if nicely calculated, daily furniſh us with two Thirds more than our computed Number, and by that Means greatly conduce to the Publick Good.

But,

But, however, I would by all Means exempt all Country *Juſtices of the Peace*, whether *Squires* or *Parſons*; becauſe it would be unſeemly to ſee ſuch honourable and reverend Perſonages inſulted by meaner Officers, as often as they might be diſcover'd in ſuch a Condition.

Swearing would be a moſt univerſal Benefit in this Caſe; becauſe, at preſent, it ſerves to ſeaſon the Diſcourſe of all Ranks and Degrees of Men. It is the principal Ingredient and Decoration of all modern *Jokes*, *Gibes*, *Quarrels*, *Love-Speeches*, *Diſputes*, *Threats* and *Promiſes*, and conſequently capable of affording an incredible Revenue.

However, let us ſuppoſe 40000 Perſons *per* Day, liable to the Tax of Six Pence only for each Offence of this Kind; which, conſidering the great Number of *Markets*, *Coffee-Houſes*, *Shambles*, *Barracks*, and *Gaming-Houſes* in this Kingdom, is a very inconſiderable Number; yet even this Article will furniſh us with 1000 *l. per* Day, which would amount to near two Thirds of the publick Debt.

Our Laws have amerced each Offence in this way at One Shilling, ordering one

half to the Informer, and the other to the Poor, which, in my humble Opinion, was very ill concerted; for if the *Legiſlature* did really intend that this Law ſhould be punctually enforced, they ought to have divided the whole *Mulct* between the *Informer* and the *Juſtice*, without any regard to the Poor, and then, they might be aſſured, it would be vigorouſly executed.

I am already apprehenſive, that all military Perſons will expect an Exemption from Taxes on this Account; becauſe they may plead Precedents for many Generations, may alledge the Power of Cuſtom, the Decency and Comlineſs of it, when properly mingled with other Diſcourſe, or that the cenſorious World would perhaps ſuſpect they knew nothing of *God* at all, if they did not ſometimes mention his Name; and many other Reaſons of equal Weight: But though theſe Remonſtrances are very juſt, yet as this is the only Means by which, ſome think a Standing Army can conduce to the national Good, it will be hard to exempt them.

However

However, as the military Power would infallibly be liable to this Tax in all its Branches, by which Means they might be utterly impoveriſh'd, I believe it may not be improper to allow all *Foot-Soldiers* and *Field-Officers*, all young *Enſigns*, ſpruce *Cornets*, naval *Captains*, *Cabin-Boys* and *Quarter-Maſters*, forty or fifty Oaths a Day, entirely free from any Tax or Penalty.

As for *Slander*, ſuppoſing only twenty thouſand *per* Day, taxed at Six Pence for every Offence, this Article would daily afford the Publick (at the loweſt reaſonable Computation) five hundred Pounds.

And, as this is a favourite Talent, we might have ventur'd to tax it much higher; but I would not ſeem to diſcourage ſo charitable a Diſpoſition, eſpecially where it may promote the Intereſt of my Country.

As to the *Ladies*, I have been always too great an Admirer of theirs, to deſire any Reſtriction ſhould be laid on their Pleaſure, either private or publick; and therefore I would have them tax'd only half as much as the Men for every little Error of this Kind; becauſe *Slander*, in

Men,

Men, is a Talent unnatural and acquired, and generally practiſed to ingratiate themſelves with the oppoſite Sex; whereas this genteel Failing in *Females*, is innate, and impoſſible to be reſtrain'd; which is a Caſe that demands our utmoſt Compaſſion.

I think all *Drawing-Rooms*, *Aſſemblies*, and all Places of publick Reſort for Ladies, ought to be exempt from any Penalty, becauſe it is ſo material a Part of the Diſcourſe and Amuſement of thoſe Places, that to tax them for each Offence, would be in Effect, to enjoin them perpetual Silence; which, if it were poſſible, would be too great a Misfortune, both to themſelves, and the World, to be exacted from them.

Infidelity and *Blaſphemy* would furniſh us with a conſiderable Sum; and as they are not originally of our own Growth, but annually imported from neighbouring Kingdoms, they ought to be ſubject to ſome Duty, which in few Years would probably be a vaſt Addition to the publick Revenue. Yet as this Traffick is principally carried on by young *Lawyers*, and *travelling Squires*, any Attempt to tax

tax it would certainly meet with too vigorous an Oppoſition. But on condition it might paſs into a Law, I would gladly exempt both *Lawyers* of all Ages, *Subaltern*, and *Field-Officers*, *young Heirs*, *Dancing-Maſters*, *Pick-Pockets*, and *Players*.

Let us now only conſider the ſeveral Sums ariſing from the Tax on our *Vices*, as we have before computed them, and the Juſtneſs and Infallibility of this Scheme muſt appear demonſtrably.

	l.
The publick Debt of this Nation is about ——	300000

And the Tax	*l.*	
For Perjury, ——	125	*per* Day.
Fornication, ——	500	
Drunkenneſs, ——	500	
Swearing, ——	1000	
Slander, —— ——	500	
Total *per* Day	2625	

which in 182 Days, or half a Year, will amount to 477,750 *l.* which is conſiderably more than our National Debt.

But,

But, leſt by the univerſal Poverty of our People, which is much to be fear'd, or by their growing more virtuous, which never can be reaſonably apprehended, this daily Income ſhould fall ſhort of what we have computed, I muſt humbly beg Leave to offer ſome other Improvements of this Scheme, which will undoubtedly anſwer all Deficiencies.

And for this Purpoſe, what if a ſevere Tax was laid on all manner of Perſons who preſum'd to marry till they were full Forty Years old? If any ſhould prove Fool-hardy enough to tranſgreſs a Law ſo calculated for the Happineſs of Men, each Offence would be of ſignal Benefit to the Publick; and if providentially it ſhould prove an effectual Reſtraint, there muſt of Neceſſity be fewer Children in each Family, and of Conſequence the Number of Beggars and Wretches in this Kingdom muſt proportionably decreaſe. And what would ſtill be more material, perhaps, in one Age, if this beneficial Act ſhould be continued, the greateſt part of this Country would require to be new peopled from *E*——*d*; a Circumſtance greatly to be wiſh'd; becauſe ſuch

an

an Accident would probably cure that Nation of its inveterate Antipathy to the Inhabitants of this, at leaſt for ſome Generations.

As for the Scheme to tax Batchelors, which has lately been propos'd to the Houſe by one of its Honourable Members, I muſt beg leave to think it highly improper; becauſe Batchelors, of all Ranks and Degrees, are real Benefactors to the Publick, by not furniſhing it either with *Beggars*, or *Oppreſſors of Beggars*, one of which muſt infallibly be the Conſequence of Marriage in this Country.

I would alſo earneſtly requeſt, that all young *Clergymen*, who, with more Paſſion than Prudence, ſhall dare to marry before they are benefic'd, may be liable to a moſt ſevere Tax, equal to a Prohibition; becauſe ſuch Offenders muſt inevitably multiply *Beggars*, live in *Contempt*, and die in *Poverty*.

Theſe, and many other Expedients, might eaſily be found upon any Emergency to furniſh conſiderable Sums for the National Debt.

But as there will remain about 177,750 *l.* over and above our publick Debt, I will allow

allow One Hundred Thouſand Pounds of it for Sallaries, to ſuch Perſons as ſhall be appointed Collectors, and I hope this will be a reaſonable Proviſion, tho' generally above one half of every Tax is expended in paying proper Officers to collect it. The Overplus may be depoſited in the Treaſury for any other pious Uſe.

And if this Scheme ſhould be ſo fortunate as to ſucceed, as I have no Reaſon to doubt from the preſent Diſpoſition of the H—— of C———s, all thoſe Noblemen who ſhall be appointed Commiſſioners, will have excellent Opportunities of promoting their *Nephews*, *Couſins*, *Footmen*, *Foſterers*, *Valets*, and other valuable Dependants, to good Incomes, and Places of Truſt and Credit. But I would, by all Means, have none but *Engliſhmen* nominated to be Tax-Gatherers; becauſe we may rationally ſuppoſe, that they will be entirely free from Prejudice, in Favour of the Natives of this Kingdom.

Thus would a moderate Tax upon our *Vices* apparently contribute to ſave this Nation from utter Ruin. Many Perſons who have not the leaſt Excuſe for their Irregularities

Irregularities at preſent (except the commendable Publick-ſpirited Contempt for Religion) might then plead in their own Defence, that their Immoralities had preſerv'd their Country. And by this Means we might be furniſh'd with a Multitude of *Patriots*, who probably would never prove ſo in any other Reſpect.

But I muſt humbly beg leave to diſſent from that religious Gentleman, the excellent Author of the *Fable of the Bees*; tho', perhaps, ſuch a Particularity of Opinion may injure my Character with ſeveral of my Lay-brethren of moſt Profeſſions; and I muſt publickly declare, that there can be no other Method half ſo good as mine, to make *Private Vices Publick Benefits.*

A MODEST PROPOSAL FOR

Preventing the Children of poor People in Ireland, *from being a Burden to their Parents or Country, and for making them Beneficial to the Publick.*

IT is a melancholly Object to thoſe, who walk through this great Town or travel in the Country, when they ſee the *Streets*, the *Roads* and *Cabbin-doors* crowded with *Beggers* of the Female Sex, followed by three, four, or ſix Children, *all in Rags*, and importuning every Paſſenger for an Alms. Theſe *Mothers* inſtead of being able to work for their honeſt

neſt livelyhood, are forced to employ all their time in Stroling to beg Suſtenance for their *helpleſs Infants*, who, as they grow up, either turn *Thieves* for want of Work, or leave their *dear Native Country*, *to fight for the Pretender in* Spain, or ſell themſelves to the *Barbadoes*.

I think it is agreed by all Parties, that this prodigious number of Children in the Arms, or on the Backs, or at the *Heels* of their *Mothers*, and frequently of their *Fathers*, is *in the preſent deplorable ſtate of the Kingdom*, a very great additional grievance; and therefore whoever could find out a fair, cheap and eaſy method of making theſe Children ſound and uſeful Members of the Common-wealth, would deſerve ſo well of the publick, as to have his Statue ſet up for a Preſerver of the Nation.

But my Intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the Children of *profeſſed Beggers*, it is of a much greater Extent, and ſhall take in the whole Number of Infants at a certain Age, who are born of Parents in effect as little able to ſupport them, as thoſe who demand our Charity in the Streets.

As

As to my own part, having turned my Thoughts, for many Years, upon this important Subject, and maturely weighed the ſeveral *Schemes for no Projectors*, I have always found them groſsly miſtaken in their computation. It is true, a Child *juſt dropt from its Dam*, may be ſupported by her Milk, for a Solar Year with little other Nouriſhment, at moſt not above the Value of two Shillings, which the Mother may certainly get, or the Value in *Scraps*, by her lawful Occupation of Begging; and it is exactly at one Year Old that I propoſe to provide for them in ſuch a manner, as, inſtead of being a Charge upon their *Parents*, or the *Pariſh*, or *wanting Food and Raiment* for the reſt of their Lives, they ſhall, on the Contrary, contribute to the Feeding and partly to the Cloathing of many Thouſands.

There is likewiſe another great Advantage in my Scheme, that it will prevent thoſe *voluntary Abortions*, and that horrid practice of *Women murdering their Baſtard Children*, alas! too frequent among us, Sacrificing the *poor innocent Babes*, I doubt, more to avoid the Expence than the Shame,

Shame, which would move Tears and Pity in the moſt Savage and inhuman breaſt.

The number of Souls in this Kingdom being uſually reckoned one Million and a half, Of theſe I calculate there may be about two hundred thouſand Couple whoſe Wives are Breeders; from which number I ſubſtract thirty Thouſand Couples, who are able to maintain their own Children, although I apprehend there cannot be ſo many, under *the preſent Diſtreſſes of the Kingdom*; but this being granted, there will remain an hundred and ſeventy thouſand Breeders. I again Subſtract fifty Thouſand, for thoſe Women who miſcarry, or whoſe Children die by accident, or diſeaſe within the Year. There only remain an hundred and twenty thouſand Children of poor Parents annually born: The queſtion therefore is, How this number ſhall be reared, and provided for? which, as I have already ſaid, under the preſent Situation of Affairs, is utterly impoſſible by all the Methods hitherto propoſed; for we can *neither employ them in Handicraft* or *Agriculture*; we neither build Houſes, (I mean in the Country) nor

nor cultivate Land: They can very ſeldom pick up a Livelihood *by Stealing* till they arrive at ſix years Old; except where they are of towardly parts; although, I confeſs, they learn the Rudiments much earlier; during which time they can however be properly looked upon only as *Probationers*; as I have been informed by a principal Gentleman in the County of *Cavan*, who proteſted to me, that he never knew above one or two Inſtances under the Age of ſix, even in a part of the Kingdom *ſo renowned for the quickeſt proficiency in that Art.*

I am aſſured by our Merchants, that a Boy or a Girl before twelve years Old, is no ſaleable Commodity, and even when they come to this Age, they will not yield above three Pounds, or three Pounds and half a Crown at moſt, on the Exchange; which cannot turn to Account either to the Parents or Kingdom, the Charge of Nutriment and Rags having been at leaſt four times that Value.

I ſhall now therefore humbly propoſe my own Thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the leaſt Objection.

I have

I have been aſſured by a very knowing *American* of my acquaintance in *London*, that a young healthy Child well Nurſed is at a year Old a moſt delicious nouriſhing and wholeſome Food, whether *Stewed*, *Roaſted*, *Baked*, or. *Boiled*; and I make no doubt that it will equally ſerve in a *Fricaſie*, or a *Ragouſt*.

I do therefore humbly offer it to *publick conſideration*, that of the Hundred and twenty thouſand Children, already computed, twenty thouſand may be reſerved for Breed, whereof only one fourth part to be Males; which is more than we allow to *Sheep*, *black Cattle*, or *Swine*, and my Reaſon is, that theſe Children are ſeldom the Fruits of Marriage, *a Circumſtance not much regarded by our Savages*, therefore, *one Male* will be ſufficient to ſerve *four Females*. That the remaining Hundred thouſand may at a year Old be offered in Sale to the *Perſons of Quality* and *Fortune*, through the Kingdom, always adviſing the Mother to let them Suck plentifully in the laſt Month, ſo as to render them Plump, and Fat for a good Table. A Child will make two Diſhes at an Entertainment for Friends, and

and when the Family dines alone, the fore or hind Quarter will make a reaſonable Diſh, and ſeaſoned with a little Pepper or Salt will be very good Boiled on the fourth Day, eſpecially in *Winter*.

I have reckoned upon a Medium, that a Child juſt born will weigh 12 pounds, and in a ſolar Year, if tolerably nurſed, encreaſeth to 28 Pounds.

I grant this food will be ſomewhat dear, and therefore very *proper for Landlords*, who, as they have already devoured moſt of the Parents ſeem to have the beſt Title to the Children.

Infant's fleſh will be in Seaſon throughout the Year, but more plentiful in *March*, and a little before and after; for we are told by a grave Author an eminent *French* Phyſician, that *Fiſh being a prolifick Dyet*, there are more Children born in *Roman Catholick Countries* about nine Months after *Lent*, than at any other Seaſon; therefore reckoning a Year after *Lent*, the Markets will be more glutted than uſual, becauſe the Number of *Popiſh Infants*, is at leaſt three to one in this Kingdom, and therefore it will have one other Collateral advantage, by leſſening the Number of *Papiſts* among us. I have

I have already computed the Charge of nurſing a Begger's Child (in which Liſt I reckon all *Cottagers*, *Labourers*, and four fifths of the *Farmers)* to be about two Shillings *per Annum*, Rags included; and I believe no Gentleman would repine to give Ten Shillings for the *Carcaſs of a good fat Child*, which, as I have ſaid will make four Diſhes of excellent Nutritive Meat, when he hath only ſome particular Friend, or his own Family to dine with him. Thus the Squire will learn to be a good Landlord, and grow popular among his Tenants, the Mother will have Eight Shillings neat Profit, and be fit for Work till ſhe produces another Child.

Thoſe who are more thrifty *(as I muſt confeſs the Times require)* may flea the Carcaſs; the Skin of which, Artificially dreſſed, will make admirable *Gloves for Ladies*, and *Summer Boots for fine Gentlemen.*

As to our City of *Dublin*, Shambles may be appointed for this purpoſe, in the moſt convenient parts of it, and Butchers we may be aſſured will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying the Children alive, and dreſſing them hot from the Knife, as we do *roaſting Pigs.*

A very worthy Perſon, *a true Lover of his Country*, and whoſe Virtues I highly eſteem, was lately pleaſed, in diſcourſing on this matter, to offer a refinement upon my Scheme. He ſaid, that many Gentlemen of this Kingdom, having of late deſtroyed their Deer, he conceived that the Want of Veniſon might be well ſupply'd by the Bodies of young Lads and Maidens, not exceeding fourteen Years of Age, nor under twelve; ſo great a Number of both Sexes in every Country being now ready to Starve, for want of Work and Service: And theſe to be diſpoſed of by their Parents if alive, or otherwiſe by their neareſt Relations. But with due deference to ſo excellent a Friend, and ſo deſerving a Patriot, I cannot be altogether in his Sentiments; for as to the Males, my *American* acquaintance aſſured me from frequent Experience, that their Fleſh was generally Tough and Lean, like that of our Schoolboys, by continual exerciſe, and their Taſte diſagreeable, and to fatten them would not anſwer the Charge. Then as to the Females, it would, I think with humble Submiſſion, *be a Loſs to the Publick*, becauſe they ſoon would become Breeders themſelves:

ſelves: And beſides it is not improbable that ſome ſcrupulous People might be apt to Cenſure ſuch a Practice, (although indeed very unjuſtly) as a little bordering upon Cruelty, which, I confeſs, hath always been with me the ſtrongeſt Objection againſt any Project, how well ſoever intended.

But in order to juſtify my Friend, he confeſſed, that this expedient was put into his Head by the famous *Sallmanaazor*, a Native of the Iſland *Formoſa*, who came from thence to *London*, above twenty Years ago, and in Converſation told my Friend, that in his Country when any young Perſon happened to be put to Death, the Executioner ſold the Carcaſs to *Perſons of Quality*, as a prime Dainty, and that, in his Time, the Body of a plump Girl of fifteen, who was crucified for an attempt to poiſon the Emperor, was ſold to his Imperial *Majeſty's prime Miniſter of State*, and other great *Mandarins* of the Court, *in Joints from the Gibbet*, at four hundred Crowns. Neither indeed can I deny, that if the ſame Uſe were made of ſeveral plump young Girls in this Town, who, without one ſingle Groat to their For-

tunes, cannot ſtir abroad without a Chair, and appear at a *Play-houſe*, and *Aſſemblies* in Foreign fineries, which they never will pay for; the Kingdom would not be the worſe.

Some Perſons of a deſponding Spirit are in great concern about that vaſt Number of poor People, who are Aged, Diſeaſed, or Maimed, and I have been deſired to imploy my Thoughts what Courſe may be taken, to eaſe the Nation of ſo grievous an Incumbrance. But I am not in the leaſt Pain upon that matter, becauſe it is very well known, that they are every Day *dying*, and *rotting*, by *cold* and *famine*, and *filth*, and *vermin*, as faſt as can be reaſonably expected. And as to the younger Labourers, they are now in almoſt as hopeful a Condition. They cannot get Work, and conſequently pine away for want of Nouriſhment, to a degree, that if at any Time they are accidently hired to common Labour, they have not Strength to perform it, and thus the Country and themſelves are happily delivered from the Evils to come.

I have too long digreſſed, and therefore ſhall return to my Subject, I think the Advan-

Advantages by the Propoſal which I have made are obvious and many, as well as of the higheſt Importance.

For *Firſt*, as I have already obſerved, it would greatly leſſen *the Number of Papiſts*, with whom we are Yearly over-run, being the principal Breeders of the Nation, as well as our moſt dangerous Enemies, and who ſtay at home on purpoſe with a Deſign *to deliver the Kingdom to the Pretender*, hoping to take their Advantage by the Abſence *of ſo many good Proteſtants*, who have choſen rather to leave their Country, than ſtay at home, and pay Tithes againſt their Conſcience, to an *Epiſcopal Curate*.

Secondly, The poorer Tenants will have ſomething valuable of their own which by Law may be made lyable to Diſtreſs, and help to pay their Landlord's Rent, their Corn and Cattle being already ſeized, and *Money a Thing unknown*.

Thirdly, Whereas the Maintenance of an hundred thouſand Children, from two Years old, and upwards, cannot be com-

puted at leſs than Ten Shillings a Piece *per Annum*, the Nation's Stock will be thereby encreaſed fifty thouſand Pounds *per Annum*, beſides the Profit of a new Diſh, introduced to the Tables of all *Gentlemen of Fortune* in the Kingdom, who have any Refinement in Taſte, and the Money will circulate among our Selves, the Goods being entirely of our own Growth and Manufacture.

Fourthly, The conſtant Breeders, beſides the gain of eight Shillings *Sterling per Annum*, by the Sale of their Children, will be rid of the Charge of maintaining them after the firſt Year.

Fifthly, This Food would likewiſe bring great *Cuſtom to Taverns*, where the Vintners will certainly be ſo prudent as to procure the beſt Receipts for dreſſing it to Perfection; and conſequently have their Houſes frequented by all the *fine Gentlemen*, who juſtly value themſelves upon their Knowledge in good Eating; and a skilful Cook, who underſtands how to oblige his Gueſts, will contrive to make it as expenſive as they pleaſe.

Sixthly,

Sixthly, This would be a great Inducement to Marriage, which all wiſe Nations have either encouraged by Rewards, or enforced by Laws and Penalties. It would encreaſe the Care and Tenderneſs of Mothers towards their Children, when they were ſure of a Settlement for Life, to the poor Babes, provided in ſome Sort by the Publick, to their annual Profit inſtead of Expence; we ſhould ſoon ſee an honeſt Emulation among the married Women, *which of them could bring the fatteſt Child to the Market.* Men would become as *fond* of their Wives, during the Time of their Pregnancy, as they are now of their *Mares* in Foal, their *Cows* in Calf, or *Sows* when they are ready to farrow, nor offer to beat or kick them (as is too *frequent* a Practice) for fear of a Miſcarriage.

Many other Advantages might be enumerated. For Inſtance, the Addition of ſome thouſand Carcaſſes in our Exportation of Barrel'd Beef: The Propagation of *Swines Fleſh*, and Improvement in the Art of making good *Bacon*, ſo much wanted among us by the great Deſtruction of *Pigs*, too frequent at our Tables, which are no way comparable in Taſte, or Mag-

nificence to a well grown, fat Yearly Child, which roaſted whole will make a conſiderable Figure at a *Lord Mayor*'s *Feaſt*, or any other Publick Entertainment. But this, and many others, I omit, being ſtudious of Brevity.

Suppoſing that one thouſand Families in this City, would be conſtant Cuſtomers for Infants Fleſh, beſides others who might have it at *merry Meetings*, particularly at *Weddings* and *Chriſtenings*, I compute that *Dublin* would take off Annually about twenty thouſand Carcaſſes, and the reſt of the Kingdom (where probably they will be ſold ſomewhat cheaper) the remaining eighty Thouſand.

I can think of no one Objection, that will poſſibly be raiſed againſt this Propoſal, unleſs it ſhould be urged, that the Number of People will be thereby much leſſened in the Kingdom. This I freely own, and 'twas indeed one principal Deſign in offering it to the World. I deſire the Reader will obſerve, that I calculate my Remedy *for this one individual Kingdom of* IRELAND, *and for no Other that ever was, is, or, I think, ever can be upon Earth.* Therefore let no man talk to me of

of other Expedients: *Of taxing our Abſentees at five Shillings a Pound: Of uſing neither Cloaths, nor Houſehold Furniture, except what is of our own Growth and Manufacture: Of utterly rejecting the Materials and Inſtruments that promote Foreign Luxury: Of curing the Expenſiveneſs of Pride, Vanity, Idleneſs, and Gaming in our Women: Of introducing a Vein of Parcimony, Prudence and Temperance: Of learning to love our Country, wherein we differ even from* LAPLANDERS, *and the Inhabitants of* TOPINAMBOO: *Of quitting our Animoſities, and Factions, nor act any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very Moment their City was taken: Of being a little cautious not to ſell our Country and Conſciences for nothing: Of teaching Landlords to have at leaſt one Degree of Mercy towards their Tenants.* Laſtly, *Of putting a Spirit of Honeſty, Induſtry, and Skill into our Shop-keepers, who, if a Reſolution could now be taken to buy only our Native Goods, would immediately unite to cheat and exact upon us in the Price, the Meaſure, and the Goodneſs, nor could ever yet be brought to make one fair Propoſal of*

juſt Dealing, though often and earneſtly invited to it.

Therefore I repeat, let no Man talk to me of theſe and the like Expedients, till he hath at leaſt ſome Glimpſe of Hope, that there will ever be ſome hearty and ſincere Attempt to put *them in Practice.*

But as to my ſelf, having been wearied out for many Years with offering vain, idle, viſionary Thoughts, and at length utterly deſpairing of Succeſs, I fortunately fell upon this Propoſal, which as it is wholly new, ſo it hath ſomething Solid and Real, of no Expence and little Trouble, full in our own Power, and whereby we can incur no Danger in *diſobliging* ENGLAND. For this kind of Commodity will not bear Exportation, the Fleſh being of too tender a Conſiſtence, to admit a long Continuance in Salt, *although perhaps I cou'd name a Country, which wou'd be glad to eat up our whole Nation without it.*

After all, I am not ſo violently bent upon my own Opinion, as to reject any Offer, propoſed by wiſe Men, which ſhall be found equally Innocent, Cheap, Eaſy, and Effectual. But before ſomething of that Kind ſhall be advanced in Contradiction

ction to my Scheme, and offering a better, I deſire the Author or Authors, will be pleaſed maturely to conſider two Points. *Firſt*, As Things now ſtand, how they will be able to find Food and Raiment for a hundred Thouſand uſeleſs Mouths and Backs. And *Secondly*, There being a round Million of Creatures in Humane Figure, throughout this Kingdom, whoſe whole Subſiſtence put into a common Stock, would leave them in Debt two Millions of Pounds *Sterling*, adding thoſe, who are Beggers by Profeſſion, to the Bulk of Farmers, Cottagers and Labourers, with their Wives and Children, who are Beggers in Effect; I deſire thoſe Politicians, who diſlike my Overture, and may perhaps be ſo bold to attempt an Anſwer, that they will firſt ask the Parents of theſe Mortals, Whether they would not at this Day think it a great Happineſs to have been ſold for Food at a Year Old, in the manner I preſcribe, and thereby have avoided ſuch a perpetual Scene of Misfortunes, as they have ſince gone through, by the *Oppreſſion of Landlords*, the Impoſſibility of paying Rent without Money or Trade, the Want of common Suſtenance, with

with neither Houſe nor Cloaths to cover them from the Inclemencies of the Weather, and the moſt inevitable Proſpect of intailing the like, or greater Miſeries, upon their Breed for ever.

I profeſs in the Sincerity of my Heart, that I have not the leaſt Perſonal Intereſt in endeavouring to promote this neceſſary Work, having no other Motive than the *Publick Good of my Country, by advancing our Trade, providing for Infants, relieving the Poor, and giving ſome Pleaſure to the Rich.* I have no Children, by which I can propoſe to get a ſingle Penny; the youngeſt being nine Years Old, and my Wife paſt Child-bearing.

A

VINDICATION

OF THE

Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*,

THE

Lord *CARTERET*,

From the Charge of favouring

Tories, *High-Church-Men*, and *Jacobites*.

IN order to treat this important Subject with the greateſt Fairneſs and Impartiality, perhaps it may be convenient to give ſome Account of his Excellency,

lency, in whoſe Life and Character there are certain Particulars which might ſuggeſt a very juſt Suſpicion of ſome Truth in the Accuſation he lies under.

He is deſcended from two noble, antient, and moſt loyal Families, the *Carterets* and the *Granvilles*, too much diſtinguiſhed, I confeſs, for what they acted, and what they ſuffered in defending the former Conſtitution in Church and State, under King *Charles* the Martyr; I mean that very Prince, on Account of whoſe Martyrdom *a Form of Prayer with Faſting was enjoyn'd by Act of Parliament, to be us'd on the Thirtieth Day of* January *every Year, to implore the Mercies of God, that the Guilt of that ſacred and innocent Blood*, &c. *might not be viſited on us or our Poſterity*, as we may read at large in our *Common-Prayer-Books*, which Day hath been ſolemnly kept, even within the Memory of many Men now alive.

His Excellency the preſent Lord, was educated in the Univerſity of *Oxford*; from thence, with a Singularity ſcarce to be juſtified, he carried away more *Greek*, *Latin*, and Philoſophy, than properly became a Perſon of his Rank; indeed, much more

more of each, than moſt of thoſe who are forc'd to live by their Learning, will be at the unneceſſary Pains to load their Heads with.

This was the Rock he ſplit on upon his firſt Appearance in the World, juſt got clear of his Guardians. For as ſoon as he came to Town, ſome Biſhops and Clergymen, and other Perſons moſt eminent for Learning and Parts, got him among them, from whom, tho' he were fortunately dragg'd by a Lady and the Court, yet he could never wipe off the Stain, nor waſh out the Tincture of his Univerſity Acquirements and Diſpoſition.

To this another Misfortune was added, That it pleaſed God to endow him with great natural Talents, Memory, Judgment, Comprehenſion, Eloquence, and Wit; and to finiſh the Work, all theſe were fortify'd, even in his Youth, with the Advantages receiv'd by ſuch Employments, as are beſt fitted, both to exerciſe and poliſh the Gifts of Nature and Education, having been Ambaſſador in ſeveral Courts, when his Age would hardly allow him to take a Degree, and made Principal Secretary of State at a Period, when

when according to Cuſtom, he ought to have been buſied in loſing his Money at a Chocolate-houſe, or in other Amuſements, equally laudable and epidemick among Perſons of Honour.

I cannot omit another weak Side in his Excellency, for it is known, and can be proved upon him, that *Greek* and *Latin* Books might be found every Day in his Dreſſing-Room, if it were carefully ſearched; and there is Reaſon to ſuſpect, that ſome of the ſaid Books have been privately convey'd to him by *Tory* Hands. I am likewiſe aſſur'd, that he hath been taken in the very Fact of reading the ſaid Books, even in the midſt of a Seſſion, to the great Neglect of publick Affairs.

I own, there may be ſome Grounds for this Charge, becauſe I have it from good Hands, that when his Excellency is at Dinner with one or two Scholars at his Elbows, he grows a moſt inſupportable and unintelligible Companion to all the fine Gentlemen round the Table.

I cannot deny, that his Excellency lies under another great Diſadvantage; for beſides all the Accompliſhments abovementioned, having that of a moſt comely and graceful

graceful Perſon, he hath, during the Prime of Youth, Spirits and Vigour, in a moſt exemplary Manner led a regular, domeſtick Life, diſcover'd a great Eſteem, Friendſhip and Love for his Lady, as well as a true Affection for his Children: And when he is diſpos'd to admit an entertaining Evening Companion, he doth not always enough reflect whether the Perſon may poſſibly in former Days have lain under the Imputation of a *Tory?* Nor at ſuch Times do the natural or affected Fears of *Popery* and the *Pretender* make any Part of the Converſation: I preſume, becauſe neither *Homer*, *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, nor *Cicero*, have made any mention of them.

Theſe I freely acknowledge to be his Excellency's Failings; yet, I think, it is agreed by Philoſophers and Divines, that ſome Allowance ought to be given to human Infirmity, and the Prejudices of a wrong Education.

I am well aware how much my Sentiments differ from the orthodox Opinion of one or two principal Patriots; for theſe have decided the Matter directly againſt me, by declaring, that no Perſon, who was ever known to lie under the Suſpicion of

of one ſingle *Tory* Principle, or who had been once ſeen at a great Man's Levee in the *worſt of Times*, ſhould be allow'd to come within the Verge of the Caſtle; much leſs to bow in the Anti-Chamber, appear at the *Aſſemblies*, or dance at a Birth-Night. However, I dare aſſert, that this Maxim hath been often controul'd, and that, on the contrary, a conſiderable Number of *early Penitents* have been received into Grace, who are now an *Ornament*, *Happineſs*, and *Support* to the Nation.

Neither do I find any Murmuring on ſome other Points of greater Importance, where this favourite Maxim is not ſo ſtrictly obſerv'd.

To inſtance only in one. I have not heard that any Care hath hitherto been taken to diſcover whether * Madam *Violante* be a *Whig* or *Tory* in her Principles, or even that ſhe hath ever been *offer'd the Oaths to the Government*; on the contrary, I am told, that ſhe openly profeſſeth her ſelf to be a *High-Flyer*; and it is not improbable, but by her *Outlandiſh* Name ſhe may alſo be a *Papiſt* in her Heart: Yet we ſee this illuſtrious and dan-

* *A famous Rope-dancer.*

gerous

gerous Female openly careſs'd by principal Perſons of both Parties, who contribute to ſupport her in a ſplendid Manner, without the leaſt Apprehenſions from a *Grand Jury*. And as *Hobbs* wiſely obſerves, *ſo much Money* being equivalent to *ſo much Power*, it may deſerve conſidering with what Safety ſuch an Inſtrument of *Power* ought to be truſted in the Hands of an *Alien*, who hath not given any legal Security for her good Affection to the Government.

I confeſs there is one Evil, which I could wiſh our Friends would think proper to redreſs. There are many *Whigs* in this Kingdom of the *old-faſhion'd Stamp*, of whom we might make very good Uſe; they bear the ſame Loyalty with us, to the *Hanoverian* Family, in the Perſon of King *George* the Second; the ſame Abhorrence of the *Pretender*, with the Conſequents of Popery Slavery; and the ſame Indulgence to *tender Conſciences*; but having nothing to aſk for themſelves, and conſequently the more Leiſure to think for the Publick; they are often apt to entertain Fears and melancholy Proſpects concerning the State of their Country, the

Decay

Decay of Trade, the Want of Money, the miſerable Condition of the People, with other Topicks of like Nature, all which do equally concern both *Whig* and *Tory*, who, if they have any Thing to loſe, muſt be equally Sufferers. Perhaps one or two of theſe melancholy Gentlemen will ſometimes venture to publiſh their Thoughts in Print: Now, I can by no Means approve our uſual Cuſtom of curſing and railing at this Species of Thinkers, under the Names of *Tories*, *Jacobites*, *Papiſts*, *Libellers*, *Rebels*, and the like.

This was the utter Ruin of that poor, angry, buſtling, well-meaning Mortal *Piſtorides*, who lies equally under the Contempt of both Parties, with no other Difference than a Mixture of *Pity* on one Side, and of *Averſion* on the other.

How hath he been pelted, peſter'd and pounded by one ſingle Wag, who promiſeth never to forſake him living or dead!

I was much pleaſed with the Humour of a *Surgeon* in this Town, who, having in his own Apprehenſion receiv'd ſome great Injuſtice from the Earl of *Galloway*, and deſpairing of Revenge, as well

well as Relief, declared to all his Friends, that he had ſet apart a hundred Guineas to purchaſe the Earl's Carcaſe from the Sexton, whenever IT ſhould dye, to make a Skeleton of the Bones, ſtuff the Hide, and ſhew them for three Pence; and thus get Vengeance for the Injuries he had ſuffer'd by the Owner.

Of the like Spirit too often is that implacable Race of Wits, againſt whom there is no Defence but Innoccnce and Philoſophy, neither of which is likely to be at Hand, and therefore the Wounded have no where to fly for a Cure, but to downright Stupidity, a crazed Head, or a profligate Contempt of Guilt and Shame.

I am therefore ſorry for that other miſerable Creature * *Traulus*, who altho' of ſomewhat a different Species, yet ſeems very far to out-do even the Genius of *Piſtorides* in that miſcarrying Talent of Railing without Conſiſtency or Diſcretion, againſt the moſt innocent Perſons, according the preſent Situation of his Gall and Spleen. I do not blame an *honeſt* Gentle-

* L—d V——t *A*——*n, who ſpoke againſt the Libel in the Privy Council, and likewiſe in the Houſe of Lords.*

man

man for the bittereſt Invectives againſt one to whom he profeſſeth the greateſt Friendſhip, provided he acts in the Dark, ſo as not to be diſcovered; but in the midſt of *Careſſes*, *Viſits*, and *Invitations*, to run into the Streets, or to *as publick a place*, and without the leaſt pretended Incitement, ſputter out the baſeſt and falſeſt Accuſations, then to wipe his Mouth, come up ſmiling to his Friend, ſhake him by the Hand, and tell him in a Whiſper, it was *all for his Service:* This Proceeding I am bold to think a great Failure in Prudence, and I am afraid leſt ſuch a Practicioner, with a Body ſo *open*, ſo *foul*, and ſo *full of Sores*, may fall under the Reſentment of an incens'd political *Surgeon*, who is not in much Renown for his Mercy upon great Provocation, who without waiting for his Death, will flay and diſſect him alive, and to the View of Mankind lay open all the diſorder'd Cells of his Brain, the Venom of his Tongue, the Corruption of his Heart, and Spots and Flatuſes of his Spleen —— and all this for three Pence.

In ſuch a Caſe, what a Scene would be laid open? And to drop my Metaphor, what a Character of our miſtaken Friend might

might an angry Enemy draw and expoſe? Particularizing that unnatural Conjunction of Vices and Follies ſo inconſiſtent with each other in the ſame Breaſt: Furious and fawning, ſcurrilous and flattering, cowardly and provoking, inſolent and abject; moſt profligately falſe, with the ſtrongeſt Profeſſions of Sincerity; poſitive and variable, tyrannical and ſlaviſh.

In vain would his Excuſers endeavour to palliate his Enormities, by imputing them to Madneſs, becauſe it is well known, that Madneſs only operates by inflaming and enlarging the good or evil Diſpoſitions of the Mind; for the Curators of *Bedlam* aſſure us, that ſome Lunaticks are Perſons of *Honour*, *Truth*, *Benevolence*, and many other Virtues, which appear in their higheſt Ravings, although after a wild incoherent Manner, while others on the contrary diſcover in every Word and Action the utmoſt *Baſeneſs* and Depravity of human Minds; which infallibly they poſſeſſed in the ſame Degree, although perhaps under a better Regulation, before their Entrance into that *Academy*.

But

But it may be objected, that there is an Argument of much more Force to excuſe the Overflowings of that Zeal which our *Friend* ſhews or means for our Cauſe. And it muſt be confeſſed, that the *eaſy and ſmooth Fluency of his Elocution beſtowed on him by Nature, and cultivated by continual Practice*, added to the *Comelyneſs of his Perſon*, the *Harmony of his Voice*, the *Gracefulneſs of his Manner*, and the *Decency of his Dreſs*, are Temptations too ſtrong for ſuch a Genius to reſiſt upon any publick Occaſion of making them appear with *univerſal Applauſe*. And if good Men are ſometimes accuſed of loving their *Jeſt* better than their *Friend*, ſurely to gain the Reputation of the firſt *Orator* in the Kingdom, no Man of Spirit would ſcruple to loſe all the *Friends* he had in the World.

It is uſual for Maſters to make their Boys declaim on both Sides of an Argument; and as ſome kinds of Aſſemblies are called the *Schools of Principles*, I confeſs nothing can better improve political School-Boys, than the Art of making plauſible or implauſible Harangues againſt the very Opinion for which they reſolve to determine.

So

So Cardinal *Perron*, after having ſpoke for an Hour to the Admiration of all his Hearers, to prove the Exiſtence of God, told ſome of his Intimates, that he could have ſpoken another Hour, and much better, to prove the contrary.

To return from this long Digreſſion: If Perſons in high Stations have been allow'd to chuſe Miſtreſſes, without Regard even to Difference in Religion, yet never incurred the leaſt Reflection on their Loyalty or their Proteſtantiſm; ſhall the chief Governour of a great Kingdom be cenſured for chuſing a *Companion*, who may formerly have been ſuſpected for differing from the *Orthodox* in ſome ſpeculative Opinions of Perſons and Things, which cannot affect the fundamental Principles of a ſound *Whig*?

But let me ſuppoſe a very poſſible Caſe. Here is a Perſon ſent to govern *Ireland*, whoſe unfortunate weak Side it happens to be, for ſeveral Reaſons abovemention'd, that he hath encouraged the Attendance of *one* or *two* Gentlemen diſtinguiſhed for their Taſte, their Wit, and their Learning; who have taken the Oaths to his Majeſty, and pray heartily for him; yet,

becauſe they may perhaps be ſtigmatized as *quondam* Tories by *Piſtorides* and his Gang, his Excellency muſt be forced to baniſh them under the Pain and Peril of diſpleaſing the Zealots of his own Party, and thereby be put into a worſe Condition than every common Goodfellow; who may be a ſincere *Proteſtant*, and a loyal Subject; and yet rather chuſe to drink fine Ale at the *Pope*'s *Head*, than muddy at the *King*'s.

Let me then return to my Suppoſition. It is certain, the High-flown Loyaliſts in the *preſent* Senſe of the Word, have their Thoughts, and Studies, and Tongues, ſo entirely diverted by political Schemes, that the Zeal of their *Principles* hath *eaten up* their Underſtandings; neither have they Time from their Employments, their Hopes, and their hourly Labours, for acquiring new Additions of Merit; to amuſe themſelves with philological Converſe, or Speculations which are utterly ruinous to all Schemes of riſing in the World: What muſt then a Great Man do, whoſe ill Stars have fatally perverted him to a Love, and Taſte, and Poſſeſſion of Literature, Politeneſs, and good Senſe? Our thorough-ſped Re-

Republick of *Whigs*, which contains the Bulk of all *Hopers*, *Pretenders*, *Expectors* and *Poſſeſſors*, are, beyond all Doubt, moſt *highly uſeful* to Princes, to Governors, to great Miniſters, and to their Country; but at the ſame Time, and by neceſſary Conſequence, the moſt diſagreeable Companions to all who have that unfortunate Turn of Mind peculiar to his Excellency, and perhaps to five or ſix more in a Nation.

I do not deny it poſſible, that an Original or Proſelyte Favourer of the Times might have been born to theſe uſeleſs Talents, which in former Ages qualified a Man to be a Poet, or a Philoſopher. All I contend for is, that where the true Genius of Party once enters, it *ſweeps the Houſe clean*, and leaves Room for many *other Spirits* to take joint Poſſeſſion, till the *laſt State of that Man is exceedingly better than the firſt.*

I allow it a great Error in his Excellency, that he adheres ſo obſtinately to his old unfaſhionable academick Education: Yet ſo perverſe is human Nature, that the uſual Remedies for this Evil in others, have produced a contrary Effect in him; to a

Degree that I am credibly informed, he will, as I have already hinted, in the Middle of a Seſſion, quote Paſſages out of *Plato* and *Pindar* at his own Table to ſome *Book-learn'd* Companion without Bluſhing, even when Perſons of *great Stations* are by.

I will venture one Step farther, which is, freely to confeſs, that this miſtaken Method of educating Youth in the Knowledge of ancient Learning and Language, is too apt to ſpoil their *Politicks* and *Principles*; becauſe, the Doctrine and Examples of the Books they read, teach them Leſſons *directly contrary in every Point* to the *preſent Practice* of the World: And accordingly, *Hobbes* moſt judiciouſly obſerves, that the Writings of the *Greeks* and *Romans* made young Men imbibe Opinions, againſt *abſolute Power* in a *Prince*, or even in a firſt *Miniſter*, and to embrace Notions of *Liberty* and *Property*.

It hath been therefore a great Felicity to theſe Kingdoms, that the Heirs to Titles and large Eſtates have a Weakneſs in their Eyes, and a Tenderneſs in their Conſtitutions, are not able to bear the Pain and Indignity of Whipping, and, as the Mother

Mother rightly expreſſes it, could never take to their Books; yet are well enough qualified to ſign a Receipt for half a Year's Rent, to put their Name *(rightly ſpelt)* to a Warrant, and to read Pamphlets againſt *Religion* and *High-Flying*; whereby they fill their Niches, and carry themſelves through the World with that Dignity which beſt becomes a Senator, and a *Squire*.

I could heartily wiſh his Excellency would be more condeſcending to the *Genius* of the Kingdom he governs, to the Condition of the Times, and to the Nature of the Station he fills. Yet if it be true, what I have read in old *Engliſh* Story-Books, that one *Ageſilaus* (no Matter to the Bulk of my Readers whether I ſpell the Name right or wrong) was caught by the *Parſon of the Pariſh*, riding on a Hobby-Horſe with his Children; that *Socrates* a *Heathen* Philoſopher was found dancing by himſelf at Fourſcore; that a King called *Cæſar Auguſtus* (or ſome ſuch Name) uſed to play with Boys, whereof ſome might poſſibly be Sons of *Tories*; and two great Men called *Scipio* and *Lælius* (I forget their *Chriſtian* Names, and whether

they were Poets or Generals,) often play'd at Duck and Drake with ſmooth Stones on a River: Now, I ſay, if theſe Facts be true, (and the Book where I found them is in Print) I cannot imagine why our moſt zealous Patriots may not a little indulge his Excellency, in an Infirmity which is not mortally Evil, provided he gives no publick Scandal (which is by all Means to be avoided:) I ſay, why he may not be indulged twice a Week to converſe with one or two particular Perſons, and let him and them conn over their old *exploded* Readings together, after Mornings ſpent in hearing and preſcribing Ways and Means from and to his *moſt obedient* Politicians for the Welfare of the Kingdom; although the ſaid particular Perſon or Perſons may not have made ſo publick a Declaration of their political Faith in all its Parts, as the Buſineſs of the Nation requires; ſtill ſubmitting my Opinion to that *happy Majority*, which I am confident is *always in the right*; by whom the *Liberty* of the Subject hath been ſo frequently, ſo ſtrenuouſly, and ſo ſucceſsfully aſſerted; who by their wiſe Councils have made *Commerce* to flouriſh, *Money* to abound, *Inhabitants* to increaſe,

the

the *Value* of *Lands* and *Rents* to riſe, and the whole Iſland put on a new Face of *Plenty* and Proſperity.

But in order to clear his Excellency more fully from this Accuſation of ſhewing his Favours to *High-flyers*, *Tories* and *Jacobites*, it will be neceſſary to come to Particulars.

The firſt Perſon of a *Tory* Denomination, to whom his Excellency gave any Marks of his Favour, was Doctor *Thomas Sheridan*. It is to be obſerved, that this happened ſo early in his Excellency's Government, as it may be juſtly ſuppoſed he had not been informed of that Gentleman's Character upon ſo *dangerous* an Article. The Doctor being well known and diſtinguiſh'd for his Skill and Succeſs in the Education of Youth, beyond moſt of his Profeſſion for many Years paſt; was recommended to his Excellency on the Score of his Learning, and particularly for his Knowledge in the *Greek* Tongue, whereof it ſeems his Excellency is a great Admirer, although for what Reaſons I could never imagine. However it is agreed on all Hands, that his Lordſhip was too eaſily prevail'd on by the Doctor's Requeſt, or

indeed rather from the Biaſs of his own Nature, to hear a Tragedy acted in that *unknown* Language by the Doctor's Lads, which was written by ſome *Heathen* Author; but whether it contained any *Tory* or *High-Church* Principles, muſt be left to the Conſciences of the *Boys*, the *Doctor*, and his Excellency; the only Witneſſes in this Caſe whoſe Teſtimonies can be depended upon.

It ſeems, his Excellency (a Thing never to be ſufficiently wonder'd at) was ſo pleas'd with his Entertainment, that ſome Time after he gave the Doctor a Church-Living, to the Value almoſt of one Hundred Pounds a Year, and made him one of his Chaplains, from an *antiquated* Notion, that good Schoolmaſters ought to be encouraged in every Nation profeſſing Civility and Religion. Yet his Excellency did not venture to make this bold Step without ſtrong Recommendations from Perſons of undoubted Principles *fitted to the Times*; who thought themſelves bound in Juſtice, Honour and Gratitude, to do the Doctor a good Office in Return for the Care he had taken of their Children, or thoſe of their Friends. Yet the Cataſtrophe was terrible; for

for the Doctor in the Height of his Felicity and Gratitude, going down to take Poſſeſſion of his Pariſh, and furniſhed with a few led Sermons, whereof, as it is to be ſuppoſed, the Number was very ſmall, having never ſerved a Cure in the Church; he ſtopp'd at *Cork* to attend on his Biſhop, and going to Church on the *Sunday* following, was, according to the uſual Civility of Country Clergymen, invited by the Miniſter of the Pariſh to ſupply the Pulpit. It happened to be the firſt of *Auguſt*; and the firſt of *Auguſt* happened that Year to light upon a *Sunday*: And it happened, that the Doctor's Text was in theſe Words; *Sufficient unto the Day is the Evil thereof.* And laſtly, it happened, that ſome one Perſon of the Congregation, whoſe Loyalty made him watchful upon every Appearance of Danger to his Majeſty's Perſon and Government, when Service was over, gave the Alarm. Notice was immediately ſent up to Town, and by the Zeal of one Man, of no large Dimenſions of Body or Mind, ſuch a Clamor was raiſed, that we in *Dublin* could apprehend no leſs than an Invaſion by the *Pretender*, who muſt be landed in the South. The

Reſult was, that the Doctor muſt be ſtruck out of the Chaplains Liſt, and appear no more at the Caſtle. Yet, whether he were then, or be at this Day a *Whig* or a *Tory*, I think is a Secret; only it is manifeſt, that he is a zealous *Hanoverian*, at leaſt in Poetry, and a great Adorer of the preſent Royal Family thro' all its Branches; his Friends likewiſe aſſert, that he had preached this ſame Sermon often, under the ſame Text; that not having obſerved the Words till he was in the Pulpit, and had opened his Notes, as he is a Perſon a little abſtracted, he wanted Preſence of Mind to change them: And that in the whole Sermon there was not a Syllable relating to Government or Party, or to the Subject of the Day.

In this Incident there ſeems to have been an Union of Events that will probably never happen again to the End of the World, or at leaſt, like the grand Conjunction in the Heavens, which, I think, they ſay can arrive but once in twenty Thouſand Years.

The ſecond Gentleman (if I am right in my Chronology) who under the Suſpicion of a *Tory* received ſome Favour from his Excel-

Excellency, is Mr. *James Stopford*, very ſtrongly recommended by the moſt eminent *Whig* in *England*, on the Account of his Learning and Virtue, and other Accompliſhments: He had paſs'd the greateſt Part of his Youth in cloſe Study, or in travelling; and was either not at home, or not at Leiſure to trouble his Thoughts about Party, which I allow to be a great Omiſſion; tho' I cannot honeſtly place him in the Liſt of *Tories*, and therefore think his Excellency may be fairly acquitted for making him Vicar of *Finglaſs*, worth about one Hundred and fifty Pounds a Year.

The third is Doctor *Patrick Delany*, this Divine lies under ſome Diſadvantage; having in his Youth received many Civilities from a certain Perſon † then in a very high Station here, for which Reaſon I doubt the Doctor never *drunk his Confuſion* ſince; and what makes the Matter deſperate, it is now too late; unleſs our Inquiſitors will be content with drinking *Confuſion* to his *Memory*. The aforeſaid eminent Perſon who was a Judge of all

† *Sir* Conſtantine Phipps, *Lord Chancellor of* Ireland *when Queen* Anne *died.*

Merit

Merit but *Party*, diſtinguiſhed the Doctor among other Juniors in our Univerſity, for his Learning, Virtue, Diſcretion, and good Senſe; but the Doctor was then in too good a Situation at his College to hope or endeavour at a better Eſtabliſhment from one who had no Power to give it him.

Upon the preſent Lord Lieutenant's coming over, the Doctor was named to his Excellency by a Friend, among other Clergymen of Diſtinction, as Perſons whoſe Characters it was proper his Excellency ſhould know: And by the Truth of which the Giver would be content to ſtand or fall in his Excellency's Opinion; ſince not one of thoſe Perſons were in particular Friendſhip with the Gentlemen who gave in their Names. By this and ſome other Incidents, particularly the Recommendation of the late Archbiſhop of *Dublin*, the Doctor became known to his Excellency, whoſe fatal Turn of Mind towards *heatheniſh* and *outlandiſh* Books and Languages, finding, as I conceive a like Diſpoſition in the Doctor, was the Cauſe of his becoming ſo domeſtick as we are told he is, at the Caſtle of *Dublin*.

Three

Three or four Years ago, the Doctor, grown weary of an Academick Life, for ſome Reaſons beſt known to the Managers of the Diſcipline in that learned Society (which it may not be for their Honour to mention) reſolved to leave it, although by the Benefit of his Pupils, and his Senior-fellowſhip with all its Perquiſites, he received every Year between nine Hundred and a Thouſand Pounds. And a ſmall Northern Living, in the Univerſity's Donation, of ſomewhat better than a hundred Pounds a Year, falling at the ſame Time with the Chancellorſhip of *Chriſt-Church* to about equal Value, in the Gift of his Excellency, the Doctor ventured into the World in a very ſcanty Condition, having ſquander'd away all his annual Income in a manner, which although perhaps proper enough for a Clergyman without a Family, will not be for the Advantage of his Character to diſcover either on the *Exchange*, or at a Banker's Shop.

About two Months ago, his Excellency gave the Doctor a Prebend in St. *Patrick*'s Cathedral, which being of near the ſame Value with either of the two former will add a third Part to his Revenues, after he

ſhall

ſhall have paid the great Incumbrances upon it; ſo that he may now be ſaid to poſſeſs of Church Preferments, in ſcattered Tythes, three hundred Pounds a Year, inſtead of the like Sum of infallible Rents from a ſenior Fellowſhip with the Offices annexed; beſides the Advantage of a free Lodging and ſome other Eaſements. But ſince the Doctor hath not in any of his Writings, his Sermons, his Actions, his Diſcourſe, or his Company, diſcovered one ſingle Principle of either *Whig* or *Tory*; and that the Lord Lieutenant ſtill continues to admit him, I ſhall boldly pronounce him *one of us*; but like a new *Free-Maſon*, who hath not yet learned all the Dialect of the Myſtery. Neither can he juſtly be accuſed of any *Tory* Doctrines, except perhaps ſome among thoſe few, with which that *wicked Party* was charged during the Height of their Power, but have been ſince transferred for the moſt *ſolid Reaſons* to the *whole Body* of our firmeſt Friends. I have now done with the Clergy, and upon the ſtricteſt Examination, have not been able to find above one of that Order, againſt whom any *Party*-Suſpicion can lie, which is the unfortunate Gentleman

man Dr. *Sheridan*, who by mere Chance-medly ſhot his own Fortune dead with a ſingle Text.

As to the Laity, I can hear of but one Perſon of the *Tory* Stamp, who ſince the Beginning of his Excellency's Government, did ever receive any ſolid Mark of his Favour, I mean Sir *Arthur Acheſon*, reported to be an acknowledged *Tory*, and, what is almoſt as bad, a *Scholar* into the Bargain. It is whiſper'd about as a certain Truth, that this Gentleman is to have a Grant of a certain Barrack upon his Eſtate within two Miles of his own Houſe, for which the Crown is to be his Tenant, at the Rent of ſixty Pounds *per Annum*; he being only at the Expence of about *five hundred* Pounds, to put the Houſe in Repair, build Stables, and other Neceſſaries. I will place this *invidious* Mark of Beneficence, conferred on a *Tory* in a fair Light, by computing the Coſts and neceſſary Defalcations; after which it may be ſeen how much Sir *Arthur* will be annually a clear Gainer by the Publick, notwithſtanding his *unfortunate* Principles, and his Knowledge in *Greek* and *Latin*.

For

For Repairs, *&c.* 500 *l.* the Intereſt whereof, *per Ann.*	30	0	0
For all Manner of Poultry to furniſh the Troopers, but which the ſaid Troopers, muſt be at the Labour of catching, valued *per Ann.*	5	0	0
For ſtraggling Sheep ———	8	0	0
For Game deſtroyed five Miles round ——— ———	6	0	0
	49	0	0
Rent paid to Sir *Arthur* ——	60	0	0
Deduct —	49	0	0
Remains clear	11	0	0

Thus, if Sir *Arthur Acheſon* ſhall have the good Fortune to obtain a Grant of this Barrack, he will receive neat Profit annually from the Crown Eleven Pounds *Sterling*, to help him in entertaining the Officers, and making Proviſion for his younger Children.

It is true, there is another Advantage to be expected, which may fully compenſate the

the Loſs of Cattle and Poultry; by multiplying the Breed of Mankind, and particularly of *good Proteſtants*, in a Part of the Kingdom half depopulated by the wild Humour among the Farmers thereof leaving their Countrey. But I am not ſo skilful in Arithmetick, as to compute the Value.

I have reckoned one *per Cent.* below the legal Intereſt for the Money that Sir *Arthur* muſt expend: And valued the Damage in the other Articles very moderately. However, I am confident he may with good Management be a *Saver* at leaſt; which is a *prodigious Inſtance of Moderation* in our Friends towards a profeſſed *Tory*, whatever Merit he may pretend by the Unwillingneſs he hath ſhewn to make his Excellency uneaſy in his Adminiſtration.

Thus I have with the utmoſt Impartiality collected every ſingle Favour, (further than perſonal Civilities) conferred by his Excellency on *Tories*, and reputed *Tories*, ſince his firſt Arrival hither, to this preſent 13th Day of *April*, in the Year of our Lord 1730, giving all Allowance poſſible to the Arguments on the other Side of the Queſtion.

And

And the Account will ſtand thus.

Diſpoſed of Preferments and Employments to *Tories*, or reputed *Tories*, by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant in about the Space of ſix Years,

To Doctor *Thomas Sheridan* in a Rectory near *Kinſale* *per Ann.* — —	100	0	0
To Sir *Arthur Acheſon*, Baronet, a Barrack, *per Ann.*	11	0	0
	111	0	0

Give me Leave now to compute in Groſs the Value of the Favours done by his Excellency to the *true Friends* of their King and Country, and of the *Proteſtant Religion.*

It is to be remembred, that although his Excellency cannot be properly ſaid to beſtow Biſhopricks, Commands in the Army, the Place of a Judge, or Commiſſioner in the Revenue, and ſome others; yet they are, for the moſt Part, diſpoſed upon his Recommendation, except where the Per-

Perſons are immediately ſent from *England* by their Intereſt at Court, for which I have allowed large Defalcations in the following Accounts. And it is remarkable that the *only* conſiderable Station conferred on a reputed *Tory* ſince his preſent Excellency's Government was of this *latter* Kind.

And indeed it is but too remarkable, that in a neighbouring Nation (where that dangerous Denomination of Men is incomparably more numerous, more powerful, and of Conſequence more formidable) *real Tories* can often with much leſs Difficulty obtain very high Favours from the Government, than their *reputed* Brethren can arrive to the loweſt in ours. I obſerve this with all poſſible Submiſſion to the Wiſdom of their Policy, which, however, will not I believe, diſpute the Praiſe of Vigilance with ours.

WHIG

WHIG Account.

To Perſons promoted to Biſhopricks, or removed to more beneficial Ones, computed *per An.*	10050	0	0
To Civil Employments —	9030	0	0
To Military Commands	8436	0	0
	27516	0	0

TORY Account.

To *Tories* ———	111	0	0
Balance —— ——	27405	0	0

I ſhall conclude with this Obſervation, That, as I think, the *Tories* have ſufficient Reaſon to be *fully ſatisfied* with the Share of *Truſt*, and *Power*, and *Employments* which they poſſeſs under the *Lenity* of the preſent Government; ſo, I do not find how his Excellency can be juſtly cenſured for favouring none but *High-Church*, *High-flyers*,

flyers, Termagants, Laudiſts, Sacheverellians, Tip-top-gallon-men, Jacobites, Tantivyes, Anti-Hannoverians, Friends to Popery and the Pretender, and to Arbitrary Power, Diſobligers of England, *Breakers of* DEPENDENCY, *Inflamers of Quarrels between the two Nations, Publick Incendiaries, Enemies to the King and Kingdoms, Haters of* TRUE *Proteſtants, Lawrel-men, Anniſts, Complainers of the Nation's Poverty, Ormondians, Iconoclaſts, Anti-Glorious-Memoriſts, White-roſaliſts, Tenth-a-Junians,* and the like: When by a fair State of the Account, the Balance, I conceive, plainly lies on the other Side.

AN

AN ESSAY ON THE *Fates of Clergymen.*

THere is no *Talent* ſo uſeful towards riſing in the World, or which puts Men more out of the Reach of Fortune, than that Quality generally poſſeſſed by the dulleſt Sort of People, and is in common Speech called *Diſcretion*, a Species of lower Prudence, by the Aſſiſtance of which, People of the meaneſt Intellectuals, without any other Qualification, paſs through the World in great Tranquility, and with univerſal good Treatment, neither giving nor taking Offence. *Courts* are ſeldom unprovided of Perſons under this Character, on whom, if they

they happen to be of great Quality, moſt Employments, even the Greateſt naturally fall, when Competitors will not agree; and in ſuch Promotions, no Body rejoices or grieves. The Truth of this I could prove by ſeveral Inſtances, within my own Memory (for I ſay nothing of the preſent Times.)

And indeed as Regularity and Forms are of great Uſe in carrying on the Buſineſs of the World, ſo it is very convenient, that Perſons endued with this Kind of Diſcretion, ſhould have that Share which is proper to their Talents in the Conduct of Affairs, but by no means to meddle in Matters which require *Genius*, *Learning*, *ſtrong Comprehenſion*, *Quickneſs of Conception*, *Magnanimity*, *Generoſity*, *Sagacity*, or any other ſuperior Gift of human Minds. Becauſe this Sort of *Diſcretion*, is uſually attended with a ſtrong Deſire of Money, and few Scruples about the Way of obtaining it, with ſervile Flattery and Submiſſion, with a Want of all publick Spirit or Principle, with a perpetual wrong Judgment when the Owners come into Power and high Place, how to diſpoſe of Favour and Preferment; having no Meaſure for Merit

Merit and Virtue in others, but thoſe very Steps by which themſelves aſcended; nor the leaſt Intention of doing Good or Hurt to the Publick, farther than either one or t'other, is likely to be ſubſervient to their own Security or Intereſt. Thus being void of all Friendſhip and Enmity, they never complain nor find Fault with the Times, and indeed never have Reaſon to do ſo.

Men of eminent Parts and Abilities as well as Virtues do ſometimes riſe in the *Courts*, ſometimes in the *Law*, and ſometimes, even in the *Church*. Such were the Lord *Bacon*, the Earl of *Strafford*, Archbiſhop *Laud* in the Reign of King *Charles* I. and others in our own Times, whom I ſhall not name; but theſe, and many more, under different Princes, and in different Kingdoms, were *Diſgraced* or *Baniſhed*, or *ſuffered Death*, merely in Envy to their Virtues and ſuperior *Genius*, which emboldened them in great Exigencies and Diſtreſſes of State (wanting a reaſonable Infuſion of this Aldermanly Diſcretion) to attempt the Service of their Prince and Country out of the common Forms.

This

This evil Fortune, which generally attends extraordinary Men in the Management of great Affairs, hath been imputed to divers Cauſes, that need not be here ſet down, when ſo obvious an One occurs; if what a certain Writer obſerves, be true, that *when a great Genius appears in the World, the Dunces are all in Confederacy againſt him.* And thus although he employs his *Talents* wholly in his Cloſet, without interfering with any Man's Ambition or Avarice; what muſt he expect when he ventures out to ſeek for Preferment in a Court, but univerſal Oppoſition, when he is mounting the Ladder, and every Hand ready to turn him off, when he is at the Top? And in this Point Fortune generally acts directly contrary to Nature; for in Nature we find, that Bodies full of Life and Spirit mount eaſily, and are hard to fall, whereas heavy Bodies are hard to riſe, and come down with greater Velocity, in Proportion to their Weight; but we find Fortune every Day acting juſt the Reverſe of this.

This Talent of *Diſcretion*, as I have deſcribed it in its ſeveral Adjuncts and Circumſtances, is no where ſo ſerviceable as

to the *Clergy*, to whoſe Preferment nothing is ſo fatal as the Character of Wit, Politeneſs in Reading, or Manners, or that Kind of Behaviour which we contract by having too much converſed with Perſons of high Stations and Eminency; theſe Qualifications being reckoned by the *Vulgar* of *all Ranks*, to be Marks of *Levity*, which is the laſt Crime the World will pardon in a *Clergy-Man:* To this I may add a free Manner of Speaking in mixt Company, and too frequent an Appearance in Places of much Reſort, which are equally noxious to ſpiritual Promotions.

I have known indeed a few Exceptions to ſome Parts of theſe Regulations. I have ſeen ſome of the dulleſt Men alive aiming at Wit, and others with as little Pretenſions affecting Politeneſs in Manners and Diſcourſe; but never being able to perſuade the World of their Guilt, they grew into conſiderable Stations, upon the firm Aſſurance which all People had of their *Diſcretion*, becauſe they were a Size too low to deceive the World to their own Diſadvantage. But this I confeſs is a Tryal too dangerous often to engage in.

There

There is a known Story of a *Clergy-Man*, who was recommended for a Preferment by ſome great Men at Court, to an Archbiſhop. His Grace ſaid, he had heard that the *Clergy-Man* uſed to play at Whisk and Swobbers; that as to playing now and then a ſober Game at Whisk for Paſtime, it might be pardoned, but he could not digeſt thoſe wicked Swobbers, and it was with ſome Pains that my Lord *S——rs* could undeceive him. I ask, by what Talents we may ſuppoſe that great Prelate aſcended ſo high, or what Sort of Qualifications he would expect in thoſe whom he took into his Patronage, or would probably recommend to Court for the Government of *Diſtant Churches*.

Two *Clergy-Men* in my Memory ſtood Candidates for a ſmall *Free-School* in —*Shire*, where a Gentleman of Quality and Intereſt in the Country, who happen'd to have a better Underſtanding than his Neighbours, procured the Place for him who was the better Scholar, and more gentlemanly Perſon of the two, very much to the Regret of all the Pariſh; the other being diſappointed came up to *London*, where he became the greateſt Pattern of this lower *Diſ-*

cretion that I have known, and poſſeſſed with as heavy Intellectuals; which together with the Coldneſs of his Temper, and Gravity of his Deportment, carried him ſafe through many Difficulties, and he lived and died in a great Station, while his Competitor is too obſcure for Fame to tell us what became of him.

This Species of *Diſcretion*, which I ſo much celebrate, and do moſt heartily recommend, hath one Advantage not yet mentioned, that it will carry a Man ſafe through all the Malice and Variety of Parties, ſo far, that whatever Faction happens to be uppermoſt, his Claim is uſually allowed for a Share of what is going. And the Thing ſeems to me highly reaſonable: For in all great Changes, the prevailing Side is uſually ſo tempeſtuous, that it wants the Ballaſt of thoſe, whom the World calls *Moderate Men*, and I call *Men of Diſcretion*, whom People in Power may with little Ceremony load as heavy as they pleaſe, drive them through the hardeſt and deepeſt Roads without Danger of found'ring, or breaking their Backs, and will be ſure to find them neither ruſty nor vicious.

I will

I will here give the Reader a ſhort Hiſtory of two *Clergy-Men* in *England*, the Characters of each, and the Progreſs of their Fortunes in the World. By which the Force of worldly Diſcretion, and the bad Conſequences from the Want of that Virtue will ſtrongly appear.

Coruſodes an *Oxford* Student, and a Farmer's Son, was never abſent from Prayers or Lecture, nor once out of his *College* after *Tom* had toll'd. He ſpent every Day ten Hours in his Cloſet, in reading his Courſes, Dozing, clipping Papers, or darning his Stockings, which laſt he performed to Admiration. He could be ſoberly drunk at the Expence of others, with *College* Ale, and at thoſe Seaſons was always moſt Devout. He wore the ſame Gown five Years, without dragling or tearing. He never once look'd into a Play-book or a Poem. He read *Virgil* and *Ramus* in the ſame Cadence, but with a very different Taſte. He never underſtood a Jeſt, or had the leaſt Conception of Wit.

For one Saying he ſtands in Renown to this Day. Being with ſome other Students over a Pot of Ale, one of the Company

ſaid ſo many pleaſant Things, that the reſt were much diverted, only *Coruſodes* was ſilent and unmoved. When they parted, he called this merry Companion aſide, and ſaid, *Sir, I perceive by your often ſpeaking, and our Friends laughing, that you ſpoke many Jeſts, and you could not but obſerve my Silence. But, Sir, this is my Humour, I never make a Jeſt myſelf, nor ever laugh at another Man's.*

Coruſodes thus endowed got into Holy Orders, having by the moſt extreme Parſimony ſaved thirty four Pounds out of a very beggarly Fellowſhip, went up to *London*, where his Siſter was waiting Woman to a Lady, and ſo good a Sollicitor, that by her Means he was admitted to read Prayers in the Family twice a Day, at fourteen Shillings a Month. He had now acquired a low, obſequious, awkward Bow, and a Talent of groſs Flattery, both in and out of Seaſon; he would ſhake the Butler by the Hand; he taught the Page his *Catechiſm*, and was ſometimes admitted to dine at the Steward's Table. In ſhort, he got the good Word of the whole Family, and was recommended by my Lady for Chaplain to ſome other Noble Houſe, by which his

his Revenue (beſide Vales) amounted to about thirty Pounds a Year. His Siſter procured him a Scarf from my Lord (who had a ſmall Deſign of Gallantry upon her;) and by his Lordſhip's Sollicitation he got a Lectureſhip in Town of ſixty Pounds a Year; where he preached conſtantly in Perſon, in a grave Manner, with an audible Voice, a Style Eccleſiaſtick, and the Matter (ſuch as it was) well ſuited to the Intellectuals of his Hearers. Some time after a Country Living fell in my Lord's Diſpoſal, and his Lordſhip, who had now ſome Encouragement given him of Succeſs in his Amour, beſtow'd the Living on *Coruſodes*, who ſtill kept his Lectureſhip and Reſidence in Town, where he was a conſtant Attendant at all Meetings relating to Charity, without ever contributing further than his frequent pious Exhortations. If any Women of better Faſhion in the Pariſh happened to be abſent from Church, they were ſure of a Viſit from him in a Day or two, to chide and to dine with them.

He had a ſelect Number of Poor, conſtantly attending at the Street Door of his Lodgings, for whom he was a common

Solicitor to his former Patroneſs, dropping in his own Half-Crown among the Collections, and taking it out when he diſpoſed of the Money. At a Perſon of Quality's Houſe, he would never ſit down till he was thrice bid, and then upon the Corner of the moſt diſtant Chair. His whole Demeanor was formal and ſtarched, which adhered ſo cloſe, that he could never ſhake it off in his higheſt Promotion.

His Lord was now in high Employment at Court, and attended by him with the moſt abject Aſſiduity, and his Siſter being gone off with Child to a private Lodging, my Lord continued his Graces to *Coruſodes*, got him to be a Chaplain in Ordinary, and in due Time a Pariſh in Town, and a *Dignity in the Church*.

He paid his *Curates* punctually, at the loweſt Sallery, and partly out of the Communion-Money; but gave them good Advice in Abundance. He married a Citizen's Widow, who taught him to put out ſmall Sums at *Ten per Cent.* and brought him acquainted with Jobbers in *'Change-Alley*. By her Dexterity, he ſold the Clarkſhip of his Pariſh, when it became vacant.

He

He kept a miſerable Houſe, but the Blame was laid wholly upon *Madam*; for the good Doctor was always at his *Books*, or viſiting the Sick, or doing other Offices of Charity and Piety in his Pariſh.

He treated all his Inferiors of the Clergy with a moſt ſanctified Pride; was rigorouſly and univerſally cenſorious upon all his Brethren of the Gown, on their firſt Appearance in the World, or while they continued meanly preferred; but gave large Allowance to the Laiety of high Rank, or great Riches, uſing neither Eyes nor Ears for their Faults: He was never ſenſible of the leaſt Corruption in *Courts*, *Parliaments* or *Miniſtries*, but made the moſt favourable Conſtructions of all publick Proceedings; and Power, in whatever Hands or whatever Party, was always ſecure of his moſt charitable Opinion. He had many wholſome Maxims ready to excuſe all Miſcarriages of State; *Men are but Men*; *Erunt vitia donec homines*; and *Quod ſupra nos, nil ad nos*; with ſeveral others of equal Weight.

It would lengthen my Paper beyond Meaſure to trace out the whole Syſtem of his Conduct; his dreadful Apprehenſions

of *Popery*; his great Moderation towards Diſſenters of all Denominations; with hearty Wiſhes, that by yielding ſomewhat on both Sides, there might be a general Union among Proteſtants; his ſhort, inoffenſive Sermons in his Turns at Court, and the Matter exactly ſuited to the preſent Juncture of prevailing Opinions. The Arts he uſed to obtain a Mitre, by writing againſt Epiſcopacy, and the Proofs he gave of his Loyalty, by palliating or defending the Murder of a martyr'd Prince.

Endowed with all theſe Accompliſhments, we leave him in the full Career of Succeſs, mounting faſt towards the Top of the Ladder Eccleſiaſtical, which he hath a fair Probability to reach, without the Merit of one ſingle Virtue, moderately ſtocked with the leaſt valuable Parts of Erudition, utterly devoid of all *Taſte*, *Judgment*, or *Genius*, and in his Grandeur naturally chuſing to hawl up others after him, whoſe Accompliſhments moſt reſemble his own, except his beloved Sons, Nephews, or other Kindred, be not in Competition; or laſtly, except his Inclinations be diverted by thoſe who have Power to mortify or further advance him.

Eu-

Eugenio ſet out from the ſame Univerſity, and about the ſame Time with *Coruſodes*; he had the Reputation of an arch Lad at School, and was unfortunately poſſeſſed with a *Talent* for *Poetry*, on which Account he received many chiding Letters from his Father, and grave Advice from his Tutor. He did not neglect his College Learning, but his chief Study was the Authors of Antiquity, with a perfect Knowledge in the *Greek* and *Roman Tongues*. He could never procure himſelf to be choſen Fellow; for it was objected againſt him, that he had written Verſes, and particularly ſome wherein he glanced at a certain Reverend Doctor, famous for Dullneſs; That he had been ſeen bowing to Ladies as he met them in the Streets; and it was proved, that once he had been found dancing in a private Family with half a dozen of both Sexes.

He was the younger Son to a Gentleman of a good Birth, but ſmall Fortune, and his Father dying, he was driven to *London*, to ſeek his Fortune: He got into Orders, and became Reader in a Pariſh-Church at twenty Pounds a Year, was carried by an *Oxford* Friend to *Will*'s *Coffee-Houſe*, fre-

frequented in thoſe Days by Men of Wit, where, in ſome Time he had the bad Luck to be diſtinguiſhed. His ſcanty Sallery compelled him to run deep in Debt for a new Gown and Caſſock, and now and then forced him to write ſome Paper of Wit or Humour, or preach a Sermon for ten Shillings, to ſupply his Neceſſities. He was a thouſand Times recommended by his Poetical Friends to great Perſons, as a young Man of excellent Parts, who deſerved Encouragement, and received a thouſand Promiſes; but his Modeſty and a generous Spirit, which diſdained the Slavery of continual Application and Attendnnce, always diſappointed him, making room for vigilant Dunces, who were ſure to be never out of Sight.

He had an excellent Faculty in preaching, if he were not ſometimes a little too refined, and apt to truſt too much to his own Way of thinking and reaſoning.

When upon the Vacancy of Preferment he was hardly drawn to attend upon ſome promiſing Lord, he received the uſual Anſwer, that he came too late, for it had been given to another the very Day before. And he had only this Comfort left, that every

every Body ſaid, it was a thouſand Pities, ſomething could not be done for poor Mr. *Eugenio.*

The Remainder of his Story will be diſpatched in a few Words: Wearied with weak Hopes, and weaker Purſuits, he accepted a Curacy in *Derby-Shire*, of thirty Pounds a Year, and when he was five and forty, had the great Felicity to be preferred by a Friend of his Father's, to a Vicaridge worth annually ſixty Pound, in the moſt deſert Parts of *Lincoln-Shire*, where, his Spirit quite ſunk with thoſe Reflections that Solitude and Diſappointments bring, he married a Farmer's Widow, and is ſtill alive, utterly undiſtinguiſhed and forgotten, only ſome of the Neighbours have accidentally heard, *that he had been a notable Man in his Youth.*

AN ESSAY ON *Modern Education.*

FROM frequently reflecting upon the Courſe and Method of educating Youth in this and a neighbouring Kingdom, with the general Succeſs and Conſequence thereof, I am come to this Determination, That Education is always the *worſe* in Proportion to the *Wealth* and *Grandeur* of the Parents; nor do I doubt in the leaſt, that if the whole World were now under the Dominion of *one Monarch* (provided I might be allowed to chuſe *where* he ſhould fix the Seat of his Empire) the only Son and Heir of that Monarch, would be the worſt educated Mortal,

tal, that ever was born ſince the Creation; and I doubt, the ſame Proportion will hold through all Degrees and Titles, from an Emperor downwards, to the common Gentry.

I do not ſay, that this hath been always the Caſe; for in better Times it was directly otherwiſe, and a Scholar may fill half his *Greek* and *Roman* Shelves with Authors of the nobleſt Birth, as well as higheſt Virtue: Nor, do I tax all Nations at preſent with this Defect, for I know there are ſome to be excepted, and particularly *Scotland*, under all the Diſadvantages of its Climate and Soil, if that Happineſs be not rather owing even to thoſe very Diſadvantages. What is then to be done, if this Reflection muſt fix on two Countries, which will be moſt ready to take Offence, and which of all others it will be leaſt prudent or ſafe to offend?

But there is one Circumſtance yet more dangerous and lamentable: For if, according to the *Poſtulatum* already laid down, the higher Quality any Youth is of, he is in greater Likelyhood to be worſe educated; it behoves me to dread, and keep far from the Verge of *Scandalum Magnatum*.

Retract-

Retracting therefore that hazardous *Poſtulatum*, I ſhall venture no further at preſent than to ſay, that perhaps ſome additional Care in educating the Sons of Nobility and principal Gentry, might not be ill employed. If this be not delivered with Softneſs enough, I muſt for the future be ſilent.

In the mean time, let me ask only two Queſtions, which relate to *England*. I ask firſt, how it comes about, that for above ſixty Years paſt, the chief Conduct of Affairs hath been generally placed in the Hands of *New-men*, with very few Exceptions? The Nobleſt Blood of *England* having been ſhed in the grand Rebellion, many great Families became extinct, or ſupported only by Minors. When the King was reſtored, very few of thoſe Lords remained, who began, or at leaſt had improved their Education, under the happy Reign of King *James*, or King *Charles* I. of which Lords the two principal were the Marquis of *Ormond*, and the Earl of *Southampton*. The Minors have, or had, during the Rebellion and Uſurpation, either received too much Tincture of bad Principles from thoſe fanatick Times, or coming

ming to Age at the Reſtoration, fell into the Vices of that diſſolute Reign.

I date from this Æra, the corrupt Method of Education among us, and the Conſequence thereof, in the Neceſſity the Crown lay under of introducing *New-men* into the chief Conduct of publick Affairs, or to the Office of what we now call Prime Miniſters, Men of Art, Knowledge, Application and Inſinuation, merely for Want of a Supply among the Nobility. They were generally (though not always) of good Birth, ſometimes younger Brothers, at other Times ſuch, who although inheriting good Eſtates, yet happened to be well educated, and provided with Learning; ſuch under that King, were *Hyde*, *Bridgeman*, *Clifford*, *Osborn*, *Godolphin*, *Aſhley-Cooper*: Few or none under the ſhort Reign of King *James* II. Under King *William*; *Sommers*, *Mountague*, *Churchil*, *Vernon*, *Boyle*, and many others: Under the Queen; *Harley*, *St. John*, *Harcourt*, *Trevor*, who indeed were Perſons of the beſt private Families, but unadorn'd with Titles. So in the following Reign, Mr. *Robert Walpole*, was for many Years Prime Miniſter, in which Poſt he ſtill happily continues: His Brother

Brother *Horace* is Ambaſſador Extraordinary to *France*. Mr. *Addiſon* and Mr. *Craggs*, without the leaſt Allowance to ſupport them, have been Secretaries of State.

If the Facts have been thus for above ſixty Years paſt (whereof I could with a little further Recollection produce many more Inſtances) I would ask again, how it hath happened, that in a Nation plentifully abounding with Nobility, ſo great Share in the moſt competent Parts of publick Management, hath been for ſo long a Period chiefly entruſted to Commoners, unleſs ſome Omiſſions or Defects of the higheſt Import, may be charged upon thoſe, to whom the Care of educating our Noble Youth hath been committed? For, if there be any Difference between human Creatures in the Point of natural Parts, as we uſually call them, it ſhould ſeem that the Advantage lies on the Side of Children, born from noble and wealthy Parents; the ſame traditional Sloth and Luxury which render their Body weak and effeminate, perhaps refining and giving a freer Motion to the Spirits, beyond what can be expected from the groſs, robuſt

Iſſue

Iſſue of meaner Mortals. Add to this, the peculiar Advantages, which all young Noblemen poſſeſs, by the Privileges of their Birth. Such as a free Acceſs to Courts, and a univerſal Deference paid to their Perſons.

But as my Lord *Bacon* chargeth it for a Fault on Princes, that they are impatient to compaſs *Ends*, without giving themſelves the Trouble of conſulting or executing the *Means*: So perhaps it may be the Diſpoſition of young Nobles, either from the Indulgence of Parents, Tutors and Governors, or their own Inactivity, that they expect the *Accompliſhments* of a good Education, without the leaſt Expence of *Time* or *Study*, to acquire them.

What I ſaid laſt, I am ready to retract; for the Caſe is infinitely worſe; and the very Maxims ſet up to direct modern Education, are enough to deſtroy all the Seeds of Knowledge, Honour, Wiſdom and Virtue among us. The current Opinion prevails, that the Study of *Greek* and *Latin* is Loſs of Time; that publick Schools by mingling the Sons of Noblemen with thoſe of the Vulgar, engage the former in bad Company; that Whipping breaks the Spirits

rits of Lads well born; that Univerſities make young Men Pedants; that to dance, fence, ſpeak *French*, and know how to behave your ſelf among great Perſons of both Sexes, comprehends *the whole Duty of a Gentleman.*

I cannot but think this wiſe Syſtem of Education, hath been much cultivated among us by thoſe Worthies of the Army, who during the laſt War, returning from *Flanders* at the Cloſe of each Campaign, became the Dictators of Behaviour, Dreſs, and Politeneſs, to all thoſe Youngſters, who frequent Chocolate-Coffee-Gaming-Houſes, Drawing-Rooms, Opera's, Levees and Aſſemblies; where a Colonel by his Pay, Perquiſites and Plunder, was qualified to outſhine many Peers of the Realm; and by the Influence of an *exotick* Habit and Demeanor, added to other foreign Accompliſhments, gave the Law to the whole Town, and was copyed as the Standard-Pattern of whatever was refined in Dreſs, Equipage, Converſation, or Diverſions.

I remember in thoſe Times, an admired Original of that Vocation, ſitting in a Coffee-houſe near two Gentlemen, where-

of

of one was of the Clergy, who were engag'd in ſome Diſcourſe that ſavoured of Learning; this Officer thought fit to interpoſe, and profeſſing to deliver the Sentiments of his Fraternity, as well as his own (and probably did ſo of too many among them) turning to the Clergy-Man, ſpoke in the following Manner, *D——n me, Doctor, ſay what you will, the Army is the only School for Gentlemen. Do you think my Lord* Marlborough *beat the* French *with* Greek *and* Latin. *D——n me, a Scholar when he comes into good Company, what is he but an Aſs? D——n me, I would be glad by G-d to ſee any of your Scholars with his Nouns, and his Verbs, and his Philoſophy, and Trigonometry, what a Figure he would make at a Siege or Blockade, or rencountring —— D——n me,* &c. After which he proceeded with a Volley of Military Terms, leſs ſignificant, ſounding worſe, and harder to be underſtood than any that were ever coined by the Commentators upon *Ariſtotle*. I would not here be thought to charge the Soldiery with Ignorance and Contempt of Learning, without allowing Exceptions, of which I have known ma-

Example,

ially

eſpecially in a great Majority, will certainly prevail.

I have heard, that the late Earl of *Oxford*, in the Time of his Miniſtry, never paſs'd by *White*'s *Chocolate-Houſe* (the common Rendezvous of infamous Sharpers, and noble Cullies) without beſtowing a Curſe upon that famous Academy, as the Bane of half the *Engliſh Nobility*. I have likewiſe been told another Paſſage concerning that great Miniſter, which, becauſe it gives a humorous Idea of one principal Ingredient in modern Education, take as followeth. *Le-Sack*, the famous *French* Dancing-maſter, in great Admiration, asked a Friend, whether it were true, that Mr. *Harley* was made an Earl and Lord-Treaſurer? And finding it confirmed, ſaid; *Well, I wonder what the Devil the Queen could ſee in him; for I attended him two Years, and he was the greateſt Dunce that ever I taught.*

Another Hindrance to good Education, and I think the greateſt of any, is that pernicious Cuſtom in rich and noble Families, of entertaining *French* Tutors in their Houſes. Theſe wretched *Pedagogues* are enjoyned by the Father, to take ſpecial

cial Care that the Boy ſhall be perfect in his *French*; by the Mother, that *Maſter* muſt not walk till he is hot, nor be ſuffered to play with other Boys, nor be wet in his Feet, nor daub his Cloaths, and to ſee that Dancing-maſter attends conſtantly, and does his Duty; ſhe further inſiſts, that the Child be not kept too long poring on his Book, becauſe he is ſubject to ſore eyes, and of a weakly Conſtitution.

By theſe Methods, the young Gentleman is in every Article as fully accompliſhed at eight Years old as at eight and twenty, Age adding only to the Growth of his Perſon and his Vice; ſo that if you ſhould look at him in his Boy-hood thro' the magnifying End of a Perſpective, and in his Manhood through the other, it would be impoſſible to ſpy any Difference; the ſame Airs, the ſame Strutt, the ſame Cock of his Hat, and Poſture of his Sword (as far as the Change of Faſhions will allow) the ſame Underſtanding, the ſame Compaſs of Knowledge, with the very ſame Abſurdity, Impudence and Impertinence of Tongue.

He

He is taught from the Nurſery, that he muſt inherit a great Eſtate, and hath no need to mind his Book, which is a Leſſon he never forgets to the End of his Life. His chief Solace is to ſteal down, and play at Span-farthing with the Page, or young Black-a-moor, or little favourite Foot-Boy, one of which is his principal Confident and Boſom-Friend.

There is one young Lord in this Town, who, by an unexampled Piece of good Fortune, was miraculouſly ſnatched out of the Gulph of Ignorance, confined to a publick School for a due Term of Years, well whipped when he deſerved it, clad no better than his Comrades, and always their Play-fellow on the ſame Foot, had no Precedence in the School, but what was given him by his Merit, and loſt it whenever he was negligent. It is well known how many Mutinies were bred at this unprecedented Treatment, what Complaints among his *Relations*, and other *Great Ones* of both Sexes; that his Stockings with ſilver Clocks were raviſh'd from him; that he wore his own Hair; that his Dreſs was undiſtinguiſhed; that he was not fit to appear at a Ball or Aſſembly, nor ſuffered to go to either:

either: And it was with the utmoſt Difficulty, that he became qualified for his preſent Removal, where he may probably be farther perſecuted, and poſſibly with Succeſs, if the Firmneſs of a very worthy Governor, and his own good Diſpoſitions will not preſerve him. I confeſs, I cannot but wiſh he may go on in the Way he began, becauſe I have a Curioſity to know by ſo ſingular an Experiment, whether Truth, Honour, Juſtice, Temperance, Courage, and good Senſe, acquired by a *School* and *College* Education, may not produce a very tolerable Lad, although he ſhould happen to fail in one or two of thoſe Accompliſhments, which in the general Vogue are held ſo important to the finiſhing of a Gentleman.

It is true, I have known an Academical Education to have been exploded in publick Aſſemblies; and have heard more than one or two Perſons of high Rank declare, they could learn nothing more at *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, than to drink Ale and ſmoke Tobacco; wherein I firmly believed them, and could have added ſome hundred Examples from my own Obſervation in one of thoſe Univerſities; but they all

were of young Heirs ſent thither, only for Form; either from Schools, where they were not ſuffered by their careful Parents to ſtay above three Months in the Year; or from under the Management of *French* Family-Tutors, who yet often attended them to their *College*, to prevent all Poſſibility of their Improvement: But, I never yet knew any one Perſon of Quality, who followed his Studies at the Univerſity, and carryed away his juſt Proportion of Learning, that was not ready upon all Occaſions to celebrate and defend that Courſe of Education, and to prove a Patron of learned Men.

There is one Circumſtance in a learned Education, which ought to have much Weight, even with thoſe who have no Learning at all. The Books read at *School* and *Colleges*, are full of Incitements to Virtue, and Diſcouragements from Vice, drawn from the wiſeſt Reaſons, the ſtrongeſt Motives, and the moſt influencing Examples. Thus, young Minds are filled early with an Inclination to Good, and an Abhorrence of Evil, both which encreaſe in them, according to the Advances they make in Literature; and, although they may be,

and

and too often are, drawn by the Temptations of Youth, and the Opportunities of a large Fortune, into ſome Irregularities, when they come forward into the great World, it is ever with Reluctance and Compunction of Mind, becauſe their Byaſs to Virtue ſtill continues. They may ſtray ſometimes out of Infirmity or Complyance, but they will ſoon return to the right Road, and keep it always in view. I ſpeak only of thoſe Exceſſes, which are too much the Attendants of Youth and warmer Blood; for, as to the Points of Honour, Truth, Juſtice, and other noble Gifts of the Mind, wherein the Temperature of the Body hath no Concern, they are ſeldom or ever known to be mild.

I have engaged my ſelf very unwarily in too copious a Subject for ſo ſhort a Paper. The preſent Scope I would aim at is to prove, that ſome Proportion of human Knowledge appears requiſite to thoſe, who, by their Birth or Fortune, are called to the making of Laws, and in a ſubordinate Way to the Execution of them; and that ſuch Knowledge is not to be obtained without a Miracle, under the frequent, corrupt, and ſottiſh Methods, of

educating thoſe, who are born to Wealth or Titles. For, I would have it remembred, that I do by no Means confine theſe Remarks to young Perſons of Noble Birth; the ſame Errors running through all Families, where there is Wealth enough to afford, that their Sons (at leaſt the Eldeſt) may be good for nothing. Why ſhould my Son be a Scholar, when it is not intended that he ſhould live by his Learning? By this Rule, if what is commonly ſaid be true, that Money anſwereth all Things, why ſhould my Son be honeſt, temperate, juſt, or charitable, ſince he hath no Intention to depend upon any of theſe Qualities for a Maintenance?

When all is done, perhaps upon the Whole, the Matter is not ſo bad as I would make it; and God, who worketh Good out of Evil, acting only by the ordinary Cauſe and Rule of Nature, permits this continual Circulation of human Things for his own unſearchable Ends. The Father grows rich by Avarice, Injuſtice, Oppreſſion; he is a Tyrant in the Neighbourhood over Slaves and Beggars, whom he calls his Tenants. Why ſhould he deſire to have Qualities infuſed into his Son, which him-

himſelf never poſſeſſed, or knew, or found the Want of in the Acquiſition of his Wealth? The Son bred in Sloth and Idleneſs, becomes a Spendthrift, a Cully, a Profligate, and goes out of the World a Beggar, as his Father came in: Thus the former is puniſhed for his own Sins, as well as for thoſe of the latter. The Dunghil having raiſed a huge Muſhroom of ſhort Duration, is now ſpread to enrich other Mens Lands. It is indeed of worſe Conſequence, where noble Families are gone to Decay; becauſe their Titles and Privileges outlive their Eſtates: And, Politicians tell us, that nothing is more dangerous to the Publick, than a numerous Nobility without Merit or Fortune. But even here, God hath likewiſe preſcribed ſome Remedy in the Order of Nature, ſo many great Families coming to an End by the Sloth, Luxury, and abandoned Luſts, which enervated their Breed through every Succeſſion, producing gradually a more effeminate Race, wholly unfit for Propogation.

A

LETTER

TO THE

INTELLIGENCER.

SIR,

IT may appear to you perhaps a Thing very unnatural to receive a Complaint from a *Son* againſt his *Father*; but the Treatment, which I meet with from mine, is of ſuch a Nature, that it is impoſſible for me not to complain.

You muſt know there are three Brethren of us, *George*, *Patrick*, and *Andrew*; I am the ſecond, but the laſt in Affection with my *Father*, for which I call Heaven and Earth to Witneſs, I never committed any Fault to incur his Diſpleaſure, or to deſerve his Neglect. But ſo it is, that the beſt

beſt of Men have often Times been miſled in the Choice of their Minions, and very undiſcerning in conferring their Favours where they ought.

If Parents could but once bring themſelves to be impartial, it would beyond all doubt produce a delightful Union in their Children, and be the moſt binding Cement, that could be thought of, to preſerve their Affections; becauſe an equal Diſpenſation of Favours would entirely remove all Cauſe of Murmuring, Repining, or Envy; and, what is of the greateſt Conſequence, would ſecure the Love and Eſteem of their Children; whereas a partial Behaviour in Parents muſt neceſſarily produce the contrary.

But to ſtate my Caſe, in the beſt Manner I can, and with an unbiaſſed Regard to Truth, I think it firſt neceſſary to give you our Characters, with an Account of my *Father*'s Behaviour, that you may be the better able to give me your *Advice*.

Firſt then, to begin with my Brother *George*. He was ever a great Lover of his Belly, and formerly uſed to cram himſelf with *Beef*, *Pudding*, and *White-Pot*; but for ſome Time paſt, he has taken more Delight in new-fangled *Toſs-ups*, and *French*

Keck-Shaws. This high Feeding does naturally diſpoſe him to be haughty, ſtubborn, cholerick and rebellious, inſomuch, that beſide his Inſults towards others, he is ready upon all Occaſions to fly in his own *Father*'s Face, and apt to deſpiſe every Body but himſelf.

He is ſo various in his Opinions, that he is of as many *Religions*, as there are and have been *Sects*, ſince the Beginning of *Chriſtianity*; but the *True* and *Reformed Church as by Law eſtabliſhed*, is what he chiefly frequents. He was once a great Admirer of ancient Learning, but he has long ſince quitted this, for the Reading of *News-Papers*, *Pamphlets*, and *Modern Languages*. In his younger Years, he was fond of manly Exerciſes, ſuch as *Fencing*, *Leaping*, *Boxing*, *pitching the Bar*, *Wreſtling*, *Hurling*, *Foot-ball*, *Hunting*, &c. but of late he has fallen into a ſtrange and unaccountable Effeminacy, and ſeems to take Delight in nothing but *Maſquerades*, *Plays*, and *Italian Opera*'s. He is very fond of *Italian* magnificent Buildings, although entirely inconſiſtent with our Climate, extravagant in the higheſt Degree in purchaſing fine Paintings and Statues, and no leſs expenſive

ſive in vaſt extenſive Parks and Gardens, by which Means he has almoſt run out all his Fortune.

My younger Brother, *Andrew*, who has Cunning enough to outwit the *Devil*, joined with Brother *George* ſome Years ago, and they manage ſo dextrouſly together, that whatever they ſay, is a *Law* with my *Father*; however they are not without their Quarrels now and then; but Brother *Andrew* ſtill comes by the worſt, although he is cautious enough to go always armed, for Brother *George* wears a longer Sword. Brother *Andrew* is not very nice in his Food, but loves fine Cloaths. This I ſuppoſe he has learned abroad; for he is a great Traveller. His chief Studies are *Mathematicks* and the *Civil-Law*, in both which he has made a conſiderable Progreſs. As for his *Religion*, although he openly profeſſes himſelf a moſt rigid *Fanatick of the Kirk*, yet he is ſhrewdly ſuſpected to have a Hankering after *Popery*. He has one eminent bad Quality, which is, that he cannot eaſily forgive and forget. I remember I was once ſo unfortunate, as to tell a fair *Lady*, (a *Miſtreſs* of mine) before his Face, that I

would ſtand by her againſt him and all her other Adverſaries, which he took heinouſly ill, and has not forgiven me to this Hour, but lies upon the Watch to do me all the ill Offices he can.

I come now to my own Character, in which I ſhall not conceal nor gloſs over my Vices, Errors, or Failings, but at the ſame Time, I ſhall not think it inconſiſtent with Modeſty, to tell you my Virtues.

I have but a ſmall Fortune, can hardly keep Soul and Body together, yet out of a Regard to my Family which is very Ancient, I love to make what they call a Figure, upon extraordinary Occaſions. And now and then I furniſh my Table with Victuals and Liquors of the beſt Kinds, which makes my *Father* and Brother *George* think I have got the World in a String. I am kind and hoſpitable to Strangers, although they frequently rob my Houſe, and turn my Children to lye in the Barn.

I am ſo fond of Learning, that I put them to the beſt School in the Kingdom, and I plainly ſee, they will be only the Wiſer, but never the Richer for it; becauſe

cauſe my *Father* uſes all his Intereſt for Brother *George*'s Sons, and the greateſt *Dunce* among them ſhall be better provided for, than the moſt Ingenious of mine. And, I muſt ſay, I have ſome who are equal in Learning to the beſt of his. I had a Deſign once, to follow *Merchandiſe*, that I might the better be able to provide for my poor Children; but Brother *George* having a Mind to make a *Monopoly*, prevailed upon my *Father* to join againſt me; and ſo at laſt they contrived it, that I ſhould ſell nothing but a few of my *Cattle*, and ſome *Linnen-Cloth*, which is all the Support I have; whereas Brother *George* can ſell every Thing he has, all the World over; and ſo cruel is he to me, that he will not let me have even a Bit of his Dirt, if he thinks it will be of any Advantage to me. My *Religion* is of three Sorts, the *Eſtabliſhed*, *Popiſh*, and *Presbyterian*, but I have a greater Share of the Firſt in me: I think it is beſt, becauſe it encourages Obedience to my *Father*, more than either of the other two. It is not long, ſince Brother *George* and *Andrew* were in a Confederacy againſt my *Father*, with an Intent to turn

turn him out of his Houſe, and give another the Poſſeſſion; at which critical Juncture, I muſtered up a great Number of my Sons and Servants, to his Aſſiſtance, and, for ought I know, ſaved both his Life and Fortune.

Soon after this, I had like to have been ruined by a Project; for one of my Brother *George*'s Family endeavoured to perſuade my *Father*, that *Gold* and *Silver* were of no Uſe to me, and deſired Leave to furniſh me with a few *Counters*, in Lieu thereof; and I fear, I ſhould have been ſo weak, as to accept of them, had it not been for the ſeaſonable Remonſtrances made by ſome of my own *Houſe*.

Theſe are a few of the many Hardſhips I have ſuffered; notwithſtanding all which, I am willing to continue in *Paſſive Obedience* to my dear *Father*; for I have Reaſon to believe, that his Unkindneſs to me, is owing to ill Adviſers, who have prejudiced him againſt me and my Children; but I hope before long he will be able to diſtinguiſh his moſt faithful Son. In the mean Time, I do humbly entreat the Favour of you to write a Letter to my *Father*, which he may ſee in Print, for I fear

fear all my Letters to him hitherto have been intercepted.

PATRICK.

SIR,

YOU have not told me your *Father*'s Name, nor his Quality, and therefore I am at Loſs in what Manner I ſhould addreſs him. But in common Humanity (becauſe I think your Caſe deplorable) I will give you what Comfort I am able, together with my beſt Advice.

You are not the only Inſtance of *ſuffering Innocence*, and therefore it ought not to ſurprize you, that *Providence* (for Reaſons unaccountable to us) has laid two great Tryals in your Way, *Oppreſſion* from your *Brethren*, and *Unkindneſs* from your *Father*, this too without any Fault on your Side. If you did not meet with theſe Afflictions, you would want an Opportunity of ſhewing your Humility and Reſignation, as I underſtand you do not by your Letter.

Let me adviſe you to conſider that your Condition is not quite ſo lamentable, as that

that of *Joſeph*, who triumphed in God's own Time over all his Misfortunes and Sufferings, and at laſt had the Pleaſure of doing Good even to his Perſecutors; but indeed there is this Difference, that his Grievance was chiefly from his *Brethren*; for had his Father joined in the Cruelty, the Wounds would have pierced nearer to his Heart.

I do not in the leaſt doubt but there are ſome about your Father, who do you ill Offices, (I hope ſome Time or other they will be detected:) You may find a convenient Opportunity of getting fairly at him. State your Caſe and expoſtulate with him concerning your own and your Childrens Sufferings. When he hears your Story, and beholds your Sincerity, you may be ſure of his Compaſſion and a Redreſs; for there is no Heart ſo hard as not to ſympathize with real Woe, no Advocate ſo powerful as Innocence. In the mean Time, let me conjure you not to turn aſide to the Right or to the Left, from that indiſpenſable Duty, which the expreſs Laws of God enjoin you, for let me aſſure you that Ingratitude to a Parent is, no leſs than Rebellion, like the Sin of Witchcraft.

I com-

I commit you to his Care and Direction, who is beſt able to govern the unruly Affections of Men, to turn the Hearts of the Malicious, and to relieve and ſupport thoſe who ſuffer for the Sake of Righteouſneſs.

I am your faithful Friend,

The INTELLIGENCER.

A Second

A Second

LETTER

TO THE

INTELLIGENCER.

Quantum ſtagna Tagi rudibus ſtillantia venis
Effluxere decus! quanto pretioſa metallo
Hermi ripa micat! quantas per Lydia culta
Deſpumat rutilas dives Pactolus arenas.
Claudian.

Mr. Intelligencer,

HAving lately, with great Candour and Impartiality, peruſed ſome of your *Papers* upon the Diſtreſs and Poverty of this *Iſland*, which you take Care to deſcribe in the moſt pathetick Manner, you muſt forgive me if I differ from you, and think it one of the moſt flouriſh-

flouriſhing and wealthy Kingdoms in the whole World. And to ſupport my Opinion, I will venture to affirm, that there never was ſuch Affluence in ready Caſh as at this preſent Juncture: For have we not more *Bankers* than ever were known among us? And whether the *Money* circulates in *Specie* or *Paper*, it is the ſame Thing to us, ſince thoſe who would rather have *Caſh* than *Paper*, can (as is well known) have their Choice, whenever they pleaſe. It is to be preſum'd that no *Banker* gives a NOTE before the *Money* is firſt laid down on his *Counter*; then of Conſequence there is as much *Money* as there is *Paper*; and that we have a great deal of *Paper* is moſt certain, therefore a great deal of *Money*. But I will proceed farther, and prove that we have much more *Money* than *Paper*, becauſe there are Multitudes who keep their own *Money*. This appears from the great Number of *Iron Cheſts* imported from *Holland* within theſe laſt *ſeven Years*; for what Uſe can they be of, but to lodge *Money?* They are at leaſt two hundred. We will ſuppoſe that theſe, one with another, may contain *two thouſand Pounds* a piece, then the Sum total amounts

to

to *four hundred thouſand Pounds*, which is ſo much ſuperfluous and unneceſſary *Caſh*.

If this *Iſland* were not very wealthy, it is ſtrongly to be preſumed, that ſo many *wiſe* and *able* Heads, Men of great Learning and ſuperior Talents, whoſe Reputations reach'd us from diſtant Regions long before they came among us, ſo well diſtinguiſhed in their own *Countries* for their great Knowledge in their ſeveral Profeſſions, and here more eſpecially remarkable for their ſpeaking in publick, and their profound Skill in Religion, Politicks and Law: I ſay that Men of ſuch Accompliſhments would never quit their own Native Soil, where ſo many Eſtates are daily made, if they were not ſure that this *Iſland* muſt, on account of its greater Wealth, afford them Opportunities of making larger Acquiſitions than they could at home.

Have not almoſt all the Gentlemen thro' this *Kingdom*, for ſome Years paſt, *declined* all *profitable Employments*, and left them to be filled by others? Can there be a ſtronger Argument of their Wealth, than their chuſing to live at their *Eaſe*, *out of Office*,

Office, rather than be at the ſmall Trouble which attends the Diſcharge of a beneficial Employment?

Could ſo many eſtated Gentlemen thro' the North of *Ireland*, afford to keep ſo much of their *Lands waſte* and *untenanted*, if they had not *Money* enough by them to live without Tenants; and would not the Tenants likewiſe be glad to take this waſte Land to plow and ſow, but that they have ready Money enough to buy *Bread Corn* and other Neceſſaries from all the World beſide?

As another ſignal Mark of our Riches, there is ſcarce a Gentleman who does not educate his Sons at our UNIVERSITY *(which as the World ſees, wants not its due Encouragement)* where they live at vaſt Expences, take Degrees, return to their Fathers, who, without ever troubling *Law* or *Goſpel*, maintain them afterwards at *Home*, like *Gentlemen.*

Do not many of our Nobility through Wantonneſs and Superfluity, reſide conſtantly in *another Kingdom*, where it is well known they make a better Figure, as to *Houſes*, *Coaches*, and *Equipages*, than their Neighbours? And do not our young *Peers*,

Peers, and *Gentry*, who go thither *to ſee the World*, *Game*, *Race*, *Drink*, &c. beyond any in *Great-Britain*, of the ſame Age and Quality? Which they could not poſſibly do, if their Agents here had not an *undrainable Fund to ſupply them.* For as the *Philoſopher* ſays, *Nemo dat quod non habet:* Or as the *Jugler* very elegantly expreſſes it, *Where nothing is, there nothing can come out.*

If it be true, (I know it is confidently reported) that a great Number of *Engliſh Robbers* are come over; that likewiſe is a very ſtrong Argument of our Wealth; for they would never quit the *Engliſh Streets* and *Roads* for ours, unleſs they were ſure to find an Advantage by the Change. It is moſt certain we never had ſuch a Number of *Robbers* as at this very Juncture; from whence we may conclude, that they could not poſſibly multiply thus, if they did not find Houſes and People enough to rob, for all Profeſſions and Trades encreaſe according to the Encouragement they meet with.

Are not whole Streets adding every Day to our *Metropolis*, when one would think it large enough already? Some entire

tire Streets and many Houſes, I muſt confeſs, are waſte and uninhabited. But does not this ſhew the Wealth and Wantonneſs of the Inhabitants, who, not content with their preſent Dwellings, change them for others more coſtly and expenſive?

Do not great Numbers of our Inhabitants, daily go off to *America?* Will any Man ſay, this can be done with empty Pockets? Can any Man think otherwiſe, but that it muſt be the Effect of vaſt Superfluity, when People wantonly take ſuch long Voyages, and Journeys, to go where they have no Buſineſs.

The laſt Argument I ſhall offer for the Wealth of this Kingdom, is the great Number of *Beggars* in which it abounds; for it is a common Obſervation, that Riches are the Parent of Idleneſs, Sloth, and Luxury; and are not theſe naturally productive of Want and Beggary?

I could offer many more Arguments, but that I hope you and your Countreymen are ſufficiently convinced, by what I have ſaid, that *Ireland* is a Place of great Wealth, Affluence, and Plenty. Therefore let me adviſe you, the next Time you put Pen to Paper, not to dreſs up *Hibernia* in

in Rags and Dirt, but cloath her in *Scarlet* and *fine Linnen*; for ſhe can very well afford them. Draw the *God* of Riches, hovering over your *Iſland*, ſhaking ten Thouſands of Golden Feathers from his Wings, much more than the Inhabitants can gather. And thus will your Countrey-Men who have retrenched upon your laſt groundleſs Alarm, return to their former Hoſpitality, and we ſhall ſee *Halcyon*, that is *Iriſh*, Days once more.

FINIS.

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A True and Faithful

NARRATIVE

OF

What paſs'd in LONDON *during the general Conſternation of all Ranks and Degrees of Mankind*;

On Tueſday, Wedneſday, Thurſday, *and* Friday *laſt.*

ON *Tueſday* the 13th of *October*, Mr. *Whiſton* held his Lecture near the *Royal Exchange*, to an Audience of Fourteen worthy Citizens, his Subſcribers and conſtant Hearers. Beſides theſe, there were five chance Auditors for that Night only, who had paid their Shillings a peice. I think my ſelf oblig'd to

be very particular in this Relation, leſt my Veracity ſhould be ſuſpected; which makes me appeal to the Men who were Preſent; of which number, I myſelf was one. Their Names are

Henry Watſon, *Haberdaſher.*
George Hancock, *Druggiſt.*
John Lewis, *Dry-Salter.*
William Jones, *Corn-Chandler.*
Henry Theobald, *Watchmaker.*
James Peters, *Draper.*
Thomas Floyer, *Silver-Smith.*
John Wells, *Brewer.*
Samuel Gregg, *Soap-Boyler.*
William Cooley, *Fiſh-monger.*
James Harper, *Hoſier.*
Robert Tucker, *Stationer.*
George Ford, *Iron-monger.*
Daniel Lynch, *Apothecary.*

William Bennet,
David Somers,
Charles Lock,
Leonard Daval,
Henry Croft,
} *Apprentices.*

Mr

Mr. *Whiſton* began by acquainting us, that (contrary to his Advertiſement) he thought himſelf in duty and conſcience, oblig'd to change the ſubject Matter of his intended diſcourſe. — Here he paus'd, and ſeem'd for a ſhort ſpace as it were loſt in Devotion and mental Prayer; after which, with great earneſtneſs and vehemence he ſpake as follows.

" Friends and Fellow-Citizens, all ſpe-
" culative Science is at an end; the Period
" of all things is at Hand; on *Friday* next
" this World ſhall be no more. Put not
" your confidence in me, Brethren, for to
" morrow Morning five Minutes after Five
" the Truth will be Evident; in that
" inſtant the Comet ſhall appear, of which
" I have heretofore warn'd you. As ye
" have heard, believe. Go hence, and
" prepare your Wives, your Families and
" Friends, for the univerſal Change.

At this ſolemn and dreadful Prediction, the whole Society appear'd in the utmoſt Aſtoniſhment: but it would be unjuſt not to remember, that Mr. *Whiſton* himſelf was in ſo calm a Temper, as to return a Shilling a piece to the Youths who had been diſappointed of their Lecture, which

I thought from a Man of his Integrity a convincing Proof of his own Faith in the Prediction.

As we thought it a Duty, in Charity to warn all Men; in two or three Hours the News had ſpread through the City. At firſt indeed, our report met with but little Credit, it being by our greateſt dealers in Stocks, thought only a Court-Artifice to ſink them, that ſome choice Favourites might purchaſe at a lower Rate; for the *South-Sea*, that very Evening fell five *per Cent.* the *India*, eleven; and all the other Funds in Proportion. But at the Court-end of the Town, our Atteſtations were intirely disbeliev'd or turn'd into ridicule; yet nevertheleſs the News ſpread every where, and was the ſubject-matter of all Converſation.

That very Night, (as I was credibly inform'd) Mr. *Whiſton* was ſent for to a great Lady, who is very curious in the Learned Sciences, and addicted to all the Speculative Doubts of the moſt able Philoſophers; but he was not now to be found: and ſince at other times, he has been known not to decline that Honour, I make no doubt he conceal'd himſelf

to

to attend to the great Buſineſs of his Soul: But whether it was the Lady's Faith, or Inquiſitiveneſs, that occaſion'd her to ſend, is a Point I ſhall not preſume to determine. As for his being ſent for to the Secretary's Office by a Meſſenger, it is now known to be a Matter notoriouſly falſe, and indeed at firſt it had little credit with me, that ſo Zealous and Honeſt a Man ſhould be *ordered into Cuſtody*, as a *Seditious Preacher*, who is known to be ſo well affected to the *preſent happy Eſtabliſhment*.

'Twas now I reflected with exceeding trouble and ſorrow, that I had diſus'd Family Prayers for above five Years, and (though it hath been a Cuſtom of late intirely neglected by Men of any Buſineſs or Station) I determin'd within myſelf no longer to omit ſo reaſonable and religious a Duty. I acquainted my Wife with my Intentions: But two or three Neighbours having been engaged to Sup with us that Night, and many Hours being unwarily ſpent at Cards, I was prevail'd upon by her, to put it off till the next Day; ſhe reaſoning, that it would be time enough to take off the Servants from their Buſineſs (which this practice

muſt infallibly occaſion for an Hour or two every Day) after the *Comet* had made its appearance.

Zachary Bowen, a Quaker, and my next Neighbour, had no ſooner heard of the Prophecy but he made me a Viſit. I informed him of every thing I had heard, but found him quite obſtinate in his unbelief; for, ſaid he, be comforted, Friend, thy tidings are Impoſſibilities, for were theſe things to happen, they muſt have been foreſeen by ſome of our Brethren. This indeed (as in all other ſpiritual Caſes with this ſet of People) was his only reaſon againſt believing me; and, as he was fully perſuaded that the Prediction was erroneous, he in a very neighbourly Manner admoniſhed me againſt *ſelling my Stock*, at the preſent low Price; which, he ſaid, beyond diſpute muſt have a Riſe before *Monday*, when this unreaſonable Conſternation ſhould be over.

But on WEDNESDAY Morning (I believe to the exact Calculation of Mr. *Whiſton*) the *Comet* appear'd: For at three Minutes after five by my own Watch, I ſaw it. He indeed, foretold that it would be ſeen at five Minutes after

ter Five, but as the beſt Watches may be a Minute or two too ſlow, I am apt to think his Calculation Juſt to a Minute.

In leſs than a quarter of an Hour, all *Cheap-ſide* was crouded with a vaſt concourſe of People, and notwithſtanding it was ſo early, 'tis thought that through all that part of the Town, there was not Man, Woman or Child, except the Sick, or Infirm, left in their Beds. From my own Balcony, I am confident, I ſaw ſeveral Thouſands in the Street, and counted at leaſt ſeventeen who were upon their Knees, and ſeem'd in actual Devotion. Eleven of them indeed appear'd to be old Women of about Fourſcore; The Six others, were Men in an advanc'd Life, but (as I could gueſs) two of them might be under Seventy.

It is highly probable, that an event of this Nature, may be paſs'd over by the greater Hiſtorians of our Times, as conducing very little or nothing to the unravelling and laying open the deep Schemes of Politicians and Myſterys of State; for which reaſon, I thought it might not be unacceptable to record the Facts, which in the Space of three Days

came to my Knowledge, either as an Eye-witneſs, or from unqueſtionable Authorities; nor can I think this Narrative will be intirely without its Uſe, as it may enable us to form a more juſt Idea of our Countrymen in general, particularly in regard to their Faith, Religion, Morals and Politicks.

Before WEDNESDAY Noon, the Belief was univerſal that the Day of Judgment was at Hand, inſomuch, that a Waterman of my acquaintance told me he counted no leſs than one Hundred and twenty Three Clergymen, who had been Ferry'd over to *Lambeth* before twelve a-Clock: theſe, 'tis ſaid, went thither, to Petition, that a *ſhort Prayer* might be *Penn'd* and *Order'd*, there being none in the Service upon that occaſion. But as in things of this Nature, it is neceſſary that the *Council* be conſulted, their requeſt was not immediately comply'd with; and this I affirm to be the true and only Reaſon that the Churches were not that Morning ſo well attended; and is in no ways to be imputed to the Fears and Conſternation of the Clergy, with which the Free-thinkers have ſince very unjuſtly reproach'd them. My

My Wife and I went to Church (where we had not been for many Years on a Week-day) and, with a very large Congregation, were diſappointed of the Service. But (what will be ſcarce credible) by the careleſſneſs of a 'Prentice, in our abſcence, we had a Piece of fine *Cambric* carried off by a Shop-lifter, ſo little impreſſion was yet made on the minds of thoſe wicked Women!

I cannot omit the care of a particular *Director of the Bank*; I hope the worthy and wealthy Knight will forgive me that I endeavour to do him Jnſtice; for it was unqueſtionably owing to Sir *G*— *H*—'s ſagacity that all the *Fire-Offices* were requir'd to have a particular Eye upon the *Bank of England.* Let it be recorded to his Praiſe that in the general hurry, this ſtruck him as his neareſt and tendereſt concern; but the next Day in the Evening, after having taken due care of all his Books, Bills and Bonds, I was inform'd, his mind was wholly turn'd upon Spiritual Matters; yet, ever and anon, he could not help expreſſing his reſentment againſt the *Tories* and *Jacobites*, to whom he imputed that ſudden

Run upon the Bank which happen'd on this occaſion.

A Great Man (whom at this time it may not be prudent to name) employ'd all the *Wedneſday* Morning, to make up ſuch an Account as might appear fair, in caſe he ſhould be call'd upon to produce it on the *Friday*; but was forced to deſiſt, after having for ſeveral Hours together attempted it, not being able to bring himſelf to a reſolution to truſt the many hundred Articles of his ſecret Tranſactions upon Paper.

Another ſeem'd to be very melancholy, which his flatterers imputed to his dread of loſing his Power in a Day or two; but I rather take it, that his chief concern was, the Terror of being try'd in a Court that could not be influenc'd, and where a Majority of Voices could avail him nothing. It was obſerv'd too, that he had few Viſiters that Day; this added ſo much to his Mortification, that he read thro' the firſt Chapter of the Book of *Job*, and wept over it bitterly; in ſhort, he ſeem'd a true Penitent in every thing but in Charity to his Neighbour. No buſineſs was that Day done in his *Compting-Houſe*; 'tis

'tis ſaid too, that he was advis'd to Reſtitution, but I never heard that he comply'd with it any farther than in giving half a Crown a Piece to ſeveral craz'd, and ſtarving Creditors, who attended in the outward Room.

Three of the *Maids of Honour* ſent to countermand their Birth-day Cloaths; two of them burnt all their Collections of Novels and Romances, and ſent to a Bookſeller's in *Pall-mall* to buy each of them a Bible, and *Taylor*'s *Holy Living and Dying*. But I muſt do all of them the Juſtice to acknowledge, that they ſhew'd a very decent Behaviour in the drawing-Room, and reſtrain'd themſelves from thoſe innocent Freedoms and little Levities ſo commonly incident to young Ladies of their Profeſſion. So many Birth-day Suits were countermanded the next Day, that moſt of the Taylors and Mantua-makers diſcharg'd all their Journey-Men and Women. A grave elderly Lady of great Erudition and Modeſty who viſits theſe young Ladies, ſeem'd to be extreamly ſhock'd, by the Apprehenſions that She was to appear naked before the whole World; and no leſs ſo, that

that all Mankind was to appear naked before her; which might ſo much divert her Thoughts, as to incapacitate her to give ready and apt Anſwers to the Interrogatories that might be made her. The Maids of Honour who had both Modeſty and Curioſity, could not imagine the Sight ſo diſagreeable as was repreſented; nay, one of them went ſo far as to ſay, ſhe perfectly long'd to ſee it; for it could not be ſo indecent, when every body was to be alike: and they had a Day or two to prepare themſelves, to be ſeen in that condition. Upon this reflection, each of them order'd a Bathing-Tub to be got ready that Evening, and a Looking-Glaſs to be ſet by it. So much are theſe young Ladies both by Nature and Cuſtom addicted to cleanly appearance.

A Weſt-Country Gentleman told me, he got a Church-Leaſe fill'd up that Morning, for the ſame Sum which had been refus'd for three Years ſucceſſively. I muſt impute this meerly to accident; for I cannot imagine that any Divine could take the advantage of his Tenant, in ſo unhandſome a Manner; or that the ſhort-

neſs

neſs of the Life was in the leaſt his Conſideration; though I have heard the ſame worthy Prelate aſpers'd and malign'd ſince upon this very Account.

The *Term* being ſo near, the alarm among the LAWYERS was inexpreſſible, though ſome of them, I was told, were ſo vain as to promiſe themſelves ſome advantages in making their defence, by being vers'd in the Practice of our earthly Courts. It is ſaid too, that ſome of the chief Pleaders were heard to expreſs great ſatisfaction, that there had been but few *State-Tryals* of late Years. Several Attorneys demanded the *return of Fees* that had been given the Lawyers: but it was anſwered, that the Fee was undoubtedly charg'd to their Client, and that they could not connive at ſuch Injuſtice, as to ſuffer it to be ſunk in the Attorney's Pockets. Our ſage and learned *Judges* had great conſolation, inſomuch as they had not pleaded at the Bar for ſeveral Years; the *Barriſters* rejoyced in that they were not *Attornies*, and the Attornies felt no leſs ſatisfaction that they were not *Petti-foggers*, *Scriveners*, and other meaner Officers of the Law.

As

As to the ARMY, far be it from me to conceal the Truth. Every Soldier's behaviour was as undiſmayed, and undaunted, as if nothing was to happen: I impute not this to their want of Faith, but to their martial Diſpoſition; though I cannot help thinking they commonly accompany their commands with more *Oaths* than are requiſite, of which there was no remarkable diminution this Morning on the Parade in St. *James*'s Park. But poſſibly it was by choice, and on conſideration, that they continued this way of Expreſſion, not to intimidate the common Soldiers, or give occaſion to ſuſpect that even the Fear of Damnation could make any impreſſion upon their Superior Officers. A *Duel* was fought the ſame Morning between two Colonels, not occaſion'd, (as was reported) becauſe the one was put over the other's Head; that being a Point which might at ſuch a Juncture have been accommodated by the Mediation of Friends; but as this was upon the account of a Lady, 'twas judg'd it could not be put off at this Time, above all others, but demanded immediate Satisfaction. I am apt to believe,

believe, that a young Officer who deſir'd his Surgeon to defer putting him into a Salivation till *Saturday*, might make this requeſt out of ſome Opinion he had of the truth of the Prophecy; for the apprehenſions of any danger in the Operation could not be his Motive, the Surgeon himſelf having aſſured me that he had before undergone three ſevere Operations of the like Nature, with great reſignation and fortitude.

There was an Order iſſued, that the *Chaplains* of the ſeveral *Regiments* ſhould attend their Duty; but as they were diſpers'd about in ſeveral parts of *England*, it was believ'd, that moſt of them could not be found, or ſo much as heard of, till the great Day was over.

Moſt of the conſiderable PHYSICIANS by their outward demeanor ſeem'd to be Unbelievers; but at the ſame time, they every where inſinuated, that there might be a *Peſtilential Malignancy* in the *Air*, occaſion'd by the *Comet*, which might be arm'd againſt by proper and timely Medicines. This caution had but little effect; for as the time approach'd, the Chriſtian Reſignation of the People increas'd,

creas'd, and moſt of them (which was never before known) had their Souls more at Heart, than their Bodies.

If the Reverend CLERGY ſhow'd more Concern than others, I charitably impute it to their great *charge of Souls*; and what confirm'd me in this Opinion was, that the *Degrees* of *Apprehenſion* and *Terror* could be diſtinguiſh'd to be greater or leſs, according to their *Ranks* and *Degrees* in the *Church*.

The like might be obſerv'd in all ſorts of Miniſters, though not of the Church of *England*; the higher their Rank, the more was their Fear.

I ſpeak not of the COURT, for fear of offence; and I forbear inſerting the *Names* of particular Perſons, to avoid the imputation of Slander, ſo that the Reader will allow this Narrative muſt be deficient, and is therefore deſir'd to accept hereof rather as a Sketch, than a regular circumſtantial Hiſtory.

I was not inform'd of any Perſons who ſhew'd the leaſt Joy, except three Malefactors who were to be executed the *Monday* following, and one Old Man, a conſtant Church-goer, who being at the point

point of Death, expreſt ſome ſatisfaction at the News

On *Thurſday* Morning there was little or nothing tranſacted in *Change-Alley*; there were a Multitude of Sellers, but ſo few Buyers, that one cannot affirm the Stocks bore any certain Price except among the *Jews*; who this Day, reap'd great Profit by their Infidelity. There were many who call'd themſelves *Chriſtians*, who offer'd to buy *for time*, but as theſe were People of *great Diſtinction*, I chuſe not to mention them, becauſe in effect it would ſeem to accuſe them both of Avarice, and Infidelity.

The *Run* upon the *Bank* is too well known to need a particular Relation; for it never can be forgotten that no one Perſon whatever (except the *Directors* themſelves, and ſome of their particular Friends and Aſſociates) could convert a *Bill* all that Day into *Specie*; all hands being employ'd to ſerve *them*.

In the ſeveral Churches of the City and Suburbs, there were ſeven Thouſand two Hundred and Forty Five, who publickly and ſolemnly declar'd before the Congregation, that they took to Wife their ſeveral

veral *kept Miſtreſſes*, which was allow'd as valid Marriage, the Prieſts not having time to pronounce the Ceremony in Form.

At St. *Bride*'s Church in *Fleetſtreet*, Mr. *Woolſton* (who writ againſt the Miracles of our Saviour) in the utmoſt Terrors of Conſcience, made a publick Recantation. Dr. *Mandevil*, (who had been groundleſsly reported formerly to have done the ſame) did it now in good earneſt at St. *James*'s Gate; as did alſo at the *Temple* Church ſeveral Gentlemen, who frequent the *Coffee-Houſes* near the Bar. So great was the Faith and Fear of two of them, that they dropt Dead on the Spot; but I will not record their Names, leſt I ſhould be thought invidiouſly to lay an Odium on their Families and Poſterity.

Moſt of the *Players* who had very little Faith before, were now deſirous of having as much as they cou'd, and therefore embrac'd the *Roman Catholick Religion*; the ſame thing was obſerv'd of ſome *Bawds*, and *Ladies of Pleaſure*.

An *Iriſh* Gentleman out of pure Friendſhip came to make me a Viſit, and adviſ'd me to *hire a Boat* for the enſuing Day,

Day, and told me, that unleſs I gave earneſt for one immediately, he fear'd it might be too late; for his Country-Men had ſecured almoſt every Boat upon the River, as judging that, in the *general Conflagration*, to be upon the *Water* would be the *ſafeſt Place*.

There were *two Lords*, and *three Commoners*, who, out of a ſcruple of Conſcience, very haſtily threw up their Penſions, as imagining a Penſion was only an annual *retaining Bribe*. All the other great Penſioners, I was told, had their Scruples quieted by a *Clergyman* or two of diſtinction, whom they happily conſulted.

It was remarkable that ſeveral of our very richeſt *Tradeſmen* of the City, in common Charity, gave away Shillings and Six-pences to the Beggers, who ply'd about the Church Doors; and at a particular Church in the City, a Wealthy *Church-warden* with his own Hands diſtributed Fifty twelve-penny Loaves to the Poor, by way of Reſtitution for the many great and coſtly Feaſts, which he had eaten of at their expence.

Three great Ladies, a *Valet de Chamber*, two Lords, a Cuſtom-Houſe-Officer, five

five Half-pay Captains, and a Baronet, (all noted *Gameſters*) came publickly into a Church at *Weſtminſter*, and depoſited a very conſiderable Sum of Money in the Miniſter's Hands; the Parties whom they had defrauded, being either out of Town, or not to be found. But ſo great is the Hardneſs of Heart of this Fraternity, that among either the Noble, or Vulgar Gameſters, (though the Profeſſion is ſo general) I did not hear of any other reſtitution of this Sort. At the ſame time I muſt obſerve that (in compariſon of theſe) through all parts of the Town, the Juſtice and Penitence of the *High-way-Men*, *Houſe-breakers*, and common *Pick-Pockets* was very remarkable.

The *Directors* of our *Publick Companies* were in ſuch dreadful apprehenſions, that one would have thought a *Parliamentary Enquiry* was at hand; yet ſo great was their preſence of Mind, that all the *Thurſday* Morning was taken up in *private Tranſfers*, which by malicious People was thought to be done with deſign to conceal their Effects.

I forbear mentioning the private Confeſſions of particular *Ladies* to their *Huſbands*;

bands; for as their Children were born in Wedlock, and of conſequence are Legitimate, it would be an invidious Taſk to record them as Baſtards; and particularly, after their ſeveral Husbands have ſo charitably forgiven them.

The Evening and Night, through the whole Town, were ſpent in Devotions both Publick and Private; the Churches for this one Day, were ſo crouded by the Nobility and Gentry, that Thouſands of common People were ſeen praying in the publick Streets. In ſhort, one would have thought the whole Town had been really and ſeriouſly religious. But what was very remarkable, all the different Perſuaſions kept by themſelves, for as each thought the other would be damned, not one would join in Prayer with the other.

At length FRIDAY came, and the People cover'd all the Streets; Expecting, Watching and Praying. But as the Day wore away, their Fears firſt began to abate, then leſſen'd every hour, at Night they were almoſt extinct, till the total Darkneſs, that hitherto us'd to terrify, now comforted every *Free-thinker* and *Atheiſt*. Great numbers went together to the

the *Taverns*, beſpoke *Suppers*, and broke up whole *Hogſheads* for joy. The ſubject of all Wit and Converſation was to ridicule the Prophecy, and railly each other. All the Quality and Gentry were *perfectly aſham'd*, nay, ſome utterly diſown'd that they had manifeſted any Signs of Religion.

But the next Day, even the Common People, as well as their Betters, appear'd in their uſual ſtate of Indifference. They Drank, they Whor'd, they Swore, they Ly'd, they Cheated, they Plunder'd, they Gam'd, they Quarrell'd, they Murder'd. In ſhort, the World went on in the old Channel.

I need not give any Inſtances of what will ſo eaſily be credited, but I cannot omit relating, that Mr. *Woolſton* advertis'd, in that very *Saturday*'s *Evening-Poſt*, a new *Treatiſe* againſt the *Miracles* of our Saviour; and that the few, who had given up their Penſions the Day before, ſolicited to have them continued; which, as they had not been thrown up upon any Miniſterial Point, I am inform'd was readily granted.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

PAGE. 111. lin. 13. for *attracti*, read *at fracti*. p. 140. l. 4. instead of Schemes *for no* Projectors. r. Schemes *of our* Projectors. p. 163. lin. 21. for *Consequents of Popery and Slavery*, r. *Consequence of Popery, Slavery*; p. 190. lin. 6. *and is* in common Speech, dele *is*. p. 219. for *mild*, r. *wild*.

THE JOURNAL OF A Modern LADY.

IT was a moſt unfriendly Part
In you, who ought to know my Heart,
So well acquainted with my Zeal
For all the Female Common-weal:
How cou'd it come into your Mind,
To pitch on me, of all Mankind,
Againſt the Sex to write a Satyr,
And brand me for a Woman-Hater?
On me, who think them all ſo fair,
They rival *Venus* to a Hair;
Their Virtues never ceas'd to ſing,
Since firſt I learn'd to tune a String.

Mithinks I hear the Ladies cry,
Will he his Character belye?
Muſt never our Misfortunes end?
And have we loſt our only Friend?
Ah, lovely Nymphs remove your Fears,
No more let fall thoſe precious Tears.
Sooner ſhall, *&c.*

[*Here ſeveral Verſes are omitted.*]

The Hound be hunted by the Hare,
Than I turn Rebel to the Fair.

'Twas you engaged me firſt to write,
Then gave the Subject out of Spite.
The *Journal of a Modern Dame*,
Is by my Promiſe what you claim;
My Word is paſt, I muſt ſubmit,
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but tranſcribe, for not a Line
Of all the Satyr ſhall be mine.

Compell'd

Compell'd by you to tag in Rhimes
The common Slanders of the Times,
Of modern Times, the Guilt is yours,
And me my Innocence ſecures:
Unwilling Muſe begin thy Lay,
The Annals of a Female Day.

By Nature turn'd to play the Rake-well,
(As we ſhall ſhew you in the Sequel)
The modern Dame is wak'd by Noon,
Some Authors ſay not quite ſo ſoon,
Becauſe, though ſore againſt her Will,
She ſat all Night up at *Quadrill.*
She ſtretches, gapes, unglues her Eyes,
And aſks if it be time to riſe;
Of Head-ach, and the Spleen complains;
And then to cool her heated Brains,
Her Night-gown and her Slippers brought her,
Takes a large Dram of Citron Water.
Then to her Glaſs; and "*Betty*, pray
"Don't I look frightfully to Day?

" But, was it not confounded hard?
" Well, if I ever touch a Card:
" Four *Mattadores*, and loſe *Codill!*
" Depend upon't, I never will.
" But run to *Tom*, and bid him fix
" The Ladies here to Night by Six."
Madam, the Goldſmith waits below,
He ſays, his Buſineſs is to know
If you'll redeem the Silver Cup,
You pawn'd to him? — Firſt ſhew him up.
Your Dreſſing-Plate, he'll be content
To take, for Intereſt *Cent. per Cent.*
And, Madam, there's my Lady *Spade*
Hath ſent this Letter by her Maid.
" Well, I remember what ſhe won;
" And hath ſhe ſent ſo ſoon to dun?
" Here, carry down thoſe ten Piſtoles
" My Husband left to pay for Coals:
" I thank my Stars, they are all light;
" And I may have Revenge to Night."
Now, loit'ring o'er her Tea and Cream,
She enters on her uſual Theme;

Her

Her laſt Night's ill Succeſs repeats,
Calls Lady *Spade* a hundred Cheats:
She ſlipt Spadillo in her Breaſt,
Then thought to turn it to a Jeſt.
There's Mrs. *Cut* and ſhe combine,
And to each other give the Sign.
Through ev'ry Game purſues her Tale,
Like Hunters o'er their Evening Ale.

Now to another Scene give Place,
Enter the Folks with Silks and Lace:
Freſh Matter for a World of Chat,
Right *Indian* this, right *Macklin* that;
Obſerve this Pattern; there's a Stuff,
I can have Cuſtomers enough.
Dear Madam, you are grown ſo hard,
This Lace is worth twelve Pounds a Yard:
Madam, if there be Truth in Man,
I never ſold ſo cheap a Fan.

This Buſineſs of Importance o'er,
And Madam almoſt dreſs'd by Four;

The Footman, in his uſual Phraſe,
Comes up with, Madam, Dinner ſtays;
She anſwers in her uſual Style,
The Cook muſt keep it back a while;
I never can have Time to Dreſs,
No Woman breathing takes up leſs;
I'm hurried ſo, it makes me ſick,
I wiſh the Dinner at *Old Nick.*
At Table now ſhe acts her Part,
Has all the Dinner-Cant by Heart:
'I thought we were to Dine alone,
'My Dear, for ſure if I had known
'This Company would come to Day—
'But really 'tis my Spouſe's Way;
'He's ſo unkind, he never ſends
'To tell, when he invites his Friends:
'I wiſh ye may but have enough.'
And while, with all this paultry Stuff,
She ſits tormenting every Gueſt,
Nor gives her Tongue one Moment's Reſt,
In Phraſes batter'd, ſtale, and trite,
Which modern Ladies call polite;

You

You ſee the Booby Husband ſit
In Admiration at her Wit!

But let me now a while ſurvey
Our Madam o'er her Ev'ning Tea;
Surrounded with her Noiſy Clans
Of Prudes, Coquets, and Harridans;
When frighted at the clam'rous Crew,
Away the God of *Silence* flew,
And fair *Diſcretion* left the Place,
And *Modeſty* with bluſhing Face;
Now enters over-weening *Pride*,
And *Scandal* ever gaping wide,
Hypocriſy with Frown ſevere,
Scurrility with gibing Air;
Rude *Laughter* ſeeming like to burſt,
And *Malice* always judging worſt;
And *Vanity* with Pocket-Glaſs,
And *Impudence* with Front of Braſs;
And ſtudied *Affectation* came,
Each Limb, and Feature out of Frame;
While *Ignorance*, with Brain of Lead,
Flew hov'ring o'er each Female Head.

Why ſhould I aſk of thee, my Muſe,
An Hundred Tongues, as Poets uſe,
When, to give ev'ry Dame her due,
An Hundred Thouſand were too few!
Or how ſhould I, alas! relate,
The Sum of all their Senſeleſs Prate,
Their Inuendo's, Hints, and Slanders,
Their Meanings lewd, and double 'Entendres.
Now comes the gen'ral Scandal-Charge,
What ſome invent, the reſt enlarge;
And, " Madam, if it be a Lye,
" You have the Tale as cheap as I:
" I muſt conceal my Author's Name,
" But now 'tis known to common Fame.

Say, fooliſh Females, Old and Blind,
Say, by what fatal Turn of Mind,
Are you on Vices moſt ſevere,
Wherein yourſelves have greateſt Share?
Thus every Fool herſelf deludes;
The Prudes condemn the abſent Prudes;

Mopſa,

Mopſa, who ſtinks her Spouſe to Death,
Accuſes *Chloe*'s tainted Breath;
Hircina rank with Sweat, preſumes
To cenſure *Phillis* for Perfumes;
While crooked *Cynthia* ſwearing ſays,
That *Florimel* wears Iron Stays:
Chloe's of ev'ry Coxcomb jealous,
Admires how Girls can talk with Fellows,
And full of Indignation frets
That Women ſhould be ſuch Coquets:
Iris, for Scandal moſt notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the World is ſo cenſorious!
And *Ruſa* with her Combs of Lead,
Whiſpers that *Sappho*'s Hair is Red:
Aura, whoſe Tongue you hear a Mile hence,
Talks half a Day in Praiſe of Silence;
And *Silvia* full of inward Guilt,
Calls *Amoret* an arrant Jilt.

Now Voices over Voices riſe;
While each to be the loudeſt vies,

They contradict, affirm, diſpute,
No ſingle Tongue one Moment mute;
All mad to ſpeak, and none to hearken,
They ſet the very Lap-Dog barking;
Their Chattering makes a louder Din
Than Fiſh-Wives o'er a Cup of Gin:
Not School-boys at a Barring-out,
Rais'd ever ſuch inceſſant Rout:
The Jumbling Particles of Matter
In Chaos make not ſuch a Clatter:
Far leſs the Rabble roar and rail,
When Drunk with ſour Election Ale.

Nor do they truſt their Tongue alone,
To ſpeak a Language of their own;
But read a Nod, a Shrug, a Look,
Far better than a printed Book;
Convey a Libel in a Frown,
And wink a Reputation down;
Or by the toſſing of the Fan,
Deſcribe the Lady and the Man.

But,

But, ſee the Female Club disbands,
Each, twenty Viſits on her Hands:
Now all alone poor Madam ſits,
In Vapours and Hyſterick Fits:
" And was not *Tom* this Morning ſent;
" I'd lay my Life he never went:
" Paſt Six, and not a living Soul!
" I might by this have won a Vole."
A dreadful Interval of Spleen!
How ſhall we paſs the Time between?
" Here *Betty*, let me take my Drops,
" And feel my Pulſe, I know it ſtops:
" This Head of mine, Lord, how it Swims!
" And ſuch a Pain in all my Limbs!
Dear Madam, try to take a Nap—
But now they hear a Foot-Man's Rap:
" Go run, and light the Ladies up:
" It muſt be One before we Sup.

The Table, Cards, and Counters ſet,
And all the Gameſter Ladies met,
Her Spleen and Fits recover'd quite,
Our Madam can ſit up all Night;

" Who-

" Whoever comes I'm not within—
Quadrill's the Word, and ſo begin.

How can the Muſe her Aid impart,
Unſkill'd in all the Terms of Art?
Or in harmonious Numbers put
The Deal, the Shuffle, and the Cut?
All the ſuperfluous Whims relate,
That fill a Female Gameſter's Pate?
What Agony of Soul ſhe feels
To ſee a Knave's inverted Heels:
She draws up Card by Card, to find
Good Fortune peeping from behind;
With panting Heart, and earneſt Eyes,
In hope to ſee *Spadillo* riſe;
In vain, alas! her Hope is fed;
She draws an Ace, and ſees it red.
In ready Counters never pays,
But pawns her Snuff-Box, Rings, and Keys.
Ever with ſome new Fancy ſtruck,
Tries twenty Charms to mend her Luck.
" This Morning when the *Parſon* came,
" I ſaid I ſhould not win a Game.

" This

" This odious Chair how came I ſtuck in't,
" I think I never had good Luck in't.
" I'm ſo uneaſy in my Stays;
" Your Fan, a Moment, if you pleaſe.
" Stand further Girl, or get you gone,
" I always loſe when you look on.
Lord, Madam, you have loſt Codill;
I never ſaw you play ſo ill.
" Nay, Madam, give me leave to ſay
" 'Twas you that threw the Game away;
" When Lady *Trickſy* play'd a Four,
" You took it with a Matadore;
" I ſaw you touch your Wedding-Ring
" Before my Lady call'd a King.
" You ſpoke a Word began with H,
" And I know whom you mean to teach,
" Becauſe you held the King of Hearts;
" Fie, Madam, leave theſe little Arts.
That's not ſo bad as one that rubs
Her Chair to call the King of Clubs,
And makes her Part'ner underſtand
A Matadore is in her Hand.

" Madam,

" Madam, you have no Cauſe to flounce,
" I ſwear I ſaw you thrice renounce.
And truly, Madam, I know when
Inſtead of Five you ſcor'd me Ten.
Spadillo here has got a Mark,
A Child may know it in the Dark:
I Gueſs the Hand, it ſeldom fails,
I wiſh ſome Folks would pare their Nails.

While thus they rail, and ſcold, and ſtorm,
It paſſes but for common Form;
Moſt conſcious that they all ſpeak true,
And give each other but their Due;
It never interrupts the Game,
Or makes 'em ſenſible of Shame.

The Time too precious now to waſte,
And Supper gobbled up in haſte,
Again a-freſh to Cards they run,
As if they had but juſt begun.
Yet ſhall I not again repeat
How oft they Squabble, Snarl and Cheat:

At

At laſt they hear the Watchman knock,
A froſty Morn—— *Paſt Four a-Clock.*
The Chair-Men are not to be found,
" Come, let us play the t'other Round.

Now, all in haſte they huddle on
Their Hoods, their Cloaks, and get them gone:
But firſt, the Winner muſt invite
The Company to-morrow Night.

Unlucky Madam left in Tears,
(Who now again *Quadrill* forſwears)
With empty Purſe, and aching Head,
Steels to her ſleeping Spouſe to Bed.

THE

THE

COUNTRY LIFE.

THALIA, tell in ſober Lays,
How *George*, *Nim*, *Dan*, *Dean*,
paſs their Days.
Begin, my Muſe; Firſt, from our Bow'rs
We iſſue forth at diff'rent Hours;
At ſeven, the *Dean* in Night-gown dreſt,
Goes round the Houſe to wake the reſt;
At nine, grave *Nim* and *George* facetious
Go to the *Dean* to read *Lucretius*;
At ten, my Lady comes and hectors,
And kiſſes *George*, and ends our Lectures,
And when She has him by the Neck faſt,
Hauls Him, and ſcolds Us down to Breakfaſt,
We ſquander there an Hour or more,
And then all Hands, Boys, to the Oar,

All

All, Heteroctil *Dan* except,
Who neither Time, nor Order kept,
But by peculiar Whimſies drawn,
Peeps in the Ponds to look for Spawn,
O'erſees the Work, or *Dragon* * rows,
Or ſpoils a Text, or mends his Hoſe;
Or——but proceed we in our Journal—
At two, or after, we return all.
From the four Elements aſſembling,
Warn'd by the Bell, all Folks come trembling;
From airy Garrets ſome deſcend,
Some from the Lake's remoteſt End:
My Lord and Dean the Fire forſake,
Dan leaves the Earthly Spade and Rake:
The Loit'rers quake, no Corner hides them,
And Lady *Betty* ſoundly chides them.
Now Water's brought, and Dinner's done;
With Church and King the Lady's gone:
(Not reck'ning half an Hour we paſs
In talking o'er a moderate Glaſs.)

* *My Lord's Boat.*

Dan,

Dan, growing drowſy like a Thief,
Steals off to doſe away his Beef,
And this muſt paſs for reading *Hammond*—
While *George* and *Dean* go to Back-Gammon.
George, *Nim*, and *Dean* ſet out at four,
And then again, Boys, to the Oar.
But when the Sun goes to the Deep,
(Not to diſturb him in his Sleep,
Or make a Rumbling o'er his Head,
His Candle out, and He a-bed)
We watch his Motions to a Minute,
And leave the Flood, when he goes in it.
Now ſtinted in the ſhortning Day,
We go to Pray'rs, and then to play:
Till Supper comes, and after that,
We ſit an Hour to drink and chat.
'Tis late — the old and younger Pairs,
By * *Adam* lighted, walk up Stairs.
The weary *Dean* goes to his Chamber,
And *Nim* and *Dan* to Garret clamber.

* The Footman.

So

So when the Circle we have run,
The Curtain falls, and we have done.

I might have mention'd ſev'ral Facts,
Like Epiſodes between the Acts;
And tell who loſes, and who wins,
Who gets a Cold, who breaks his Shins;
How *Dan* caught nothing in his Net,
And how the Boat was overſet;
For Brevity I have retrench'd
How in the Lake the *Dean* was drench'd:
It would be an Exploit to brag on,
How valiant *George* rode o'er the *Dragon*,
How ſteady in the Stern he ſat,
And ſav'd his Oar, but loſt his Hat:
How *Nim* (no Hunter e'er could match him,)
Still brings us Hares, when he can catch 'em:
How ſkilfully *Dan* mends his Nets;
How Fortune fails him when he ſets.
Or how the Dean delights to vex
The Ladies, or lampoon the Sex:
Or how our Neighbour lifts his Noſe
To tell what ev'ry School-Boy knows,

Then

Then with his Finger on his Thumb
Explaining, ſtrikes Oppoſers dumb:
Or how his Wife, that Female Pedant,
(But now there need no more be ſaid on't)
Shews all her Secrets of Houſe-keeping;
For Candles how ſhe trucks her Dripping;
Was forc'd to ſend three Miles for Yeſt
To brew her Ale, and raiſe her Paſte;
Tells ev'ry Thing that you can think of,
How ſhe cur'd *Tommy* of the Chin-cough;
What gave her Brats and Pigs the Meazles,
And how her Doves were kill'd by Weezles;
How Jowler howl'd, and what a Fright
She had with Dreams the other Night.

But now, ſince I have gone ſo far on,
A Word or two of Lord Chief Baron;
And tell how little Weight he ſets
On all *Whig* Papers, and *Gazetts*;
But for the Politicks of *Pue**
Thinks every Syllable is true.

* A News-Writer.

And

And ſince he owns the King of *Sweden*
Is dead at laſt, without evading,
Now all his Hopes are in the *Czar*;
" Why, *Muſcovy* is not ſo far,
" Down the Black Sea, and up the Streights,
" And in a Month he's at your Gates:
" Perhaps from what the Packet brings
" By *Chriſtmas* we ſhall ſee ſtrange Things."
Why ſhould I tell of Ponds and Drains,
What Carps we met with for our Pains;
Of Sparrows tam'd, and Nuts innumerable
To choak the Girls, and to conſume-a-Rabble.
But you, who are a Scholar, know
How tranſient are all Things below,
How prone to change is humane Life!
Laſt Night arriv'd *Clem.* and his Wife—
This grand Event half broke our Meaſures;
Their Reign began with cruel Seizures:
The *Dean* muſt with his Quilt ſupply
The Bed in which theſe Tyrants lie,

Nim loſt his Whig-Block, *Dan* his *Jordan*,
(My Lady ſays ſhe can't afford one)
George is half ſcar'd out of his Wits,
For *Clem.* gets all the dainty Bits.
Henceforth expect a diff'rent Survey,
This Houſe will ſoon turn topſy-turvy.
They talk of further Alterations,
Which cauſes many Speculations.

ON

ON
Cutting down the OLD THORNE
AT
MARKET HILL.

AT *Market Hill*, as well appears
By Chronicle of antient Date,
There ſtood for many a hundred Years
A ſpacious Thorn before the Gate.

Hither came every Village Maid,
And on the Boughs her Garland hung,
And here, beneath the ſpreading Shade,
Secure from Satyrs ſat and ſung.

* Sir *Archibald* that val'rous Knight,
The Lord of all the fruitful Plain,

* Sir *Archibald Acheſon*, Secretary of State for *Scotland*.

Would

Would come and liſten with Delight,
For he was fond of rural Strain.

(Sir *Archibald* whoſe fav'rite Name
Shall ſtand for Ages on Record,
By *Scotiſh* Bards of higheſt Fame,
† Wiſe *Hawthorden* and *Sterline*'s Lord.)

But Time with Iron Teeth I ween
Has canker'd all its Branches round;
No Fruit or Bloſſom to be ſeen,
Its Head reclining tow'rds the Ground.

This aged, ſickly, ſapleſs Thorn
Which muſt alas no longer ſtand;
Behold! the cruel Dean in Scorn
Cuts down with ſacrilegious Hand.

Dame Nature, when ſhe ſaw the Blow,
Aſtoniſh'd gave a dreadful Shriek;

† *Drummond* of *Hawthorden*, and Sir *William Alexander* E. of *Sterling*, both famous for their Poetry, who were Friends to Sir *Archibald*.

And

And Mother *Tellus* trembled ſo
She ſcarce recover'd in a Week.

The *Silvan* Pow'rs with Fear perplex'd
In Prudence and Compaſſion ſent
(For none could tell whoſe Turn was next)
Sad Omens of the dire Event.

The Magpye, lighting on the Stock,
Stood chatt'ring with inceſſant Din;
And with her Beak gave many a Knock
To rouſe and warn the Nymph within.

The Owl foreſaw in penſive Mood
The Ruin of her antient Seat;
And fled in Haſte with all her Brood
To ſeek a more ſecure Retreat.

Laſt trolled forth a gentle Swine
To eaſe her Itch againſt the Stump,
And diſmally was heard to whine
All as ſhe ſcrubb'd her meazly Rump.

The Nymph who dwells in every Tree,
(If all be true that Poets chant)
Condemn'd by Fate's ſupreme Decree,
Muſt die with her expiring Plant.

Thus, when the gentle *Spina* found
The Thorn committed to her Care,
Receive its laſt and deadly Wound,
She fled and vaniſh'd into Air.

But from the Root a diſmal Groan
Firſt iſſuing, ſtruck the Murd'rer's Ears;
And in a ſhrill revengeful Tone,
This Prophecy he trembling hears.

" Thou chief Contriver of my Fall,
" Relentleſs Dean! to Miſchief born,
" My Kindred oft' thine Hide ſhall gall;
" Thy Gown and Caſſock oft be torn:

" And thy confed'rate Dame, who brags
" That ſhe condemn'd me to the Fire,

" Shall

" Shall rent her Petticoats to Rags,
" And wound her Legs with ev'ry Bry'r.

" Nor thou, Lord * *Arthur*, ſhalt eſcape:
" To thee I often call'd in vain,
" Againſt that Aſſaſſin in Crape,
" Yet thou could'ſt tamely ſee me ſlain.

" Nor, when I felt the dreadful Blow,
" Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy Spouſe.
" Since you could ſee me treated ſo.
" An old Retainer to your Houſe.

" May that fell Dean, by whoſe Command
" Was formed this *Machi'villian* Plot,
" Not leave a Thiſtle on the Land;
" Then who will own thee for a *Scot?*

" Pigs and Fanaticks, Cows, and Teagues
" Through all thy Empire I foreſee,

* Sir *Arthur Acheſon.*

" To tear thy Hedges join in Leagues,
" Sworn to revenge my Thorn and me.

" And thou, the Wretch ordain'd by Fate,
" *Neal Gahagan*, *Hibernian* Clown,
" With Hatchet blunter than thy Pate
" To hack my hallow'd Timber down;

" When thou, ſuſpended high in Air,
" Dy'ſt on a more ignoble Tree,
" (For thou ſhalt ſteal thy Landlord's Mare)
" Then bloody *Caitiff* think on me:

A.

PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A Nymph and Swain, *Sheelah* and *Dermot* hight,
Who wont to weed the Court of *Gosford Knight*,
While each with ſtubbed Knife remov'd the Roots
That rais'd between the Stones their daily Shoots;
As at their Work they ſate in counterview,
With mutual Beauty ſmit, their Paſſion grew.
Sing heavenly Muſe in ſweetly flowing Strain,
The ſoft Endearments of the Nymph and Swain.

DERMOT.

My Love to *Sheelah* is more firmly fixt
Than ſtrongeſt Weeds that grow theſe Stones betwixt:
My Spud theſe Nettles from the Stones can part,
No Knife ſo keen to weed thee from my Heart.

SHEELAH.

My Love for gentle *Dermot* faſter grows
Than yon tall Dock that riſes to thy Noſe.
Cut down the Dock, 'twill ſprout again: but O!
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that Bry'r thy tender Leg ſhall rake:
(I ſpare the Thiſtle for Sir *Arthur*'s ſake.)
Sharp

Sharp are the Stones, take thou this ruſhy Matt;
The hardeſt Bum will bruiſe with ſitting ſquat.

SHEELAH.

Thy Breeches torn behind, ſtand gaping wide;
This Petticoat ſhall ſave thy dear Back-ſide;
Nor need I bluſh, although you feel it wet;
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing elſe but Sweat.

DERMOT.

At an old ſtubborn Root I chanc'd to tug,
When the Dean threw me this Tobacco-plug:
A longer half-p'orth never did I ſee;
This, deareſt *Sheelah*, thou ſhalt ſhare with me.

SHEELAH.

In at the Pantry-door this Morn' I ſlipt,
And from the Shelf a charming Cruſt I whipt:
Dennis was out, and I got hither ſafe;
And thou, my dear, ſhalt have the bigger half.

DERMOT.

When you ſaw *Tady* at long-bullets play,
You ſat and lows'd him all all the Sun-ſhine Day.
How could you, *Sheelah*, liſten to his Tales,
Or crack ſuch Lice as his betwixt your Nails?

SHEELAH.

When you with *Oonah* ſtood behind a Ditch,
I peept, and ſaw you kiſs the dirty Bitch.

Dermot,

Dermot, how could you touch thoſe naſty Sluts!
I almoſt wiſht this Spud were in your Guts.

DERMOT.

If *Oonah* once I kiſs'd, forbear to chide:
Her Aunt's my Goſſip by my Father's Side:
But, if I ever touch her Lips again.
May I be doom'd for Life to weed in Rain.

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I ſwear, tho' *Tady*'s Locks could hold
Ten thouſand Lice, and ev'ry Louſe was gold,
Him on my Lap you never more ſhould ſee;
Or may I loſe my Weeding-knife —— and Thee.

DERMOT.

O, could I earn for thee, my lovely Laſs,
A pair of Brogues to bear thee dry to
Maſs!
But ſee, where *Norah* with the Sowins
comes —
Then let us riſe, and reſt our weary Bums.

Mary the Cook-Maid's

LETTER

TO

Dr. *SHERIDAN.*

WELL; if ever I ſaw ſuch another Man ſince my Mother bound my Head,

You a Gentleman! marry come up, I wonder where you were bred?

I am ſure ſuch Words does not become a Man of your Cloth,

I would not give ſuch Language to a Dog, faith and troth.

Yes; you call'd my Maſter a Knave: Fie Mr. *Sheridan*, 'tis a Shame

For a Parſon, who ſhou'd know better Things, to come out with ſuch a Name.

Knave

Knave in your Teeth, Mr. *Sheridan*, 'tis
both a Shame and a Sin,
And the Dean my Maſter is an honeſter
Man than you and all your kin:
He has more Goodneſs in his little Finger,
than you have in your whole Body,
My Maſter is a parſonable Man, and not
a ſpindle-ſhank'd hoddy doddy.
And now whereby I find you would fain
make an Excuſe,
Becauſe my Maſter one Day in anger call'd
you Gooſe.
Which, and I am ſure I have been his Ser-
vant four Years ſince *October*,
And he never call'd me worſe than Sweet-
heart drunk or ſober:
Not that I know his Reverence was ever
concern'd to my knowledge,
Tho' you and your Come-rogues keep him
out ſo late in your Colledge.

You

You ſay you will eat Graſs on his Grave:
a Chriſtian eat Graſs!
Whereby you now confeſs your ſelf to be a
Gooſe or an Aſs:
But that's as much as to ſay, that my Ma-
ſter ſhould die before ye,
Well, well, that's as God pleaſes, and I
don't believe that's a true Story,
And ſo ſay I told you ſo, and you may
go tell my Maſter; what care I?
And I don't care who knows it, 'tis all
one to *Mary*.
Every body knows, that I love to tell
Truth and ſhame the Devil,
I am but a poor Servant, but I think Gen-
tle folks ſhould be civil.
Beſides, you found fault with our Vittles
one Day that you was here,
I remember it was upon a *Tueſday*, of all
Days in the Year.
And *Saunders* the Man ſays, you are al-
ways jetting and mocking,
Mary ſaid he (one Day, as I was mending
my Maſter's Stocking,) My

My Maſter is ſo fond of that Miniſter that keeps the School;
I thought my Maſter a wiſe Man, but that Man makes him a Fool.
Saunders ſaid I, I would rather than a Quart of Ale,
He would come into our Kitchin, and I would pin a Diſh-clout to his Tail.
And now I muſt go, and get *Saunders* to direct this Letter,
For I write but a ſad Scrawl, but my Siſter *Marget* ſhe writes better.
Well, but I muſt run and make the Bed before my Maſter comes from Pray'rs,
And ſee now, it ſtrikes ten, and I hear him coming up Stairs:
Whereof I cou'd ſay more to your Verſes, if I could write written hand,
And ſo I remain in a civil way, your Servant to command

Mary.

A

A

DIALOGUE

Between

Mad MULLINIX and TIMOTHY.

M. I Own 'tis not my Bread and Butter,
But prithee *Tim*, why all this Clutter?
Why ever in theſe raging Fits,
Damning to Hell the *Jacobites?*
When, if you ſearch the Kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the *Prieſts* and *Fryers.*

T. 'Twixt you and me, G— Damn the Lyars.

M. The *Tories* are gone ev'ry Man over
To our Illuſtrious Houſe of *Hanover*;
From all their Conduct this is plain;
And then——

T. G— Damn the Lyars again.

Did

Did not an Earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his Throat)
Our whole Accounts of publick Debts?

M. Lord, how this frothy Coxcomb frets!
aſide.)

T. Did not an able Stateſman-B—
This dang'rous horrid Motion diſh-up
As *Popiſh* Craft? Did he not rail on't?
Shew Fire and Faggot in the Tail on't?
Proving the *Earl* a grand Offender,
And in a Plot for the *Pretender?*
Whoſe Fleet, 'tis all our Friends Opinion,
Was then embarking at *Avignon.*

Theſe brangling Jars of *Whig* and *Tory*,
Are ſtale, and worn as *Troy-Town Story.*
The Wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your Faction, when their Game was new,
Might want ſuch noiſy Fools as you;
But you, when all the Show is paſt,
Reſolve to ſtand it out the laſt;
Like *Martin Marral*, gaping on,
Not minding when the Song is done.

When

When all the *Bees* are gone to ſettle,
You clatter ſtill your Brazen Kettle.
The Leaders whom you liſted under,
Have dropt their Arms, and ſeiz'd the
Plunder,
And when the War is paſt, you come
To rattle in their Ears your Drum:
And as that hateful hideous *Grecian*
Therſites (he was your Relation)
Was more abhor'd and ſcorn'd by thoſe
With whom he ſerv'd, than by his Foes;
So thou art grown the Deteſtation
Of all thy Party through the Nation;
Thy peeviſh and perpetual Teazing,
With Plots, and *Jacobites*, and Treaſon;
Thy buſy, never-meaning Face,
Thy ſcrew'd-up Front, thy State grimace,
Thy formal Nods, important Sneers,
Thy Whiſp'rings foiſted in all Ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But Nonſenſe wrapt up in a Stink)
Have made thy Preſence, in a true Senſe,
To thy own Side ſo damn'd a Nuiſance,

That

That when they have you in their Eye,
As if the *Devil* drove, they fly.
T. My good Friend *Mullinix*, forbear,
I vow to G— you're too ſevere:
If it could ever yet be known,
I took Advice, except my own,
It ſhou'd be yours: But, D— my Blood,
I muſt purſue the publick Good:
The Faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the Memory of *Glorious:*
'Tis true, nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* Friends are grown ſo cold,
That ſcarce a Creature can be found,
To prance with me his Statue round.
The publick Safety, I foreſee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital Breath I blow,
Or from above, or from below,
I'll ſputter, ſwagger, curſe and rail,
The *Tories* Terror, Scourge, and Flail.
M. Tim, you miſtake the Matter quite,
The Tories! you are their *Delight*;

And

And ſhould you act a different Part,
Be grave and wiſe—'twould break their
Heart.
Why, *Tim*, you have a Taſte I know,
And often ſee a *Puppet-ſhow*;
Obſerve, the Audience is in Pain,
While *Punch* is hid behind the Scene:
But when they hear his ruſty Voice,
With what Impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two Straws,
How *Solomon* decides the Cauſe,
Which the true Mother, which *Pretender*;
Nor liſten to the Witch of *Endor*;
Shou'd *Fauſtus*, with the Devil behind him,
Enter the Stage, they never mind him;
If *Punch*, to ſpur their Fancy, ſhows
In at the Door his monſtrous Noſe,
Then ſudden draws it back again;
O what a Pleaſure mixt with Pain!
You ev'ry Moment think an Age,
'Till he appears upon the Stage;
And firſt his Bum you ſee him clap
Upon the Queen of *Sheba*'s Lap:

The

The Duke of *Lorrain* drew his Sword,
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd,
Revil'd all People in his Jargon,
And ſold the *King of Spain* a Bargain;
St. *George* himſelf he plays the Wag on,
And mounts aſtride upon the *Dragon*;
He gets a thouſand Thumps and Kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguiſh Tricks;
In every Action thruſts his Noſe,
The Reaſon why, no Mortal knows;
In doleful Scenes that break our Heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a F—t.
There's not a Puppet made of Wood,
But what wou'd hang him if they cou'd;
While teizing all, by all he's teiz'd,
How well are the Spectators pleas'd!
Who in the Motion have no Share,
But purely come to hear and ſtare;
Have no Concern for *Sabra*'s Sake,
Which gets the better, Saint or Snake,
Provided *Punch* (for there's the Jeſt)
Be ſoundly mawl'd, and plague the reſt.

Thus

Thus, *Tim*, Philoſophers ſuppoſe,
The World conſiſts of Puppet-ſhows;
Where petulant conceited Fellows
Perform the Part of *Punchinelloes*;
So at this Booth which we call *Dublin*,
Tim, thou'rt the *Punch* to ſtir up Trouble in;
You wriggle, fidge, and make a Rout,
Put all your Brother Puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual Round,
To teaze, perplex, diſturb, confound,
Intrude with Monkey Grin and Clatter,
To interrupt all ſerious Matter,
Are grown the Nuiſance of your *Clan*,
Who hate and ſcorn you to a Man;
But then, the Lookers-on, the *Tories*,
You ſtill divert with merry Stories;
They wou'd conſent, that all the Crew
Were hang'd, before they'd part with you.
But tell me, *Tim*, upon the Spot,
By all this Coyl what haſt thou got?
If *Tories* muſt have all the Sport,
I fear you'll be diſgrac'd at *Court*.

T. Got?

T. Got? D—— my Blood, *I frank my Letters,*
Walk by my Place before my Betters,
And ſimple as I now ſtand here,
Expect in Time to be a P——
Got? D—— me, why I got my Will!
Ne'er hold my Peace, and ne'er ſtand ſtill:
I f—t with twenty Ladies by;
They call me Beaſt, and what care I?
I bravely call the *Torries*, *Jacks*,
And Sons of Whores— behind their Backs.
But could you bring me once to think,
That when I ſtrut, and ſtare, and ſtink,
Revile, and ſlander, fume and ſtorm,
Betray, make Oath, impeach, inform,
With ſuch a conſtant loyal Zeal,
To ſerve my ſelf and Common-weal,
And fret the *Tories* Souls to Death,
I did but loſe my precious Breath,
And when I damn my Soul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their May-game;
Conſume my Vitals! they ſhall know,
I am not to be treated ſo;

I'd

I'd rather hang my ſelf by half,
Then give thoſe Raſcals Cauſe to laugh.
But how, my Friend, can I endure,
Once ſo renown'd, to live obſcure?
No little Boys and Girls to cry
There's nimble Tim *a paſſing by.*
No more my dear delightful Way tread,
Of keeping up *a Party-Hatred.*
Will none the *Tory Dogs* purſue,
When thro' the Streets I cry *Hollooe?*
Muſt all my D—mee's, Bloods, and Wounds,
Paſs only now for empty Sounds?
Shall *Tory* Raſcals be elected,
Although I ſwear them diſaffected?
And when I roar, *a Plot, a Plot,*
Will our own Party mind me not?
So qualify'd to ſwear and lye,
Will they not truſt me for a *Spy?*
Dear *Mullinix*, your good Advice
I beg, you ſee the Caſe is nice:
O, were I equal in Renown,
Like thee, to pleaſe this thankleſs Town!

Or

Or bleſs'd with ſuch engaging Parts,
To win the truant School-Boys Hearts!
Thy Virtues meet their juſt Reward,
Attended by the *Sable-Guard.*
Charm'd by thy Voice the '*Prentice* drops
The Snow-ball deſtin'd at thy Chops.
Thy graceful Steps, and Col'nel's Air,
Allure the *Cinder-picking Fair.*

M. No more — In Mark of true Affection,
I take thee under my Protection:
Thy Parts are good, 'tis not deny'd,
I wiſh they had been well apply'd.
But now obſerve my Counſel, *(viz.)*
Adapt your Habit to your Phyz;
You muſt no longer thus equip ye,
As *Horace* ſays, *optat Ephippia*;
(There's *Latin* too, that you may ſee
How much improv'd by Dr. ——)
I have a Coat at home, that you-may-try,
'Tis juſt like this, which hangs by Geometry.

My

My Hat has much the nicer Air,
Your Block will fit it to a Hair:
That Wig, I would not for the World
Have it ſo formal, and ſo curl'd,
Twill be ſo oily and ſo ſleek
When I have lain in it a Week!
You'll find it well prepar'd, to take
The Figure of *Toupee* or *Snake*.
Thus dreſs'd alike from Top to Toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know,
When firſt in Publick we appear,
I'll lead the Van, keep you the Rear:
Be careful as you walk behind;
Uſe all the Talents of your Mind,
Be ſtudious well to imitate
My portly Motion, Mein and Gate;
Mark my Addreſs, and learn my Stile,
When to look ſcornful, when to ſmile,
Nor ſputter out your Oaths ſo faſt,
But keep your Swearing to the laſt.
Then at your Leiſure we'll be witty,
And in the Streets divert the City:

The Ladies from the Windows gaping,
The Children all our Motions aping.
Your Converſation to refine,
I'll take you to ſome Friends of mine,
Choice Spirits, who employ their Parts,
To mend the World by uſeful Arts;
Some cleanſing hollow Tubes, to ſpy
Direct the Zenith of the Sky;
Some have the City in their Care,
From noxious Steams to purge the Air;
Some teach us in theſe dang'rous Days,
How to walk upright in our Ways;
Some, whoſe reforming Hands engage,
To laſh the Lewdneſs of the Age;
Some for the publick Service go,
Perpetual Envoys to and fro;
Whoſe able Heads ſupport the Weight
Of twenty M——rs of State:
We ſcorn, for Want of Talk, to jabber
Of Parties o'er our *Bonny-Clabber*;
Nor are we ſtudious to enquire,
Who votes for Manours, who for Hire;

Our

Our Care is to improve the Mind,
With what concerns all human Kind;
The various Scenes of mortal Life,
Who beats her Husband, who his Wife;
Or how the Bully at a Stroke
Knock'd down the Boy, the Lanthorn broke;
One tells the Riſe of Cheeſe and Oatmeal,
Another when he got a hot Meal;
One gives Advice in Proverbs old,
Inſtructs us how to tame a Scold;
Or how by *Almanacks* 'tis clear,
That Herrings will be cheap this Year.

T. Dear *Mullinix*, I now lament
My precious Time ſo long miſpent,
By Nature meant for nobler Ends,
O, introduce me to your Friends!
For whom, by Birth, I was deſign'd,
'Till Politicks debas'd my Mind:
I give my ſelf intire to you,
G— d— the *Whigs* and *Tories* too.

EPITAPH.

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRA—S CH—IS,
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY
and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,
PERSISTED,
In ſpite of AGE and INFIRMITIES
In the Practiſe of EVERY HUMANE VICE;
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY.
His Inſatiable AVARICE exempted him
from the firſt,
His Matchleſs IMPUDENCE from the ſecond.
Nor was he more ſingular in the un-deviating *Pravity of his Manners*, than ſucceſsful in *Accumulating* WEALTH.

For,

For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLICK MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY SERVICE,
He acquired, or more properly Created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

He was the only Perſon of his Time,
Who cou'd CHEAT without the Maſk of HONESTY,
Retain his Primæval MEANNESS when poſſeſs'd of
TEN THOUSAND a Year,
And having daily deſerv'd the GIBBET for what he *did*,
Was at laſt condemn'd to it for what he *could* not *do*.

Oh Indignant Reader!
Think not his Life Uſeleſs to Mankind!
PROVIDENCE conniv'd at his execrable Deſigns,
To give to After AGES a conſpicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE

Of how ſmall Eſtimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH in the Sight of GOD, by his beſtowing it on the moſt UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

Joannes jacet hic Mirandula——cætera norunt
Et Tagus & Ganges—forſan & Antipodes.

Apply'd to F. C.

HEre *Francis Ch—s* lies— Be civil!
The reſt God knows — perhaps the Devil.

EPIGRAM.

PEter complains, that God has given
To his poor Babe a Life ſo ſhort:
Conſider *Peter*, he's in Heaven;
'Tis good to have a Friend at Court.

Another

Another.

YOU beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will come:
Knock as you pleaſe, there's no body at home.

EPITAPH [*of By-Words.*]

HEre lies a round Woman, who thought *mighty odd*
Every Word ſhe e'er heard in this Church about God.
To convince her of *God* the good Dean did indeavour,
But ſtill in her Heart ſhe held *Nature* more *clever.*
Tho' he talk'd much of Virtue, her Head always run
Upon ſomething or other, ſhe found better *Fun.*

For the Dame, by her Skill in Affairs
Aſtronomical,
Imagin'd, to live in the Clouds was but
comical.
In this World, ſhe deſpis'd ev'ry Soul ſhe
met here,
And now ſhe's in t'other, ſhe thinks it
but *Queer.*

EPIGRAM.

On ſeeing a worthy Prelate go out of Church in the Time of *Divine Service*, to wait on his Grace the D. of *D*....

LOrd *Pam* in the Church (cou'd you
think it) kneel'd down,
When told the Lieutenant was juſt come
to Town,
His *Station* deſpiſing, unaw'd by the *Place*,
He flies from his *God*, to attend on his
Grace: To

To the *Court* it was fitter to pay his *Devotion*,
Since *God* had no Hand in his Lordſhip's *Promotion*.

EPIGRAM.

WHen other Ladies to the Groves go down,
Corinna ſtill, and *Fulvia* ſtay in Town;
Thoſe Ghoſts of Beauty ling'ring here reſide,
And haunt the Places where their Honour dy'd.

EPIGRAM *from the* FRENCH.

SIR, I admit your gen'ral Rule
That every Poet is a Fool:
But you yourſelf may ſerve to ſhow it,
That every Fool is not a Poet.

EPITAPH.

WELL then, poor G—— lies under ground!
So there's an end of honeſt *Jack*.
So little Juſtice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

EPIGRAM.

On the Toaſts of the Kit-Cat Club, Anno 1716.

WHence deathleſs *Kit-Cat* took its Name,
Few Criticks can unriddle;
Some ſay from *Paſtry Cook* it came,
And ſome from *Cat* and *Fiddle*.
From no trim Beau's its Name it boaſts,
Grey Stateſmen, or green Wits;

But

But from this Pell-mell-Pack of Toaſts,
Of old *Cats* and young *Kits*.

To a LADY *with the* Temple of Fame.

WHat's Fame with Men, by Cuſtom of the Nation,
Is call'd in Women only Reputation:
About them both why keep we ſuch a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

VERSES

VERSES

To be placed under the Picture of England's Arch-Poet: *Containing a compleat Catalogue of his Works.*

SEE who ne'er was or will be half read!
Who first sung [1] *Arthur*, then sung [2] *Alfred*,
Prais'd great [3] *Eliza* in God's anger,
Till all true *Engliſhmen* cry'd, hang her!
Made *William*'s Virtues wipe the bare A—
And hang'd up *Marlborough* in [4] *Arras:*

1 Two Heroick Poems in Folio, twenty Books,
2 Heroick Poem in twelve Books.
3 Heroick Poem in Folio, ten Books.
4 Inſtructions to *Vanderbank* a Tapeſtry-Weaver.

Then

Then hiſs'd from Earth, grew Heav'nly quite;
Made ev'ry Reader curſe the 5 *Light*;
Maul'd human *Wit* in one thick 6 Satyr,
Next in three Books, ſunk 7 human *Nature*,
Un-did 8 *Creation* at a Jerk,
And of 9 *Redemption* made damn'd Work.

Then took his Muſe at once, and dipt her
Full in the middle of the Scripture.
What Wonders there the Man grown old, did?
Sternhold himſelf he *out-Sternholded*,
Made 10 *David* ſeem ſo mad and freakiſh,
All thought him juſt what thought King *Achiz*.

5 Hymn to the Light.
6 Satyr againſt *Wit*.
7 Of the *Nature* of Man.
8 *Creation*, a Poem in ſeven Books.
9 The *Redeemer*, another Heroick Poem in ſix Books.
10 Tranſlation of all the *Pſalms*.

No Mortal read his [11] *Salomon*,
But judg'd *Roboam* his own Son.
Moſes [12] he ſerv'd as *Moſes Pharaoh*,
And *Deborah*, as She *Siſe-rah*:
Made [13] *Jeremy* full ſore to cry,
And [14] *Job* himſelf curſe God and die.

What Puniſhment all this muſt follow?
Shall *Arthur* uſe him like King *Tollo*,
Shall *David* as *Uriah* ſlay him,
Or dext'rous *Deb'rah Siſera* him?
Or ſhall *Eliza* lay a Plot,
To treat him like her Siſter *Scot*,
Shall *William* dub his better End *
Or *Marlb'rough* ſerve him like a Friend?
No, none of theſe — Heav'n ſpare his Life!
But ſend him, honeſt *Job*, thy *Wife*.

11 *Canticles* and *Eccleſiaſt.*
12 Paraphraſe of the Canticles of *Moſes* and *Deborah*, &c.
13 The *Lamentations.*
14 The whole Book of *Job*, a Poem in Folio.
* Kick him on the Breech, not Knight him on the Shoulder.

Dr. Sw—

Dr. Sw--- *to Mr.* P---e,

While he was writing the Dunciad.

Pope has the Talent well to ſpeak,
But not to reach the Ear;
His loudeſt Voice is low and weak,
The *Dean* too deaf to hear.

A while they on each other look,
Then diff'rent Studies chuſe,
The *Dean* ſits plodding on a Book,
Pope walks, and courts the Muſe.

Now Backs of Letters, though deſign'd
For thoſe who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with Hints, and interlin'd,
Himſelf can hardly read 'em.

Each Atom by ſome other ſtruck,
All Turns and Motion tries;

Till

Till in a Lump together ſtuck,
  Behold a *Poem* riſe!

Yet to the *Dean* his Share allot;
  He claims it by a Canon;
That, without which a Thing is not
  Is, *cauſa ſine quâ non.*

Thus, *Pope*, in vain you boaſt your Wit;
  For, had our deaf Divine
Been for your Converſation fit,
  You had not writ a Line.

Of Prelate thus, for preaching fam'd,
  The Sexton reaſon'd well,
And juſtly half the Merit claim'd
  Becauſe he *rang the Bell.*

On the Counteſs of B--- *cutting Paper.*

Pallas grew vap'riſh once and odd,
She would not do the leaſt right thing,
Either for Goddeſs or for God,
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor ſing.

Jove frown'd, and "Uſe (he cry'd) thoſe Eyes
"So ſkilfull, and thoſe Hands ſo taper;
"Do ſomething exquiſite, and wiſe —
She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut Paper.

This vexing him who gave her Birth,
Thought by all Heav'n a burning Shame,
What does ſhe next, but bids on Earth
Her *B—l——n* do juſt the ſame.

Pallas you give yourſelf ſtrange Airs;
But ſure you'll find it hard to ſpoil

The

The Senſe and Taſte of one that bears
The Name of *Savil* and of *Boyle*.

Alas! one bad Example ſhown,
How quickly all the Sex purſue!
See Madam! ſee, the Arts o'erthrown,
Between *John Overton* and *You*.

On a certain Lady at Court.

I Know the thing that's moſt uncommon;
(Envy be ſilent, and attend!)
I know a Reaſonable Woman,
Handſome and witty, yet a Friend.

Not warp'd by Paſſion, aw'd by Rumour,
Not grave thro' Pride, or gay thro' Folly,
An equal Mixture of good Humour,
And ſenſible ſoft Melancholy.

" Has

" Has ſhe no Faults then (Envy ſays) Sir ?"
Yes ſhe has one, I muſt aver :
When all the World conſpires to praiſe her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

A SOLDIER AND A SCHOLAR:

OR, A *Lady's Judgment on thoſe two Characters.*

THus ſpoke to my Lady the Knight full of Care,
Let me have your Advice in a weighty Affair:
This *Hamilton*'s Bawn, while it ſticks on my Hand,
I loſe by the Houſe what I get by the Land;
But

But how to diſpoſe of it to the beſt Bidder,
For a *Barrack*, or *Malt-houſe*, we now muſt conſider:
Firſt, let me ſuppoſe, I make it a Malt-houſe,
Here, I have computed the Profit will fall t'us;
There's nine hundred Pounds for Labour and Grain;
I increaſe it to Twelve; ſo Three hundred remain;
A handſome Addition for Wine and good Cheer,
Three Diſhes a Day, and ten Hogſheads a Year:
With a Dozen large Veſſels my Vaults ſhall be ſtor'd;
No little ſcrub Joint ſhall e'er come on my Board;
And you, and the Dean, no more ſhall combine,
To ſtint me at Night to one Bottle of Wine;

Nor

Nor ſhall I, for his Humours, permit you to purloin
A Stone and a half of good Beef from my Surloin.
If I make it a *Barrack*, the Crown is my Tenant:
My Dear, I have ponder'd again, and again on't,
In Poundage and Drawback, I loſe half my Rent,
Whatever they give me, I muſt be content,
Or join with the Court in every Debate;
And rather than that, I would loſe my Eſtate.

Thus ended the Knight: Thus began the meek Wife:
It muſt, and it ſhall be a Barrack, my Life:
I am grown a mere Mopus, no Company comes,
But a Rabble of Tenants, and ruſty dull *Rums*;

With

With Parſons, what Lady can keep herſelf
clean?
I am all over dawb'd, when I ſit by the
* *Dean.*
But if you will give us a Barrack, my Dear,
The Captain, I'm ſure, will always come
here.
I then ſhall not value his Deanſhip a Straw;
For the Captain, I'll warrant, will keep
him in Awe.
Or ſhould he pretend to be brisk and alert,
We'll tell him that Chaplains ſhould not
be ſo pert;
That Men of his Coat ſhould be minding
their Prayers,
And not among Ladies to give themſelves
Airs.

Thus argu'd my Lady, but argu'd in
vain;
The Knight his Opinion reſolv'd to maintain.

* Dean of St. *Patrick's.*

But

But *Hannah*, who liſten'd to all that was paſt,
And could not endure ſo vulgar a Taſte,
As ſoon as her Ladyſhip call'd to be dreſt,
Cry'd, Madam, why ſurely my Maſter's poſſeſt;
Sir *Arthur* the Maltſter! how fine it would ſound?
I'd rather the Bawn were ſunk under Ground:
But, Madam, I gueſs'd there would never come Good,
When I ſaw him ſo often with * *Darby* and *Wood*,
And now my Dream's out; for I was a-dream'd,
That I ſaw a huge Rat; O dear, how I ſcream'd!
And after, methought, I loſt my new Shoes,
And *Molly*, ſhe ſaid, I ſhou'd hear ſome ill News.

* Sir *A*—— *A*——'s Receiver, and one of his Tenants.

Dear

Dear Madam, had you but the Spirit to
teaze,
You might have a Barrack whenever you
pleaſe,
And, Madam, I always believ'd you ſo
ſtout,
That for twenty Denials, you would not
give out.
If I had a Husband like him, I proteſt,
Till he gave me my Will, I would give
him no Reſt,
And rather than come in the ſame Pair of
Sheets
With ſuch a croſs Man, I wou'd lie in the
Streets.
But, Madam, I beg, you'll contrive, and
invent,
And worry him out, till he gives his Conſent.
Dear Madam, whene'er on a Barrack I
think,
An I were to be hang'd, I can't ſleep a Wink,
(For if a new Crotchet comes into my Brain,
I can't get it out tho' I'd never ſo fain.)

I fancy already, a Barrack contriv'd
At *Hamilton*'s Bawn, and the Troop is arriv'd:
Of this, to be ſure, Sir *Arthur* has Warning,
And waits on the Captain betimes in the Morning.
Now ſee when they meet, how their Honours behave ——
Noble Captain, your Servant —— Sir *Arthur* your Slave.
You honour me much —— The Honour is mine.
'Twas a ſad rainy Night —— But the Morning is fine.
Pray how does my Lady? —— My Wife's at your Service.
I think I have ſeen her Picture at *Jervais*'.
Good morrow, good Captain —— I'll wait on you down.
You ſhan't ſtir a Foot —— You'll think me a Clown.

For

For all the World, Captain, not half an Inch farther ——
You muſt be obey'd; your Servant, Sir *Arthur*.
My humble Reſpects to my Lady unknown--
I hope you will uſe my Houſe as your own.

" Go bring me my Smock, and leave off
" your Prate,
" Thou haſt certainly gotten a Cup in
" thy Pate.

Pray, Madam be quiet, what was it I ſaid?
You had like to have put it quite out of my Head.
Next day, to be ſure, the Captain will come,
At the Head of his Troop, with his Trumpet and Drum:
Now, Madam, obſerve, how he marches in State,
The Man with the Kettle-Drum enters the Gate,

Dub, dub, a dub, dub; the Trumpeters follow,
Tantara, Tantara; while all the Boys halloo.
See, now comes the Captain, all dawb'd with Gold Lace:
O law! the ſweet Gentleman, look in his Face!
And ſee how he rides like a Lord of the Land,
And the fine Flaming-Sword he holds in his Hand!
And his Horſe, the dear *Creature*, it prances and rears,
With Ribbands in Knots, at his Tail and his Ears.
At laſt comes the Troop at the Word of Command,
Drawn up in our Court, 'till the Captain cries, Stand.
Your Ladyſhip lifts up the Saſh to be ſeen,
For ſure I had dizen'd you out like a Queen)

The Captain, to ſhew he is proud of the Favour,
Looks up to the Window, and cocks up his Beaver.
His Beaver is cockt, pray, Madam, mind that;
(For a Captain of Horſe never takes off his Hat;
Becauſe he has never a Hand that is idle,
For the Right holds the Sword, and the Left holds the Bridle.)
Then he flouriſhes thrice his Sword in the Air,
As a Compliment due to a Lady ſo fair:
(How I tremble to think of the Blood it has ſpilt!
Then he lowers the Point; then he kiſſes the Hilt.
Your Ladyſhip ſmiles, and thus you begin:
"Pray, Captain, be pleas'd to alight, and "walk in.
The Captain ſalutes you, with Congee profound;
And your Ladyſhip curtſies half-way to the Ground.

" *Kit*, run for your Maſter, and bid him
" come to us;
" I'm ſure he'll be proud of the Honour
" you do us:
" And, Captain, you'll do us the Favour
" to ſtay
" And take a ſhort Dinner here with us
" To-day;
" You're heartily welcome; but as for good Cheer,
" You are come in the very worſt Time
" of the Year.
" Had I but expected ſo worthy a Gueſt —
Lord, Madam, your Ladyſhip ſure is in Jeſt:
You banter me, Madam, the Kingdom muſt grant ——
" You Officers, Captain, are ſo complaiſant.
" Hiſt, Huſſy, I think I hear Somebody
" coming ——
No, Madam, 'tis only Sir *Arthur* a humming.
To ſhorten my Tale, (for I hate a long Story)
The Captain, at Dinner, appears in his Glory.

The

The * Dean and the † Doctor have humbled their Pride ;
For the Captain's intreated to ſit by your Side.
And becauſe he's their Betters, you carve for him firſt ;
The Parſons, for Envy, are ready to burſt.
The Servants amaz'd are ſcarce ever able
To keep off their Eyes as he ſits at the Table.
And *Molly* and I have thruſt in our Noſe,
To peep at the Captain, in all his fine Cloaths.
Dear, Madam, 'be ſure, he's a fine-ſpoken Man ;
Do but hear, on the Clergy, how glib his Tongue ran.

" And, Madam, ſaid he, if ſuch Din-
" ners you give,
" You'll never want Parſons as long as you
" live ;

* *Dr.* Swift. † *Dr.* Jenny.

" I ne'er knew a Parſon without a good
" Noſe ;
" But the Devil's as welcome, where-ever
" he goes.
" G— d—— me, they bid us reform and
" repent ;
" But, Z——ds, by their Looks, they ne-
" ver keep Lent.
" Mr. Curate, for all your grave Looks,
" I'm afraid,
" You caſt a Sheep's Eye on her Ladyſhip's
" Maid :
" I wiſh ſhe would lend you her lilly-white
" Hand,
" In mending your Gown, and ſmoothing
" your Band.
(" For the Dean was ſo ſhabby, and look'd
" like a Ninny,
" That the Captain ſuppos'd he was Curate
" to *Jenny*.)
" Whenever you ſee a Caſſock and Gown,
" An hundred to one but it covers a Clown.

" Obſerve

" Obſerve how a Parſon comes into a
" Room:
" G— d—— me, he hobbles as bad as
" my Groom.
" A Scholar, when juſt from the College
" broke looſe,
" Can hardly tell how to cry *Bo* to a Gooſe.
" Your *Novids*, and *Bluturks*, and *Omers*,
" and Stuff;
" By G—, they don't ſignify this Pinch of
" Snuff.
" To give a young Gentleman right Edu-
" cation,
" The Army's the very beſt School in the
Nation.
" My School-maſter call'd me a Dunce and
" a Fool;
" But at Cuffs, I was always the Cock of
" the School.
" I never could take to my Books for the
" Blood o'me.
" And the Puppy confeſt, he expected no
" Good o'me.

" Now, Madam, you'll think it a ſtrange
" thing to ſay,
" But the Sight of a Book makes me ſick
" to this Day.

Never ſince I was born, did I hear ſo much Wit;
And, Madam, I laugh'd, till I thought I ſhould ſplit.
So then you look'd ſcornful, and ſniff'd at the Dean:
As who ſhould ſay, " Now am I skinny and lean?
But he durſt not ſo much as once open his Lips:
And the Doctor was plaguily down in the Hips.

Thus mercileſs *Hannah* run on in her Talk,
Till ſhe heard the Dean call, " Will your
" Ladyſhip walk?

Her

Her Ladyſhip anſwers — I'm juſt coming
down.
Then turning to *Hannah*, and forcing a
Frown,
(Altho' it was plain, in her Heart ſhe was
glad;)
Cry'd, Huſſy, why ſure, the Wench is
gone mad:
How could theſe Chimera's get into your
Brains?
Come hither, and take this old Gown for
your Pains.
But the Dean if this Secret ſhould get to
his Ears,
Will never have done with his Jibes and his
Jeers.
For your Life, not a Word of this Matter
I charge you;
Give me but a Barrack, a Fig for the
Clergy.

TO

Doctor D—L——Y

ON THE

LIBELS

Writ againſt him.

AS ſome raw Youth in Country bred,
To Arms by Thirſt of Honour led,
When at a Skirmiſh firſt he hears
The Bullets whiſtling round his Ears,
Will duck his Head, aſide will ſtart,
And feel a trembling at his Heart:
Till, 'ſcaping oft' without a Wound
Leſſens the Terror of the Sound:
Fly Bullets now as thick as Hops,
He runs into a Cannon's Chops.

An

An Author thus who pants for Fame
Begins the World with Fear and Shame,
When firſt in Print, you ſee him dread
Each Pot-gun levell'd at his Head:
The Lead yon Critick's Quill contains,
Is deſtin'd to beat out his Brains.
As if he heard loud Thunders roul,
Cryes, Lord have Mercy on his Soul,
Concluding, that another Shot
Will ſtrike him dead upon the Spot.
But, when with ſquibbing, flaſhing, popping,
He cannot ſee one Creature dropping:
That, miſſing Fire, or miſſing Aim,
His Life is ſafe, I mean his Fame,
The Danger paſt, takes Heart of Grace,
And looks a Critick in the Face.

Though Splendor gives the faireſt Mark
To poiſon'd Arrows from the Dark,
Yet, * *in Your ſelf when ſmooth and round*,
They glance aſide without a Wound.

* In ſeipſo totus teres atque rotundus.

'Tis

'Tis ſaid, the Gods try'd all their Art,
How, *Pain* they might from *Pleaſure* part;
But little could their Strength avail,
Both ſtill are faſt'ned by the Tail.
Thus, *Fame* and *Cenſure* with a Tether
By Fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In Wit before the common Herd?
And yet, grow mortify'd and vext,
To pay the Penalty annext.

'Tis Eminence makes Envy riſe,
As faireſt Fruits attract the Flyes.
Shou'd ſtupid Libels grieve your Mind,
You ſoon a Remedy may find;
Lie down obſcure like other Folks
Below the Laſh of Snarlers Jokes.
Their Faction is five hundred odds,
For, ev'ry Coxcomb lends them Rods;
And ſneers as learnedly as they,
Like Females o'er their Morning Tea.

You

You ſay, the Muſe will not contain,
And write you muſt, or break a Vein:
Then, if you find the Terms too hard,
No longer my Advice regard:
But raiſe your Fancy on the Wing;
The *Iriſh Senate*'s Praiſes ſing:
How jealous of the Nation's Freedom,
And, for Corruptions, how they weed 'em;
How each the Publick Good purſues,
How far their Hearts from private Views;
Make all true Patriots up to Shoe-boys
Huzza their Brethren at the *Blue-boys*.
And dread no more the Rage of Grub;
You then may ſoon be of the Club.

How oft' am I for Rime to ſeek?
To dreſs a Thought, I toyl a Week;
And then, how Thankful to the Town,
If all my Pains will earn a Crown.
Whilſt, ev'ry Critick can devour
My Work and me in half an Hour.
Would Men of Genius ceaſe to write,
The Rogues muſt die for Want of Spight,

Muſt

Muſt die for Want of Food and Rayment,
If Scandal did not find them Payment.
How chearfully the Hawkers cry
A Satyr, and the Gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd Poem pines
Unſold upon the Printer's Lines.

A *Genius* in the Rev'rend Gown
Muſt ever keep its Owner down:
'Tis an unnatural Conjunction,
And ſpoils the Credit of the Function.
Round all your Brethren caſt your Eyes;
Point out the ſureſt Men to riſe:
That Club of Candidates in Black,
The leaſt deſerving of the Pack,
Aſpiring, factious, fierce and loud,
With Grace and Learning unendow'd,
Will ſooner coyn a Thouſand Lyes
Than ſuffer Men of Parts to riſe:
They croud about Preferment's Gate,
And preſs you down with all their Weight.
For, as of old, Mathematicians
Were by the Vulgar thought Magicians;

So

So Academick dull Ale-drinkers
Pronounce all Men of Wit, Free-thinkers.

Wit, as the chief of Virtue's Friends,
Diſdains to ſerve ignoble Ends.
Obſerve what Loads of ſtupid Rimes
Oppreſs us in corrupted Times:
What Pamphlets in a Court's Defence
Shew Reaſon, Grammar, Truth, or Senſe?
For, though the Muſe delights in Fiction,
She ne'er inſpire's againſt Conviction.
Then keep your Virtue ſtill unmixt,
And let not Faction come betwixt.
By Party ſteps no Grandeur clime at,
Tho' it would make you *England*'s Primate:
Firſt learn the Science to be dull,
You then may ſoon your Conſcience lull;
If not, however ſeated high,
Your Genius in your Face will fly.

When *Jove* was, from his teeming Head,
Of Wit's fair Gooddeſs brought to Bed,

There follow'd at his Lying-in
For After-birth a *Sooterkin*;
Which, as the Nurſe purſu'd to kill,
Attain'd by Flight the Muſes Hill;
There in the Soil began to root,
And litter'd at *Parnaſſus'* Foot.
From hence the Critick Vermin ſprung
With Harpy Claws, and Pois'nous Tongue.
Who fatten on poetick Scraps,
Too cunning to be caught in Traps.
Dame Nature, as the Learned ſhow,
Provides each Animal its Foe:
Hounds hunts the Hare, the wily Fox
Devours your Geeſe, the Wolf your Flocks;
Thus Envy pleads a nat'ral Claim
To perſecute the Muſes Fame;
On Poets in all times abuſive,
From *Homer* down to *Pope* incluſive.

Yet, what avails it to complain?
You try to take Revenge in vain.
A Rat your utmoſt Rage defies
That ſafe behind the Wainſcot lies:

Say,

Say, did you ever know by Sight
In Cheeſe an individual Mite?
Shew me the ſame numerick Flea,
That bit your Neck but yeſterday.
You then may boldly go in Queſt
To find the Grubſtreet Poet's Neſt.
What Spunging-Houſe in dread of Jayl
Receives them while they wait for Bayl:
What Ally they are neſtled in,
To flouriſh o'er a Cup of Ginn:
Find the laſt Garrat where they lay,
Or Cellar, where they ſtarve to Day.
Suppoſe you had them all trepann'd
With each a Libel in his Hand,
What Puniſhment would you inflict?
Or call 'em Rogues or get 'em kickt?
Theſe they have often try'd before;
You but oblige 'em ſo much more:
Themſelves would be the firſt to tell,
To make their Traſh the better ſell.

You have been Libell'd — Let us know
What ſenſeleſs Coxcomb told you ſo.

Will

Will you regard the Hawker's Cryes
Who in his Titles always lyes?
Whate'er the noiſy Scoundrel ſays
It might be ſomething in your Praiſe:
And, Praiſe beſtow'd in Grub-ſtreet Rimes,
Would vex one more a thouſand Times.
Till Block-heads blame, and Judges praiſe,
The Poet cannot claim his Bays.
On me, when Dunces are ſatyrick,
I take it for a Panegyrick.
Hated by Fools, and *Fools to hate*,
Be that my *Motto*, and my *Fate*.

F I N I S.